

# THE FORUM

AUGUST, 1925

Vol. LXXIV



No. 2

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. WHAT IS PRAISED  
IN THIS ISSUE MAY BE ATTACKED IN THE NEXT. THE FORUM AIMS  
TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING NATIONAL  
CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE DECADE IN WHICH WE LIVE

## TO THE MAYAS

**W**HENCE came ye, Builders on a giant plan?  
Who taught you the old magic that is hewn  
On those too silent stones in Yucatan?

What other brooding jungles have you strewn  
With such fantastic frescoes that display  
Deities cast in some forgotten mould?  
Out of what legend land, along what way  
First came your plumèd warriors all in gold?  
We do not know, for well your shrines have kept  
Their carven secrets, and we cannot free  
The epic of your race that long has slept  
Within your walls' barbaric tracery;  
When shall we learn the mystery we seek?  
When shall your labyrinthine symbols speak?

—*H. Phelps Clawson.*



# WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

## VIII — *The Answer of Ancient America*

HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN

### *Part I—Economic and Industrial*

**T**HOUGH most of us have heard of the Maya ruins in Yucatan, of the buried city of Machu Picchu in Peru, and of other masses of crumbling stone, mute witnesses to vanished grandeurs, the idea of an ancient America underlying modern America as truly as the ancient civilizations of the Old World underlie modern European civilization, must come as a startling surprise. Yet it is to poor Lo, according to this distinguished anthropologist, that we are directly indebted for much of our present economic supremacy.

**T**HE progress of humanity towards higher coöperation can now be studied in two independent families of civilizations, one in the Old World, another in the New. In each case it is possible to examine a transformation of human society out of the wandering, predatory herd into the agricultural community, and then, by slow degrees of expansion, into the nation and the master nation.

If we let such wild romanticists as Elliot Smith and Leo Wiener destroy each other by opposition, — and this is logical since they attempt to explain the same general factors in American civilization from opposite directions, one by a migration of people from Cambodia in eastern Asia and the other by a migration from Nigeria in western Africa, — then sober anthropological opinion stands without challenge. This opinion is that the American Indians came in from northeastern Asia via Alaska many thousands of years ago, after the ice had retreated. They were on the Neolithic plane of culture, as were all other enlightened tribes at that time. They spoke many languages, had simple tools, and the beginnings of nearly all arts. In other words they were flush with their Old World brothers.

In the Old World and the New the higher destinies of man were independently solved. But because the nations of western Europe adopted as the best arguments of superiority certain engines of coercion they were able to subdue the most civilized nations of America in a trice. Mexico and Peru were conquered because of their high culture, not in spite of it. The nations of Europe could not conquer the uncivilized peoples so easily because here there



were no social orders to usurp, no stores of food to feed armies, and no display of wealth to attract mercenary adventurers into armies.

The display of the great nations of the earth is mostly paid for by compromise or complete negation of their own civilizing principles where outsiders are concerned. The working of that wonderful system of morality known as the ethics of Christian nations makes one group of political entities superior to its own laws when dealing with another group. Ownership and sovereignty were denied to Montezuma and Atahualpa, as they are being denied to the Riffians or the Javanese to-day. This code of privilege is based on a concept of civilization not justified by cultural abilities. When England, setting up as the foremost champion of social justice, provoked the Opium War with China in order to increase a tribute from degradation, her action meant that China was outside the law. Yet China has social personality at its highest, she has arts, ethics, science, covering three times the space of England's life.

What is civilization? The anthropologist attempts no slender, precious definition tinctured with loyalty to the special set of religious, political, and artistic ideas in which we now have our being. Viewed through such glasses, the other man's culture is obviously defective and can be relegated, safely enough, to one of the twilight states of barbarism. The barbarian, you will remember, was the man who talked in another language than Greek, — and therefore had nothing worth saying.

I have watched rows of pasty faces in the subway rushing from unloved work to stupid pleasure and wondered if these men deserved to be called civilized who have not the moral strength and simple virtues of the savage. I have even thought that the African Bushman in his thorny camp beneath the stars must have intimations of grandeur which many persons miss to-day in the midst of a splendid city of accomplished dreams. At least it is clear that the lowest tribes of men have things to teach the highest, and that the merit of civilization must be made to express some relation between opportunity and achievement.

Let us say that savagery ends and civilization begins when the herding instinct of the human animal is intellectualized, when extensive coöperations are established for the common benefit,



when ideas of use and beauty find adequate expression and creep toward a standard of the absolute.

Opportunity, or the lack of it, is another name for environment. There are great differences between the natural layout in the Eastern and in the Western Hemisphere which must be given due weight when we compare civilizations. In America few animals were available as helpers of men. The llama was domesticated in Peru, but in Central America and Mexico there was no wild animal capable of being transformed into a burden bearer. In the Old World there were various draft animals, but the horse will perhaps be most notable in human history because of his connection with the extended use of a mechanical device known as the wheel. This was not invented in America because there was little demand for it. But there were many other inventions here which parallel Old World progress, as well as original contributions of tremendous value to the present and future of mankind.

To an unjustifiable extent we judge the cultures of the past by the forms of art and dismiss as inconsequential the forms of economic life which lay the ground of social coöperations and make art possible. Yet the arts of civilization are based on leisure saved from the pursuit of food, and all mankind is presumably endowed with enough sense and sensibility to rear structures of decoration and ceremony upon a good system of physical living. Furthermore, matters of mechanics show continuity and developing growth, while matters of beauty flame and fade. Note how architectural engineering in Europe shows a steady progress from post and lintel construction to arch, dome, pendentive, and carefully balanced thrust in flying buttresses, while the orders of classic decoration are utterly submerged in the tide of Gothic beauty.

Real intellectual advance is the oriflamme of civilization, but this may reside in other things than the painting of landscapes and the writing of verses. Actually, every great manifestation of culture is richly possessed of aesthetic expression, but the best heritage for the future is one that consists largely of utilities. Such things as the domestication and upbreeding of plants and animals across the thankless years or the perfection of machines and processes may be no less intellectual than the carving of non-existent gods in marble or the refining, by logical formulae, of philosophy that had its birth in an erroneous pattern of the universe.



The present economic consequences of the nuclear civilization of ancient America are incalculably vast. Although the area in America which produced high arts is only a fraction of the area in the Old World in which civilization had its swing for thousands of years, yet the flow from this fountainhead furnishes our United States with the elements of its material greatness. About four-sevenths of our total agricultural wealth is the gift of the American Indian; and the economic materials and processes which passed from his educated hand into our industrial life are hardly less important. The annual value at our farms of plants domesticated by the Indian in tropical America, and slowly adjusted to a wide range of tropical and temperate environment, amounts in the worst years to more than \$4,000,000,000 and in the best years to more than \$8,000,000,000.

Archeology discloses four principal economic civilizations in the world cutting across the nationalist civilizations which historians make so much of. In the Old World there is first the civilization of wheat supplying the economic base for high culture in Egypt, Assyria, Central Asia, and Northern China. It was of dry land origin and comprised a set of domestic plants and animals, — such as wheat and other cereals, cattle, sheep, goats, horses, many fruit trees including apples, pears, and peaches, and fibre plants such as linen.

Secondly, in the Old World there is the civilization of rice in the wet lands, coming at a later time, and contributing another set of food plants and food animals, of which we may mention rice, bananas, cocoanuts, chickens, pigs, oranges, and sugar.

Similarly in America there is an earlier arid land civilization with irrigation, and a later wet land phase. The first domesticated plants were maize, beans, pumpkins, and tobacco which passed far and wide. Tomatoes, peppers, potatoes, were later developments in the arid zone. In the wet lands we find an adjustment of several dry land plants and an original domestication of such new foods as manioc, sweet potatoes, cocoa, pineapples, and so forth. In addition there are fibres, gums, and medicines, — including cotton, henequen, and cabbage, rubber and chicle, quinine, cocaine, and others. The list of animals and birds is smaller but includes our national feast fowl, the turkey, as well as muscovy ducks, llamas, and various dogs.



In the economic layout of the two hemispheres the only common element was cotton, and here the New World developed finer species than the Old. The swaddling clothes of the squatting swamis are now mostly woven of American cotton which has driven the British Indian fibre from the world's market. Maize, or Indian corn, is a marvelously domesticated plant, tamed and broken to more kinds of soil and climate than any Old World plant.

But this material condition has its spiritual side. The up-breeding of plants among American Indians was largely the result of a ceremonialism which intruded into the matters of everyday life. Careful regulations were prescribed by the priests in the acts of agriculture. For instance, the Tewas of New Mexico to-day distinguish twelve types of corn, each type having a supernatural corn youth and corn maiden as its protector. They plant these types of corn in separate patches and select the most perfect ears for seed. The Mayas of Yucatan have varieties that ripen in six weeks from planting, and others that mature at different intervals up to five months. Hundreds of fixed kinds of maize, adjusted now to dry lands, now to wet, ranged in ancient America from sea level to fifteen thousand feet elevation, and from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata to the mouth of the St Lawrence.

Not only is maize our greatest crop but it forms the principal food of all America to the south of us. It has played a great part in building up South Africa and Australia and is far from a negligible factor in the economy of Europe and Asia. This plant was domesticated along with beans and pumpkins on the highlands of Mexico and Central America perhaps 4000-3000 B.C. It gave rise to the Archaic civilization which carefully developed the sedentary arts of pottery and weaving and distributed them, along with agriculture, over the more arid parts of the New World.

The Maya civilization rose with great demonstrations of intellectual and artistic power from the level of this archaic one, beginning about 1000 B.C. The Mayas lived in the wet lowlands of Central America after first adjusting the vegetable foods of the highlands to their habitat. Then they domesticated other plants which were properly of humid origin. A great development of excess food let population increase till there were millions of human beings on the plains of Yucatan. This profit from the ground did not produce





A MAYAN RULER

*Wearing the badges of State and Divinity on a sculptured stela at Seibal, on the Passion River, Guatemala. Dated October 9, 609 A. D. Drawn by the author from the original monument, which was carved on a slab of limestone about eight feet high*



laziness but yielded, instead, pyramids and temples, and paid for the costly upkeep of kings, priests, and artists.

The example which the Mayas set was followed by other tribes far to the south. Many new plants were trained, educated, and cajoled into a status of willing servitude. The dividends of this ancient industry are collectable to the end of time, but the Indian himself must not expect appreciation or even a dole of justice. Yet there was lyrical praise enough when the domestic strawberries were brought back to England from Virginia and when West Indian pineapples surprised the palate of Europe. Potatoes of the Peruvians are the surest guard against famine on those boastful northern marches where the proud Nordic once lived on herrings, rye bread, and the produce of borrowed cattle.

When a famous English novelist wrote a history of the world in two heavy but refreshing tomes, he devoted about eight pages to the contributions which America before Columbus made to the world after Columbus. In this cramped space he could not explain how modern industrial England (not to mention New England) owes more to American Indian cotton than to any other material factor. Nor did he explain that the white harvest of poor Lo scattered values and utilities among all the nations of the earth.

It is not part of our emotional complex to feel a twinge of gratitude for the plants that feed and clothe us. In keeping with artistic, rather than practical, judgments on civilization, we find sentiment enough about the clinging rose, which embodies the philosophy of ideal beauty, but where is our poet who can muster the drumming thunder of a thousand mills and sing the song of cotton?

Cotton as a wild plant was blown around the world, and species are found on desert islands like the Galapagos. Two kinds were domesticated in India, one a tree cotton and one a small herb alternating with wheat to complete the agricultural year of the Hindus. Both of these cottons had very short fibres which could be spun by hand. Mention of cotton in the Old World is found as early as the seventh century B.C., but the first archeological examples are from well within Christian times.

In America two, or perhaps three, basic species of cotton were developed into a great many varieties and were bred to yield fibre three or four times as long as the cotton plants of British India. Cotton fabrics are found in the Southwest among remains of the



pre-Cliff-Dwellers. Columbus was the son of a weaver and was familiar with the scraggy cotton that the Arabs brought to Spain. His first day ashore in the Bahamas was spent in trading red caps and glass beads for cotton thread in balls.

Thus was begun the commerce in cotton between Europe and America, which reached its peak in 1911 when about 11,000,000 bales of 500 pounds each crossed the Atlantic from the United States and half as much stayed at home. Now it is true that the sentimental associations of the Europeans are with Asiatic cotton. Calico is from Calicut where Vasco de Gama landed in India; muslin is from Mosul across the river from the place where Sennacherib cultivated tree wool in his hanging gardens. Nevertheless, it is the cotton of the Mexicans, the Peruvians, and the Arawaks that rules the world to-day.

From the Tribute Roll of Montezuma it appears that 234,800 porters' loads of woven cotton and 4400 bales of raw cotton were delivered yearly by conquered Indians as tribute to the Aztecs. This amounts to about \$35,000,000 in present values. The first Spanish governor of Yucatan writes in 1561, that the Mayas of the northern part of the peninsula were then paying in tribute 1,280,000 yards of woven cotton. Indeed, cotton was an important item of Spanish commerce till disease and slavery had tremendously reduced population in Mexico and Peru.

Cotton weaving in England had small beginnings, the raw material being secured in the eastern Mediterranean islands and in Asia Minor. Then the British East India Company brought in Hindu textiles and created a London vogue. In 1692 John Barstead called attention to the extraordinarily fine fibre to be secured at the British Plantations in the West Indies. When, by a series of fine inventions beginning with John Kaye's thrown shuttle, looms and spinning frames were improved and put under mechanical power, it was the longer staple of America that made the venture a success. In 1794-98, when the industrial development in spinning and weaving was in its infancy, England's cotton imports show 45,000 bales from America and 11,600 bales from the Old World. Then followed the introduction of American cottons into India, and finally into Egypt.

It is very clear that the industrialization of cotton in English factories was the first move in our present Mechanical Age and,



as seen above, it was the old civilizations of America that furnished the necessary product.

But it is perhaps worthy of note that the art of weaving had been carried very far in America, the fibres being cotton, henequen, the wool of the llama, alpaca, vicuña, and other allied animals. Ancient Peru shows more varieties of weaving than any other place in the world, and they are of a degree of fineness untouched on the more celebrated looms of Asia or Europe. Wool weft on cotton warp, in tapestry technique, has been found with three hundred and twenty or more picks to a square inch. Various finishing processes were developed, such as tie dyeing and hand painting, but for the most part designs were mechanically involved in the weaving itself. Among the beautiful colors of the New World were cochineal, añil or indigo, fustic, and various other logwood stains.

Sometime about 600 A.D. a tribe called the Olmeca, or Rubber People, began to play an increasingly important part in Central American affairs. They made a great ceremonial as well as practical use of the gum of the *Castilla elastica*. They used this gum for a black, evil-smelling incense to induce rain, and they also made rubber dolls representing gods, rubber balls for a sacred game, and other things. Rubber became an important item in Central American trade.

Fuentes y Guzman, who wrote an early history of Guatemala, quotes a writer of about 1540 as follows: "Then he speaks of rubber whose profitable uses the Spaniards took from this province where the people were much given to varnishing boots, capes, and other useful objects to make them water proof, and to make tennis balls." Think of the multiple uses of rubber to-day, spreading out from these first Indian uses, partly utilitarian and partly ceremonial.

The inventive mind can work with suggestive materials. If the Countess of Chinchona had not experienced the curative properties of quinine in the native *materia medica* of Peru and spread its fame in Europe, it is far from certain that this most valuable of all medicines would ever have been discovered. To-day it is taming tropical fevers and retrieving vast stretches of productive land.

These Indian plants and processes enter into the life of to-day to an astonishing degree. They represent a careful regimen, and inventive turn of mind, and a continuity of purpose. Perhaps



some persons will see no evidence of civilization in these matters, being tuned in only to the registers of art. Perhaps they would see more significance in the carving of jade, or in the rapid and very complete development of metal working in gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and platinum, in the lost wax process that was used for hollow castings. Or the parallelism to the Old World, in the preparation of lime mortar for architectural uses, might catch the imagination of some as important. Solid lime and rubble constructions with vaulted rooms and rich decoration in stone veneer were made by the Mayas.

If this array fails to convince, there remain other facts for consideration in the privileged categories of art and science.

#### END OF PART I

*The final instalment of Mr. Spinden's article will appear in the September number.*





# MEMOIRS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

MADAME DE DELAGE

## SYNOPSIS

**T**HESE Memoirs were written by the Marquise de Delage, daughter of Renard de Fuschamberg, Comte d'Amblimont, Admiral in the French Navy, and wife of the Marquis de Delage, also an officer in the French Navy, and mother of Mlle. Natalie de Delage, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Sumter of South Carolina, whose granddaughter, Miss Fanny Brownfield, has had them in her possession up to the present time.

Madame de Delage was attached from an early period of her life to the Court of Louis the Sixteenth, and was Dame d'Honneur to the Princesse de Lamballe.

The Memoirs were written at the earnest entreaty of Madame de Montijo, Grandmother of the Empress Eugénie, and one of Madame de Delage's intimate friends.

Madame de Delage escaped from Paris in the year 1789 and joined her husband and father, who were both serving with the Royalist army at Aix la Chapelle. She left behind her at Bordeaux her mother and her three little girls. In the summer of 1792, Madame de Delage heard of the serious illness of her mother, and immediately decided to leave for Paris and Bordeaux. Passports being out of the question, the journey was considered an almost impossible one for a lady who was traveling unescorted, and whose family had already been proscribed as émigrés. It involved, amongst other dangers, crossing the lines of Lafayette's army.

Undaunted, Madame de Delage said good-bye to her husband, and, with only a maid, managed to reach Paris in safety on the 28th of July, the very same day on which the Marseillais also entered. She remained there for four days during the first storming of the Tuileries, and one of the two friends she saw was the Princesse de Lamballe.

Leaving Paris on the first of August, and meeting with several very unpleasant incidents on the way, Madame de Delage reached Bordeaux safely, to find her mother hovering between life and death. For the next four months all Madame de Delage's time



was spent in nursing her mother back to health, and she hardly ever left the house.

Early in January of the next year, she was forced to go out to the Château of her father-in-law, who was slowly dying. It was while there that the first attempt was made to arrest Madame de Delage as an émigrée; but she was warned in time, and managed to return in safety to her mother's house in Bordeaux. This afforded but scant refuge, and it was not long before the authorities of Bordeaux got wind of her presence there, and decided to arrest her.

\* \* \*

*Bordeaux, France, February 1793*

The day after my arrival my mother told me that she had sent for an apothecary named Cazalet as she thought he might be of some use to us. Before the revolution he was a Royalist, but since then he had been alternately a Jacobin, a Constitutionalist, etc. etc.

The first time I saw this man at his shop door with a *bonnet rouge* on I took a dislike to him, but my mother advised me to be polite as it was in his power to secure me a safe place where I could seek refuge. And she was right, for not long afterwards he came to tell us that he had found a place which he thought would suit. It was the house of a friend of his, and he promised my mother to take me there, when they came to arrest me. We now led the most isolated life. Cazalet was the only person we ever saw. He often came to see us in the evening and would try to give us hope, but these hopes were entirely without foundation. This man was totally devoid of principle and was capable of doing anything to accomplish his own end, and I often deplored the unhappy fate which compelled me to associate with him.

We were in this isolated position when they came to arrest me. Four *gendarmes* set out from the Department at the same time, two being ordered to take Madame d'Argicourt, and two to seize me. They reached my mother's house at twelve o'clock. I was still in bed and had just taken a cup of chocolate. Fortunately for me, Rosalie had left my room and was going downstairs with the *cafetière* and met them on the steps. She recognized their uniforms at once and knew their mission. She asked them what they wished,



and drawing out their papers they said, "We have come to arrest Madame d'Amblimont de Delage." Telling them most politely she would take them where I was, she rushed into the antechamber and had just time to warn her husband when they entered the room, and he did his best to detain them there a few moments. Then she ran quickly up to my room to inform me of my danger. I got up at once, put a large veil over my head, and without shoes or stockings made my way downstairs along the sides of the house to avoid being seen from the windows. I had much less presence of mind than Rosalie, for I forgot all about Cazalet and asked where she was going to take me. She answered, "To Cazalet, for we have no other refuge."

When we reached the shop Rosalie told him that my mother had an attack, and she had come for medicine, mentioning some drug which he knew was necessary for her. But Cazalet soon guessed what was the matter, for he knew I would never have come for medicine. He pretended to mix some potion in a great hurry, gave it to Rosalie, and followed us out. Then he made me go into his house by a back door and took me into a small room where he left me under the care of his good old housekeeper. Then he went back to our house with Rosalie and found my poor mother in a discussion with the *gendarmes*, assuring them I was not in the house; but she got embarrassed and contradicted herself in such a way that they were just going to institute a search when Cazalet arrived. She was still in ignorance of my being in a place of safety, so he got behind the *gendarmes* and by signs informed her I was already at his house; then he turned and spoke to the men, telling them they could search the whole place if they liked.

In the meantime Rosalie ran up to my room, and with great quickness and incredible presence of mind turned up the mattresses of my bed, threw the sheets over to cover them, collected the chairs in the middle of the floor, which made it look so much like an uninhabited room that when the *gendarmes* came in they were convinced that I had not been there, so they determined to take my mother in my place. But Cazalet deceived them by telling them he would go at once to the seminary which was occupied by the representatives and let them know it was impossible to move Madame d'Amblimont from her residence, as she had been ill for months. He then ordered them to remain in the antechamber and



await new orders. The imperious tone of his voice, his *bonnet rouge*, and his reputation as a violent character made these men obey him. They were completely deceived and thought that Cazalet was a friend of the Government, so they remained in the antechamber several hours, where Rosalie's husband gave them breakfast to distract and keep them quiet.

Cazalet, after restoring quiet, or at least a certain safety for my mother, came back to me, told me the good news, and forced me to take some food. He informed me he would write to the person whom he had spoken to me about and he hoped she would receive me at once. When the letter was written he handed it to me to read, and this sentence attracted me: "You refused at first to receive this person, fearing it would be a pretext for me to visit at your house. I now address myself to your kind heart and again beg you to receive this woman, who will probably be arrested and guillotined to-morrow if you do not give her an asylum this very evening. It will only be for a few days, and I give you my word I shall only accompany her to your door, and will never return."

I said to him, "So you deceived me when you told me that Madame Coutanceaux had promised to receive me. You told me she only asked time to inform her husband and an old relative who lived with her."

Cazalet laughed, and replied in a most indifferent manner, "Yes, and she refused my request in a manner most insulting to me. She imagined it was a trick on my part to get an entrée into her house, and, to tell the truth, I have made use of very similar means."

While I was waiting for the answer he informed me that if Madame Coutanceaux consented to take me I would have to hide myself, not only from the husband, but from the old aunt and from the servants of the house, for they all had a dreadful fear of Royalists.

This woman was the wife of a *chirurgien accoucheur*. She was a good *accoucheuse* herself and was pensioned by the Government to teach her profession. Now if she consented to receive me I must either enter as a pupil or as one requiring her services. Either alternative was so repugnant to me that Madame Simon had returned with a verbal answer to Cazalet's letter before I had made up my mind which of these painful and revolting disguises I would



adopt. The message from Madame Coutanceaux was that she would receive me in her establishment only as *une femme grosse*, and she said that I must bring my clothing in bundles as I must pass for a poor woman. I got Rosalie to give me some of her clothes to put on, and I took with me, besides some of her linen, a set of pocket handkerchiefs and many other articles of dress, and as they were all marked with an "R", I took the name of Madame Renaud. I told Cazalet I had determined to pass myself off as a woman in an interesting state of health because, not being known by a soul in the house, the humiliation of such a position would rest on a strange name.

I started off with Cazalet about six o'clock in the evening for my new abode. I do not know why Cazalet made me pass by the Place Dauphine at the time of Madame d'Argicourt's execution. We were detained there some moments by the immense crowd, who had come to witness this awful spectacle. My limbs trembled when I saw the executioner arranging the heads in the basket where poor Madame d'Argicourt's head had just fallen. My heart seemed to stop beating at the sight, and I had just strength enough left to ask Cazalet, "Where are we? Where have you brought me?" Cazalet, seeing that I was no longer able to walk, dragged me along after him telling me all the time not to show so much fright or I would be recognized. When we passed the scaffold he said, "That is where you would have been if you had been taken."

Worn out I at last reached Madame Coutanceaux about seven o'clock in the evening. Though no one knew anything of me except the mistress of the house, who had herself exacted the disguise in which I appeared, I nevertheless found myself very much embarrassed before her husband, the old aunt, and the servants, who all looked at me with the greatest curiosity. Madame Coutanceaux took me upstairs at once to the room which she had prepared for me.

\* \* \*

Four months had passed since I first came to Madame Coutanceaux's, and each day the embarrassment of my position became not only more painful and perplexing but more dangerous. I had no means of escape from the miserable deception I had been forced into at a moment when I was all but lost. The time was



rapidly approaching when it would be impossible for me to pretend any longer, and if I could not get away in a month, the eyes of those by whom I was surrounded would be opened to the fact that I had been wearing a disguise, and this dénouement would most certainly cause my arrest. I really did not know what to do; there was not a soul left in Bordeaux who could help me.

In addition to this I was overwhelmed with horror at the idea that I might cause the death of those who had kindly given me an asylum, and on whom I had not a shadow of a claim. I had come to the conclusion that some step would have to be taken at once if I wished to avoid suspicion. Madame Coutanceaux suggested that a good way to get out of the difficulty would be to pretend that I had been *accouchée* during her husband's absence and she had attended me without calling in any assistance, but that was too impracticable. I often thought that my position was really extraordinary, for while many of these unfortunate women were embarrassed at their condition, I on the contrary was embarrassed at not being in their situation. One day one of the servants went downstairs and said that I was a most extraordinary woman, that she was in my room making up the fire whilst I was dressing and she noticed that my appearance was entirely different from what it usually was.

\* \* \*

Shortly after this, Tallien, the representative of the people, who had done so much harm in Bordeaux, came for Madame Coutanceaux to pay Madame de Fontenay \* a professional visit. We were very much frightened at first by this news which in the end turned out to be the very cause of my safety. But I was willing to risk a thousand times more as I felt quite sure it was necessary to make the acquaintance of someone in power before I could accomplish my end. I awaited Madame Coutanceaux's return with great impatience. As soon as she returned she came to my room and told me all about her visit. When Madame de Fontenay had explained her condition at length, she said, "The day before yesterday they

\* Madame de Fontenay, divorced wife of the Comte de Fontenay, and one of the most fascinating women of the time. Tallien first met her when she was in prison, and not only spared her life, but fell in love with her. She cooled his revolutionary ardor and received the name of "Our Lady Of Thermidor" for the number of lives she saved by her entreaties. She became greatly hated by Robespierre, and other of the more zealous of the Terrorists, and it was this hatred that brought about the final overthrow of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror.



sent me a horrible *accoucheur* who knew nothing of his business and assured me I was laboring under a delusion. Since then I heard of you, so I determined to see what you would say." Madame Coutanceaux, knowing it was her husband who had displeased her, took the hint at once, and knew if she wished to please that the truth must be kept back, so they became very friendly, and her visits continued for some time.

One day she returned very excited. As soon as she saw me she exclaimed, "I believe we are saved. I think I have found a way for you to leave France." At last she told me that while in Madame de Fontenay's room she saw there a number of passports. On going out she asked the servant what her mistress had these passports for. The girl answered, "Several merchants have obtained leave to send off two or three vessels, but as no one can go as passengers without a passport my mistress has interested herself in getting them for those who wish to embark." Then lowering her voice she added, "There are two or three émigrés hidden here whom she is going to get off."

Madame Coutanceaux without waiting a moment said, "My dear Frenelle, I will do anything in the world for you, I will enable you to marry the merchant who is addressing you if you will only get me one of those passports for a lady who is very much grieved at not being able to join her husband who is in America." Madame Coutanceaux there and then invited the young woman to tea that same evening, to let me judge if I thought it prudent to confide in her. It was arranged that I should go into the next room, and through the key hole hear and see all that was going on. On seeing her thus, I was attracted towards her because she resembled the sister of a dear friend of mine. She had been well brought up, as I heard afterward, and wrote a good hand, which made her of great use to Madame de Fontenay.

When Madame Coutanceaux spoke to her of the lady for whom she wished the passport, she said, "Yes, I will do all I can for the poor lady, but would rather the passport be used for a person who is in great danger." When she left I ran to Madame Coutanceaux and said, "There is no doubt, Madame, we must confide in this girl. I have a presentiment we shall run no risk in doing so." She came again to see me the next day, and I told her who I was, taking care however, for Madame Coutanceaux's sake, to let her be-



lieve my condition was real. I told her my husband had already set sail for America, but there was still time for me to join him if she would only procure me a passport.

I spoke very frankly of the dangers I ran in Bordeaux, and when she replied that it was doubtful if she could serve me as quickly as I desired she seemed very much embarrassed. I believe it was fear of Tallien, for I have never done this good girl the injustice of thinking even for a moment that she sought her own interests in saving my life. She told me if I would tell my name to Madame de Fontenay she was very sure she would take a great interest in me, but passing myself off as an American who runs little or no danger she would concern herself very little about me. Frenelle then mentioned that her mistress had for several days been wishing for an antique which was offered for sale, but the merchant wished a thousand crowns for it which was more than she could afford to give, especially as it required a diamond setting. She added that her mistress had two antiques already which she wished very much to have set for a bandeau. I made her explain this over to me and then assured her that if she would bring these stones to me and Madame de Fontenay would be willing to wait a few days I was quite sure I could have them set for her.

I knew my mother still had left a beautiful necklace of two rows of precious stones which I was quite sure she would be willing to use for this purpose. So when Frenelle brought the antiques I sent them to my mother with a note of explanation, and four days after she returned them beautifully set as a bandeau. So the bandeau was given to Frenelle for her mistress, and I felt convinced she would have no difficulty in procuring a passport for me. I felt so sure of it that I set myself to think of a person who could represent me to the Committee of Surveillance. Of course this person would have to be of my height and figure, which was no easy matter. But fortunately my mother remembered a Madame Renaud who was really an American and not suspected. There was no one else who could help me out of this embarrassing and perplexing position, and strange to say she remembered some small service I had done her several years ago at Paris, which had escaped my memory altogether. My mother told her of my position, without mentioning where I was hidden, and in return for granting this favor she only asked the promise of a passport for



herself after my departure, which would necessitate my telling Madame de Fontenay I was passing under a false name, but I did not feel obliged to tell her who I really was.

At last Frenelle came and brought me the passport with the following note from Madame de Fontenay, "I do not ask your secret, Madame. I send you a passport and rely on your prudence, since if you are arrested at sea, I shall be greatly compromised. But I hope nothing will induce you to give the name of the person who procured you the passport." Frenelle said she had been charged to tell me that Madame de Fontenay had chosen the Biderman's vessel, because she had secured a passage on that very boat for a man whom I would most probably be acquainted with if what she understood of the position I held in society at Paris were true. And that same evening he would be sent to me to make the arrangements necessary for my departure. Frenelle then told me that the gentleman was the Marquis de Jumillac. I knew him only slightly, though I had met him everywhere I went.

\* \* \*

*Note:* (Biderman, however, refused to allow the suspects to leave Bordeaux on his boat, and in consequence Madame de Delage "sought an audience" of Madame de Fontenay, on the one condition of Tallien not being present.)

Madame de Fontenay understood my feelings perfectly and sent me word she had thought of that already and would give me an interview at eleven o'clock. I was taken into her room at once as she was in bed, and though she said she was ill I was struck with her beauty. She received me gracefully, and I told her immediately who I was. She remembered having seen me two or three years ago, but I had no recollection of it. After some excuses at not being able to come to me and some remarks about my costume, she behaved just as if we had been friends for ten years and, with a confidence which surprised me, said, "You see I am ill; well it is caused by a shock I received yesterday." Then added lightly, "You know, or perhaps you do not know, that I have been very intimate with St Forgeau, and though he has treated me shamefully I cannot give him up. I had a picture of myself for Tallien, and when it was finished I thought it was so good I sent it to St Forgeau. The Committee of Surveillance, you know how they de-



test me, opened my package with this portrait and took the letter out and sent it to Tallien. The letter," said she laughingly, "was a very candid one, and about twelve o'clock yesterday Tallien came here in such a rage against me that he nearly broke a blood vessel. He threatened to have me guillotined at once. Really nothing I tell you can give you any idea of his passion. I listened quietly until he had become perfectly calm, then said everything in my power to prove that the Committee of Surveillance had no common-sense, and that the letter in question really meant nothing at all. But the first thing I did was to get the letter from him." Then she showed me the letter and laughed heartily at the thought that she had been able to persuade Tallien that it was so very innocent. She went on telling me all that had taken place that morning and how she suffered, but at last she gained her point, and by six o'clock in the evening the offending member of the Committee of Surveillance was arrested, and she added, "He shall pay very dear for his wickedness to me." I had heard of this man's arrest the evening before, but not the cause.

She gave me all the particulars of her life. She told me how she had found means of hearing from her father. Tallien, who wished to marry her, on hearing her protest that nothing would induce her to take such a step in life without her father's approbation, said, "If that is the only thing necessary, give me your letter and I will promise upon my word of honor to return an answer in a fortnight or three weeks." She objected, saying her father was in prison and it was impossible. Tallien laughed and said, "Believe me, nothing is impossible to us." "I wrote the letter, but I wrote nothing of Tallien nor of this pretended marriage, for I knew it would displease him. When Tallien brought me the answer I could see by his agitation how impatient he was for me to finish the letter and tell him his fate. As I quietly put the matter in my pocket, he asked eagerly what my father had said about him, and when I replied, 'he wrote nothing of you at all,' I never saw anyone look as distressed as he did."

M. de Jumillac, who had kept his promise of coming with me, looked at me, and it was evident that both of us were thinking of this woman's extraordinary and shameful conduct.

Madame de Fontenay continued to entertain us with anecdotes of her early life, and said, "You women of sentiment and good



principle have a very bad opinion of me, but I assert, and I can prove it too, that I have done more good than any of you. For several months I have never been to bed a single night without having saved a life. Whilst you others, with your Royalism and all your romantic sentiment, I would like you to tell me in what way you have ever been useful."

She also asked me if I would advise her to marry Tallien. I think I made her the best answer possible, considering the position we were both in. I was very candid and said, "Are you compelled to do it, and do you think you will be more legitimately married by going before the Municipality? Believe me, it will only be a public scandal, and you will merely put yourself in the power of a man whom you cannot esteem. I know that you have been divorced from your husband, and what has been said about you, but there is still a means of redeeming your character. Leave France, go back to your husband. You say he still cares for you and will ask nothing more. Do not fear the harshness of the émigrés. I am sure all those you have saved will be glad to befriend you. I believe, Madame, that I cannot show my gratitude for the great service you have rendered me more earnestly than by begging you not to marry this man. Think of the great disgrace. Think that this man has committed every possible crime. He voted for the King's death, and is accused of being concerned in the massacres of the second and third of September. You are too good to think of such things without horror. You do not love him. That is impossible! Your desire to serve others has surely led you to this. Leave all this now, while there is yet time. If you take this man's name you are lost; nothing can save you then."

I even begged her to leave the country with me, reminding her of the danger she ran on account of her great wealth. I told her that the representative of the people, Isabeau, and the Committee of Surveillance would never pardon her. Madame de Fontenay listened with great attention and even feeling and said, "If I had only met more women like you I might have been better. But unfortunately I was alternately disgusted by the prudery of my husband's family, or led away by the frivolity of others." Then she spoke to me of Madame d'Aiguillon de Lamette, and de Broglies, Madame de Staël, and de Valence, and their unhappy influence upon her character. I believed her story, for I had often heard of



the bad conduct of these women, particularly of Madame de Valence, daughter of Madame de Genlis, and Madame de Staël, Necker's daughter. Madame de Fontenay confessed that it was not passion alone which made her cling to Tallien, but a sense of honor and duty since she was the cause of the dangers to which he was exposed.

I am persuaded that she spoke with candor, because she had both energy and courage and was glad of an occasion to display these qualities. She was decidedly a woman of more kindness of heart than reason. One moment she would come over to my way of thinking, and the very next would say it was impossible for her to abandon him. I soon saw that nothing I could say would have any effect. She told me she thought of going to Paris very soon, and if Tallien triumphed over his enemies and got into power again I could count upon her to help myself and friends.

The result of my visit was that she promised to get a passage for me on a boat which was to leave Bordeaux in ten or twelve days and also to make the necessary arrangements for my departure.

*Note:* (The origin of the quarrel between Tallien and Robespierre, which led to the ruin of the latter, arose from one of those causes which often produce the greatest effects. Tallien could never pardon Robespierre for arresting his friend Madame de Fontenay, *cidevant* Madame Gabaries, and refusing at his request to set her free. And also from Robespierre's imprudence in accusing Tallien when he had not power enough to arrest him. Tallien had been Secretary to Alexandre Lameth. He was only thirty-two and full of energy and fire but given up to sensual pleasures. When he was Commissioner at Bordeaux he committed many acts of cruelty at first, but the influence Madame de Fontenay exercised over him changed his disposition. But we must never forget that this same Tallien, first Girondin and afterwards Montagnard, shared in all the crimes of the Jacobins, and voted the death of the king.)

TO BE CONTINUED



# SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION

SIR OLIVER LODGE

*DEATH is merely an episode in continuous existence, according to the creed of the Spiritualists. When the real self is set free from the flesh it becomes more intelligent and more hopeful. Communication with the living is sometimes possible. A great scientist, who became a Spiritualist as a result of many years spent in psychical research, here states his belief that these doctrines are not alien to the Christian faith, and that the supernormal facts on which Spiritualism is based should be brought into the service of religion.*

**R**ELIGION is a vague and comprehensive term, having at least a double aspect. It has an ethical or practical side concerned with conduct; and it has a theoretical side concerned with faith, which side is more properly called theology. The two are interlocked: for conduct is a natural outcome of faith, which thereby demonstrates its reality. Spiritualism may be regarded as a still vaguer term, signifying primarily a system of

philosophy opposed to Materialism. But it too has a practical side; and it is presumably the practises of Spiritualists which by religious people have been objected to. Some of these objections may be justified; others appear to be mainly the result of ignorance.

I have been asked by the editor to explain the relations, so far as I can, between these two forms of idealism,—the higher and more mystical and ancient form carried on by a highly developed organization, namely the Church in its broadest sense; and the lower, more definite and more modern form, which has no regular and recognized organization, but is carried on by individuals having a common aim. It may be called “more modern”, though the records show that it is really as ancient as the other. The Bible, for instance, is full of both. But it has a modern development, which on one side is more closely associated with science than with religion; and its aim is not to be satisfied with vague aspirations and pious hope, but to ascertain the facts on which even religion must be based, to formulate them as far as possible, and to make use of them as a guide to conduct.

Though unscientific in many of its aspects, this modern development is an outcome of the era of science in which we live; and it is not debarred by feelings of reverence from exploring even the unknown and the mysterious. This by religious people is held to



be presumptuous and beyond our scope; but a similar objection has been felt in the past to every kind of scientific exploration. We may be sure that we shall not discover anything really beyond our scope, that we can only ascertain what has still to be relegated to the unknown and mysterious by making an attempt to explore all the phenomena open to us, and as far as possible to ascertain their laws.

The subject is therefore liable to fall between two great organizations. It is not yet recognized as a branch of orthodox science; nor are its results accepted by the disciples of orthodox religion. Individuals have realized both its hope and its partial achievement, and many have sympathized with its aim, but the majority still stand aloof. It has been cultivated therefore by comparatively few; and it suffers, as well as benefits, from the lack of public recognition and official organization. The wayfaring man has taken it up, and may occasionally err therein. But, as always, there are certain things which are withheld from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes.

We may charitably assume that all earnest people are seekers after truth, that they have no wish to be deceived, and that they are bound to be faithful to such truth as they have been able to gather, or which may have been revealed to them. It is not to be supposed that any earnest group is willingly blind to any form of truth, whether it be the truths of theology or the truths of science or the dimly perceived experiences which belong, as yet, fully to neither one branch nor the other. But though there is no willing blindness nor any intended hostility to truth, there may be, and there is, much misunderstanding. And it is in the hope that some of this misunderstanding may be gradually removed that this article is written.

By psychical research is intended a careful and, as far as possible, exhaustive investigation into those faculties of mankind which have not yet become familiar, and which have failed to attract universal attention. For there are obscure faculties, sometimes called supernormal faculties, which are not yet incorporated into orthodox psychology, though some of them are forcing their way into practical recognition by philosophers and medical practitioners. One of these is the phenomenon of hypnotism. So recently as my own youth, it was utterly discredited, believed in



only by some whom it was the fashion to call "quacks and charlatans"; whereas now it has become a fairly recognized department of medical practise.

Another human faculty, not as yet so fully investigated, is clairvoyance, including telepathy, that is to say the ascertainment of information by other than the usual channels; whether it be by what is called "mind-reading", which has never been explained, or by some still more unintelligible process to which we have not a clue. At present we have to ascertain the facts and leave a theory to the future. Such a waiting attitude is a commonplace of science. In the most modern physics we are familiar with it,—for instance, in the recently discovered Quantum, in the nature of gravitation, and in our relations to the Ether generally. Facts may be known long before they are explained: and indeed a scientific explanation, even when attained, is never ultimate.

Other branches of psychic or metapsychic investigation are connected with the lucidity of certain persons in a trance state, and the powers of the subconscious generally. It is found that occurrences elsewhere, or in the past, or occasionally even in the future, are thus somehow decipherable; as if access to wider knowledge, or to the knowledge of other persons, were open to the liberated personality of the entranced medium. Or, more likely, as if information were communicated by other intelligences through his or her bodily organism as through a kind of telephone. Some regard this phenomenon one way, some another, but all who have had adequate experience admit its reality as well as its extraordinary or supernormal character.

The nature of inspiration is another branch, in which not much progress has been made. The fact has always been recognized; for the theory we still can wait. It has fortunately not been laid down *ex cathedra* on inadequate data. The inspiration of poets, the inspiration of saints and mystics comes we know not how: we feel the vivifying breath of the spirit but we may not trace as yet its proximate source. The temptation is to treat the products of inspiration as oracular, which perhaps they are, and as infallible, which they are not. We must not attribute infallibility to anything that reaches us through a human channel, whether it be a book or a church or any other medium.

Other psychic phenomena, familiar enough as to the facts but



obscure in their theory, are those associated with sleep and dreams, which may be ranked among the minor activities of the subconscious.

And lastly, and chiefly, the phenomenon of death. It is perhaps principally in connection with this subject of death that the present outcome of psychical research appears to be in conflict with traditional beliefs that have come down to us as portions of religious faith.

Psychical research is primarily an inquiry; and as such has no creed. But it has established the reality and truth of the phenomena which at present we group under hypnotism, telepathy, and a more or less limited clairvoyance; while most of the investigators have gradually become personally convinced that existence is continuous, that death is not the end; or, in popular phraseology, that man is an immortal being.

It may be said that that is no new discovery, that nearly every form of religion has held it, that it is a prime article of faith. Quite true, but it has not been till lately an article of scientific knowledge. It has been accepted as an article of faith, it has not been proved, — not proved, that is, for the generality of mankind. The proof involves the definite verification of the assertion that those whom we call “the dead” or “the departed” have not only in some sense survived, but that they are still more or less in touch with us, and that occasionally they are able to demonstrate their continued existence and interest by actual communication. This is not really new, so far as statements and examples go. Religious literature is full of such supernormal communications. But the possibility has never been fully recognized and has not widely been made use of as a comfort to the bereaved and as a means of obtaining initial information about the condition of a future state. The beliefs of religious people on this subject are reverent but vague, so vague that the consolations legitimately derivable from knowledge are not forthcoming. For all practical purposes the dead might as well be extinct.

But by psychic investigations, not only the existence, but the activities of the “dead” have been demonstrated; and the power of intercommunion has been shown to be a fact.

This may be discredited. Not every investigator is yet convinced. The fact, — if it be a fact, — is a great one, and its complete



demonstration takes time. I am sure that continued inquiry will demonstrate it to the full. Meanwhile it is quite legitimate to hold a different opinion. Belief is not to be coerced; nor should one who has been convinced by direct experience feel unduly impatient to convince others. Truth will make its way; he that believeth need not make haste; in quietness and confidence should be our strength.

It may be said that about death there are three main alternatives:

First, the view of the philosophic materialist, which seems to be tacitly adopted by many of those who study the facts of physiology, anatomy, and biology generally; namely, that the bodily organism is the man, and that when the organism dies intelligence ceases with the extinguishing of the brain, the man becomes extinct, that he is really put in the grave, and that his particles gradually return to the condition in which they can be utilized by other forms of life. On this view the only survival which can be predicted, even for a great man, lies in his immortal works and the memory of his friends and disciples.

Next, there is what may be called the Calvinistic or ultra-protestant view, which holds that death is by no means the end, that there is a future existence to be taken up at some unknown future day, though the fate of the individual in that future existence is settled at the moment of death; that further intercourse with him is forbidden and impossible; while some even hold that prayers for him are hopeless, his state being definitely fixed for all eternity.

There is an opposing view which holds out hope and proffers help, but only through recognized ecclesiastical channels, only through the Church, only by the intervention of its Saints, its Apostles, and its Ordinances. This is not the place however even to indicate the variety of views that have been or may be held by religious people concerning the sequel to death. I only state the position taken by some, at any rate of the laity, in order to contrast it with the view taken by the Spiritualists, on what they consider good evidence.

I said that the outcome of psychical research was to establish not only survival, but the power of communication; with difficulty, doubtless, and subject to conditions, but still genuine intercourse, real conversation. And this, whether established or not, is the



foundation on which the Spiritualists base their faith and their practises. Not all psychical researchers are Spiritualists by any means. Some have found themselves able to remain Materialists, especially on the Continent; though to me that seems likely to be only a temporary standpoint. Anyhow they have no doubt about the facts. Those they fully admit; it is the interpretation that they debate. But those who call themselves Spiritualists, having likewise no doubt about the establishment of supernormal facts, include among those facts, — as an inevitable deduction from a mass of experience, — the power of communion with the departed. They consider that not only by trivial domestic messages can they establish the survival of their lost ones, but also that by further conversation they can acquire some notion of the conditions of existence on the other side of death. Indeed, some of them are so impressed with the beauty of their creed, the enhanced value it gives to life, the relief it gives to sorrow, the comfort it holds out to the bereaved, and generally are so full of the joy and faith with which it suffuses existence, that they long to be the privileged messengers of what seems to them not a new but a resuscitated gospel, and they try enthusiastically to share their conviction with the whole human race.

So the creed of the Spiritualists may be stated thus:—That death, so far from being an end, is not even an interruption of continuity, that it is an episode in continuous existence, an adventure through which every individual has to pass; that the body is not the man, but his instrument, a mechanism which his own real self constructed and more and more inhabited during the period of its incarnation in matter; but that when set free from the flesh, his more unhampered, more real, more wakeful, more intelligent, more hopeful existence begins. The period of earth-life is undoubtedly important, — singularly important and reverently to be protected and sustained to the end; for upon it depends the state in which he enters on his future career. His character, his habits, his knowledge, his experience, his memory, he takes with him. Those things are all he does take; and with them, for better, for worse, he is permanently endowed. There is no waste of acquirement, no extinction of budding powers; the progress that was begun here is continued there. He may still, in a wider and larger sense, rise on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things.



There is no long period of quiescence. After an interval of recovery from the weakness or illness, or the shock of wounds, he takes up the thread of his life; he finds friends willing to help; he is not isolated or solitary, save only when he has led here a completely selfish life. He enters on the state for which he is fit, whether it be higher or lower; he finds surroundings which do not seem to him alien or strange, he may indeed be surprised at their familiarity; he recognizes friends, and is able to interpret his new environment in much the old way. Probably because manner of interpretation depends mainly on the percipient. Even here we can form no adequate conception of objective reality, we are only conscious of the universe through human interpretation; and that power of interpretation continues.

There are many grades of existence, many resting places. The ordinary man is not fit for the higher states as yet. There are lower states also, from which his friends hope he is immune. But such state as he is fit for, in that he finds himself. And thence, by service and love and duty, he can rise as his spirit progresses, — can rise without limit. Or it may be that, inspired with missionary enterprise, he can descend to lower regions for a time, to help the spirits in prison, to assist, instruct, and encourage those who did not rise to their opportunities even when here, and those still more debased, in lower depths, who, by either cruelty or selfishness, have degraded themselves below the level of normal humanity. But even for them there is hope: the possibility of reform is not denied to them; but they must themselves seek it. They must struggle upward. Effort continues in every grade. Time seems to be the essence of existence, even there; and after a lapse of time, differing for different individuals, they may emerge from their darkness into the fellowship of others.

Those already in the regions of light and life and love can set their faces towards the heights, whence may be vouchsafed something akin to what has been called "the beatific vision", at first only granted momentarily, until they are able to stand it, then more frequently. So, in due time, they gradually pass into regions far above our ken, on their way to what must seem to us infinity.

Well, it is a hopeful creed; it is a creed likely to bear good fruit in the conduct of life. It is a creed full of responsibility; it ennobles self-sacrifice. It seems to those who hold it worthy of their concep-



tions of the divine order. And what is more, it seems to them undeniably true.

In venturing to discuss the relationship of Spiritualism and Christianity, I enter upon deeper ground, and must tread softly. But so far as I am entitled to form an opinion, there is nothing in the Spiritualistic creed, at least as above formulated, which is alien to the Christian faith. The only Individual of whom we have been in any sense fully informed did not remain associated with a material body: He possessed a spiritual body, — or suitable instrument of manifestation, — similar in appearance to the old one but less restricted. Through it, He was able to communicate with survivors; He descended into lower regions to help the outcast; He accompanied the penitent thief to the intermediate state called "Paradise"; and He ascended into supernal regions beyond the scope of ordinary humanity, a state which can only be spoken of in mystical language, where, however, He is still accessible, and whence He can come and does come in the beauty of His character to judge both the quick and the dead.

It will be asked however: Do all Spiritualists think that? Do they all accept the Eternal Christ as having been manifested in Jesus of Nazareth? Probably not, though the majority do. I have known of a few who felt hostile to Christianity, or rather to some travesty of Christianity which they thought the Churches held. Of course there may be some utterly and seriously mistaken, but for the most part those Spiritualists who hold aloof from religious services, and seek to found a religion of their own, have been repelled, not by the genuine essence of Christianity, but by superposed ecclesiasticism and dogma and other forms of human organization. I think they are unwise: I think that organization should be all to the good, and that the mistakes of any human establishment should be amended and gradually improved away, the whole not being cast aside as of no value. The Church is an organization of great value: it is a mighty weapon for the overcoming of evil and the establishment of good. It surely does aim at the establishment of God's Kingdom upon earth. In carrying out this aim, it makes mistakes. It has shown itself blind to many spiritual realities; it is not making use of all the means of Grace which are now available. But its officers are distributed through the length and breadth of the land; they are treated with respect, listened to



with some attention; and when it is felt that they have a living truth to proclaim, multitudes flock to hear them.

At the present time, there is a real demand for truth and reality. People do not wish to be in ignorance about higher things or uninformed about the destiny of man. But if they have to depend entirely on the inspiration of the past, if there is no living spirit active and alert to-day, if inspiration has ceased, and truth has to be dug out of ancient documents, with no other vital channels open, then numbers will drift away, some to Materialism, some to Spiritualism. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

What is the remedy? Each individual must decide on what immediate, small, practical step can be taken. Something should be done, something will be done, if not by the present generation, by the next. Not offenses only, but blessings also, are inevitable in the long run. It must needs be that blessings come, and joy be to that man by whom they come. It is a hopeful sign of the times that many are seeking more knowledge, even in obscure and prejudiced directions. Pre-judgment of these things is not wise. A *prima facie* case has been made out. Innumerable mourners have already been helped; much happiness has been secured on both sides of the veil. For the pain of separation is not limited to our side alone, and is grievously enhanced by witnessing hopeless grief or lamentable despair. There should be no such outcry against the heavens, no such sense of utter, irretrievable loss. Love has bridged the chasm.

The doctrines of the Spiritualists and the offering occasionally of opportunities for personal intercourse have brought comfort to many thousands. That there are faults and weaknesses, credulities and superstitions associated with or grouped round about the subject, no one would seek to deny. Is it not necessarily so with any widespread movement? The movement needs guiding, it needs sanity and reverence and modesty and open-mindedness; it should not seek to cut itself off from the great traditions of the past. Nor should we seek to limit ourselves to those either. The facts on which Spiritualism has been based should be brought into the service of religion.

How to do this well and wisely, I know not. But we are guided and helped. Wisdom will be granted to those who try, and will be denied to those who hold aloof. The existence of a spiritual world



has been established or is in process of being established by the methods of science, and that is the basic foundation of all religion. I for one have learnt that human existence, as we know it, is but a part of the whole. The Communion of Saints, aye and of sinners too, is real; there was no isolation of sinners in the days of Authority, they were so treated that some became saints; the seeking and the saving was no temporary effort, but a perennial blessed activity, in which we too may share. Souls are not extinguished, progress is infinite. The reality of mutual aid, both here and hereafter, and the efficacy of prayer have become not articles of faith alone, but things of direct experience. The region of knowledge is in some sort encroaching on the region of faith. But the region of faith is infinite; and knowledge, though very finite, genuinely grows from more to more. A beam in darkness, — let it grow!

## JULY NOON—CAPRI

**W**ASPS drone and sink. The oleanders swoon  
With sudden heat. The tide turns green at noon.  
Naked the children run. Beyond Capri,  
Vesuvius is red against the sea.  
Three spiders spin under a nest of grapes.  
Heat burrows through the vineyard like a breeze.  
Swimmers dive in the shadow of the capes.  
We doze and wake beneath the cactus tree.

— *Harold Vinal*



# HOW WARS WILL COME TO AN END

ALFRED NOBEL

*A conversation between the late inventor of dynamite and a friend, which took place in Paris in 1890, as recorded from notes made at the time by E. Schneider-Bonnet*

**A**LFRED NOBEL, known all over the world as a high-minded philanthropist and at the same time as the inventor of dynamite, was a silent and reserved gentleman such as one meets frequently among the Swedes. My late brother, founder and director of one of the largest chemical manufacturies in Russia, was a frequent guest at Nobel's headquarters in Paris, where he was an eager listener to his peace theories, the notes of which form a basis for the following actual conversation. It is paradoxical that Nobel, in 1890, while experimenting in the laboratory with war explosives was at the same time earnestly considering the subject of world peace.

One evening both gentlemen had dined at the lodgings of Nobel. The host had been even more taciturn than usual and until the coffee was brought in had not uttered a single word. He had eaten very little, and stared vacantly at the wall paper.

\* \* \*

NOBEL: I have not behaved as an amiable host toward you, my dear friend. Forgive me. My heart is heavy. To-day I talked with some gentlemen of the French war office on high explosives. You are well aware of my plans and ideals. While working to improve the fabrication of dynamite I have always had in mind the peace of the world. My hope was that the terrible effects of dynamite would keep men from war, but now I see to my utter dismay that my life work amounts to nothing. Everywhere inventors are bent on the adaptation of high explosives to the aims of mutual destruction. Everywhere the spirit of imperialism is rampant. High explosives will not deter men from waging war. As a matter of fact, the number of victims in future wars will be greater, and the tax payers will have an even larger burden. Nobody will profit by my invention except manufacturers of war materials, some generals, admirals, and diplomats. Mankind on the whole will be the loser.



MR. S-B: I understand why you are so depressed, but it seems to me that you take too pessimistic a view of your life work. You have been perfecting high explosives in the hope that you could deter mankind from war. That's sound logic. Why not persevere?

NOBEL: No,—experience tells me that high explosives are not the thing. Suppose I discover a compound one hundred times as destructive as dynamite. What will be the result? You think the number of victims will be increased? Hardly. The garrisons of fortresses will seek shelter in excellent casemates. Suppose future generations perfect aerial navigation so as to be able to steer the course of an airship and throw from it hundred weights of explosives on open towns. What will be the result? Great havoc will be wrought, and they will kill thousands of innocent women and children. But they won't deter nations from fighting. A ton of dynamite thrown from an airship on Versailles may tear an ugly hole in the lawns of the great park without doing any harm to Paris. The Parisians will continue to loaf on their boulevards and to ingurgitate their *apéritifs* making fun all the while of airships and of dynamite. No, my good friend, the action of high explosives is too much limited by space to be efficacious.

MR. S-B: I agree with you that high explosives are not the thing. But isn't the modern rifle still susceptible to improvement? Suppose you invent a rifle which inflicts only death or dangerous wounds.

NOBEL: There are two ways of making a rifle wound in most cases deadly. Either poison it or make it much heavier than the modern rifle bullet. In the first case, death is certain. In the second, it is quite probable. A two ounce projectile fired from a modern rifle is likely to do as much havoc as a poisoned one, but the possibility of constructing a handy infantry rifle firing heavy projectiles over a sufficient range is remote. Theory and practise of ballistics do not admit it. Still I maintain that the thing could be done. Quite recently I mentioned the subject to a British officer, and I asked him about the moral effects of such an invention on the soldiers. "As a Britisher," said he, "I am not willing to venture an opinion on our Tommies. But I dare say that a revolution may lead elsewhere to a spirit of rebellion. If war means certain death the soldiers may say: Give us at least the right to vote 'No'. Possibly also they may suggest that the matter should be fought out by the gentlemen of the



rival parliaments and presses. Two ounce gloves for the first, bare knuckles for the second."

MR. S-B: I see your Britisher was a humorous fellow. This man was able to think for himself. The main thing, I believe, is to set people thinking. Couldn't much be done that way toward establishing perpetual peace?

NOBEL: My friend, you are an idealist. For my part, I doubt whether nations could be guided by ideas. One thing is certain, however; they are ruled by the force of circumstances. I agree with what Taine has to say on the mental passivity of mankind, on their indifference and inertia. It is possible to stir the masses through pamphlets and fantastic ideas, but it is impossible to set them thinking. The modern proletarian is not a "political animal". I intend to leave after my death a large fund for the promotion of the peace idea, but I am skeptical as to its results. The savants will write excellent volumes. There will be laureates. But wars will continue just the same until the force of circumstances renders them impossible.

MR. S-B: You are thinking of bankruptcy?

NOBEL: By no means. Neither the possibility of bankruptcy nor bankruptcy itself will ever prevent nations from waging war. A bankrupt nation can always wage war on paper money raised by internal loans, but we will hear the death knoll of war on the day that the danger of figuring on the casualty list will be the same for general or soldier, when death will be hovering, impartially, over every man, woman, and child.

MR. S-B: I do not see what you are driving at.

NOBEL: I have hinted at the possibility of stopping wars by using death-dealing rifle projectiles. But I do not believe in the efficiency of such a method. Suppose the rifle I have in view is invented. Suppose two rival nations of fifty million individuals go to war. Suppose, further, that they find in each nation three million young men willing to risk their lives. What then? Immense havoc will be wrought, but the forty-seven millions at home will enjoy perfect safety. Moreover, a large number of people will profit by selling their goods to the government and to the public at war prices. Expose those forty-seven millions to the same dangers as those who are in the field, let the sword of Damocles hang over every head, and you will witness a miracle. War will instantly stop.



MR. S-B: How could such a miracle be accomplished?

NOBEL: If you are acquainted with the progress of bacteriology you will admit that the application of this science to warfare is possible, and quite probable, considering the wickedness of mankind. Up to this moment scientists are studying the means of warding off epidemics. Some day they may set to work in an opposite direction, to find the most efficacious ways of spreading them. It would certainly be a cruel, nay an infamous thing, but if you are conversant with history you know that the method of blockade has been used from the oldest times up to now. The reasoning of future generations, tortured and impoverished by senseless wars, may therefore run as follows: "From the military point of view the killing of the greatest possible number of foes is the chief aim of war. Since we are logicians and not moralists we act strictly along the lines of logical thought. Therefore, we cannot refrain from killing women and children if, thereby, the number of adult male enemies can be reduced." I shudder when contemplating the possibility that some day such logic may be put to a practical test, remember that ninety-nine per cent of those stricken by the pulmonary plague, the one that is endemic in Manchuria, are hopeless cases. Imagine the possibility that even the germs of new infectious diseases, much more terrible than those we know, may be discovered. Imagine that mankind, after exhausting all the possibilities of old-fashioned military science, may make up its mind to wage war with the help of microbes. I see already the secret laboratories where great savants are busy preparing deadly germs. I see them bent on a task of finding a vaccine wherewith to preserve themselves and their countrymen from the deadly effects of the epidemic they are intent on letting loose on their neighbors. But they are not aware that the same spirit is rampant beyond the frontier. There, also, the savants are bent on horrible mischief, preparing in underground laboratories the germs of a novel plague. The results of such doings must necessarily be mutual extermination. I greatly fear that the perpetual peace of which Kant has spoken will be preceded by the peace of the cemetery. Wars have always been a dreadful evil, but in the future they will act like a boomerang.

MR. S-B: Don't you perceive a gleam of light in that awful darkness?



NOBEL: Yes, there is a ray of hope, and a very bright one at that. The power to inflict mutually on themselves untold miseries must lead the nations toward compromise. Nations, as I have said, are ruled by the force of circumstances. A compromise between nations can be arrived at if individuals will apply this principle to their mutual relations. Until that moment arrives, mankind will do well to look out for squalls. The power to do mischief that science confers on the single individual may lead to the abuse of this power. Look at the nihilists of Russia and the terrible use of dynamite in assassinating their Czar. Imagine, now, that some day the scientific results of bacteriological science shall become accessible to the general public. Imagine the horrible danger to human society and to civilization. Let us hope that the presence of such a danger may lead to a thorough moral reform. Because the danger I speak of cannot be fought by police measures. Conditions will grow worse and worse. The twentieth century will be an epoch of great unrest. Consider the financial side of the question, the frightful situation that will result if nations continue to raise money by loans for armaments and for war, taxing not only the present generation but those to come, placing a great debt on the unborn. Consider the resulting social problems. The fatal end will be bankruptcy, but that will not keep nations from war. It has never prevented them, and it never will. Then with this new scientific warfare, this strange and deadly germ theory, whole nations will be wiped out in a second. I am pessimistic about mankind. The only thing that will ever prevent them from waging war is terror.

\* \* \*

To-day, when scientists are experimenting with disease germs in anticipation of the next war, the vision evoked by Nobel is not lacking in sombre prophecy.

*The series of articles on the problems of War and Peace will be continued in the September Forum with an essay by Henry Prati Fairchild on "The Land Hunger of Mankind."*



## ABRAMS—SCIENTIST OR QUACK?

*THE "Electronic Reactions of Abrams" are regarded by most medical men as pure quackery. Certainly many claims made for them are absurd, — as, for example, the determination of a patient's sex, religion, and financial standing from a sample of the blood. Certain British investigators believe, however, that they have found a tiny kernel of truth within this sheath of charlatanism. Dr. Abrams may have made, perhaps unknowingly, a real discovery. One of the investigators here presents the case for that viewpoint. It is proper to state that the majority of scientific men do not accept this case. Without any implication of fraud, they prefer to believe that some honest mistake has been made in conducting the experiments, and that further investigation will disclose what it is. It is necessary, furthermore, to emphasize what Mr. Smith states so clearly: that Dr. Boyd's experiments offer no comfort to commercialized Abramism. There is not the slightest warrant for the use of the "electronic reactions" in the diagnosis or treatment of disease.*

### I. — THE EXPERIMENTS OF DR. BOYD

W. WHATLEY SMITH

**I**N 1916, the late Dr. Albert Abrams, of San Francisco, announced his so-called "Electronic Reactions". His chief claim was that he had discovered methods whereby he could determine the nature and intensity of disease from a drop of a patient's blood without access to the patient himself. In order to do this he used, first, a kind of electrical apparatus which he had devised, and, second, a normal healthy person (to whom the apparatus was connected) whom he used as a "medium" or detector. He stated that if the abdominal wall of the "medium" were percussed, the normal resonant note would change to a dull sound if a specimen of blood from a patient were inserted in the apparatus, and if the latter were adjusted according to certain rules. From the position of the area under percussion when this change took place, and the setting of the apparatus, the nature and intensity of the disease could, he said, be determined.

Such a claim was revolutionary enough in itself, but Dr.



Abrams soon added a variety of further claims even more startling. Not only disease, but also race, age, sex, religion, and moral qualities could, apparently, be discovered. In addition, by using a complementary apparatus, diseases could be cured.

These claims were received, not unnaturally, with the utmost skepticism, and even hostility, by the representatives of orthodox medicine. On the other hand, they were accorded an enthusiastic welcome by the more credulous sections of the public, and, especially, by the hordes of quacks and charlatans who are always ready to exploit anything new at the expense of the sick.

As is usual in such cases the resulting controversy was as futile as it was embittered. Neither side produced any real evidence in support of its views, while such few proposals for serious tests as were made from time to time were invariably evaded by Abrams on the ground that he had better things to do than to prove facts of which he was already convinced. Conversely, the alleged "exposures" consisted, for the most part, of arbitrary condemnations of the apparatus on the ground that it conformed to no recognized principles.

The only honorable exception with which the writer is acquainted is the recent attempt made by "The Scientific American" to obtain definitive results under test conditions. This attempt failed, and the responsible Committee concluded that the claims of Abrams were unfounded. It is possible that this failure was due not only to the incompetence of the "electronic" practitioners concerned, but also to the unsuitable tests employed. None the less it was a good and sincere effort.

Meanwhile the Abrams cult had not only gained some thousands of followers in America, but had also spread to England, where it soon split into two schools. Of these, one adhered to the apparatus and technique produced by Abrams himself. The other, led by Dr. W. E. Boyd of Glasgow, branched off on to original lines. Dr. Boyd started work with the Abrams apparatus but concluded that, although it occasionally yielded interesting results, it was too crude and erratic to be of any real value. He accordingly produced a new and different design and developed certain refinements of method which he found rendered the whole procedure more reliable.



The British Medical Press, in common with that of other countries, had in general condemned the whole method on *a priori* grounds and without any direct investigation. But to certain medical men in England it appeared that some more thorough investigation ought to be conducted before arriving at any final judgment. They felt that although many, — indeed most, — of the claims of Abrams were probably extravagant and ill-founded, there might yet be *some* substratum of truth beneath the apparent charlatanry, and that if this were so the establishing of such a fact would be a matter of first importance.

The investigation proved both long and wearisome. Only now, indeed, has it been brought to anything like fruition. Many demonstrations were given by both schools of practitioners, of which some were good, some bad, and some indifferent; but for more than two years no really conclusive evidence was forthcoming. At one period the Investigating Committee engaged the whole-time services of a trained physicist, who for nearly six months applied himself to the task of determining whether any effect measurable or detectable by orthodox physical apparatus was associated with the so-called "reactions". No such change could be found, and this aspect of the work was ultimately abandoned.

None the less, the bulk of what may be called *prima facie*, or collateral, evidence obtained was so considerable that the Investigators were reluctant to give up the quest altogether. They accordingly decided to adopt the policy of a "limited objective" and to concentrate exclusively on the question of *whether anything happened at all*.

In order to produce a convincing answer to this question they devised certain tests of a very simple character which could be applied under conditions of strict control (in order to eliminate any possibility of fraud), and the value of whose results could be mathematically assessed (in order to avoid fruitless controversy).

So soon as this policy was adopted, positive results of a most impressive nature were obtained. The present writer carried out a first series of tests with Dr. Boyd at Glasgow in June, 1924. These were repeated, under conditions of control as stringent as could be devised and in the presence of other investigators, in August of the same year.



As an example of the kind of test imposed and of the results obtained, the following may be cited:

A specimen of saliva on filter paper was placed in the holder of the Boyd apparatus, and a sliding metal screen was so arranged that the "emanation" from the specimen could be cut off, or allowed to act without the operator being able to see in which position the screen might be. One of the investigators worked the screen. The operator was called upon, from time to time, to say whether the specimen were screened or not. The screen was manipulated in a manner as arbitrary as possible, so that the operator could get no clue to its position.

Of twenty-five successive trials *all were successful*. The chance of such a result being obtained by guess work is 1 in 33,554,432. Similar long runs of successes were obtained in attempts at discriminating between two substances, one "neutral" and the other "active". Practically every one of the tests attempted yielded results of the one hundred per cent order. A full account of the investigation was presented to a section of The Royal Society of Medicine on January 16, 1925.\*

It seems reasonably certain, therefore, that given the proper apparatus, the proper conditions, and the proper skill, phenomena of some kind do really occur, despite all that the armchair critics have said. The fundamental discovery of Abrams to the effect that abdominal percussion notes may be altered, in a selective kind of way, by the influence of certain substances seems to have been substantiated to a very high degree of probability.

But even to say this (a very limited statement) is to risk incurring a grave responsibility. The signatories to the communication mentioned above have done their very best to make it clear that although in their judgment it is unquestionable that "reactions" of some kind may be obtained, it is as yet impossible to explain their nature; and that there is no reason whatever, — so far as they know, — for supposing that these reactions are connected in any useful way with states of disease.

None the less, it is certain that the many charlatans who have been making considerable income by exploiting the Abrams methods will hail the communication as confirming all their

\* The Lancet (London), vol. 208, pages 177-181 (January 24, 1925); reprints can be obtained from Messrs. Hale, Son, and Danielsson, 83 Great Titchfield St., London, W. 1.



claims and will proceed *instantly* to defraud the public even more than before. Let it be reiterated, therefore, that no evidence has yet been published or, so far as is known, submitted to private examination by experts which in the smallest degree justifies the use of the Abrams methods, by medical men or others, for diagnosis or for treatment. Until such evidence be forthcoming any such use is deserving of the strongest possible condemnation.

But since reactions of some kind do occur, it is both legitimate and desirable to speculate as to the possible implications of this fact. The vistas opened up are almost limitless. It may well be that this discovery is one that will ultimately rank with those of X-rays, of radio, and of radium as one of the outstanding landmarks in scientific history.

Let us set aside for a moment the medical aspects of the question and consider it simply from the point of view of physical science. If this discovery of Abrams, verified and pruned, as it were, by the recent investigation, be correct, then it means nothing less than that there has been found a "detector" (the abdominal muscles of human beings) whereby some emission, or transference, or absorption of energy, has for the first time been made manifest. What this energy may be, — whether electrical in the ordinary sense, or more nearly akin to heat, or of a character conforming to no recognized category, — we can scarcely even surmise.

If we turn again to medicine, which is of more immediate interest to the general public, speculation becomes both more fascinating and more dangerous. It is fascinating because if there be any truth in Abrams's view that the state of the blood reproduces in miniature the whole bodily condition of the patient, and if it be true that the salient features of this state can be determined by his methods, or by some development thereof, then the possibilities for medicine are almost limitless. But it is dangerous because these questions have not yet been answered in any way that will bear examination. To speculate, with however great reservation, may raise false hopes and enthusiasms doomed to disappointment.

Wonderful as have been the advances made by modern medical science, both in the prevention of disease and in its treatment and cure, it would be idle to pretend that the true causes and true



natures of "diseases" are properly understood. It is of course known that certain maladies are "caused by" certain micro-organisms, by the overgrowth of certain glands, by the atrophy of others, by the deficiency of some constituent of diet, or by excess of another. But the knowledge of the causation does not go very deep; extraordinarily little is known of just what happens to the cells of the body themselves, of what chemical or electrical conditions arise in them, or of just how drugs or other forms of treatment operate.

It is not inconceivable that the methods here discussed may be so developed some day as to enable us to penetrate more deeply into the problems of medicine than has hitherto been possible, to understand something of those fundamental chemico-physical changes of which, at present, we can observe only the grosser and more obvious effects. But that time, if ever it is to come at all, is still a very long way off. An immense amount of research work remains to be done before we can even so much as envisage the scope and limitations of the subject.

Meanwhile there appears to be no kind of sanction for the use of the Abrams methods in medical practise. Nor will there be any such sanction until reasonably cogent evidence has been submitted under suitable conditions and assessed by the proper methods. The public would be well advised, consequently, to eschew those who profess to diagnose or to cure ailments in this way until much further research has been conducted and the results published by responsible persons.

---

## II. — DID DR. ABRAMS MAKE A REAL DISCOVERY?

*A comment on the article of W. Whatley Smith by the editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association*

MORRIS FISHBEIN

**T**HE question which heads this article is of course to be answered with an emphatic negative. Since time immemorial it has been known that a certain number of credulous persons will always be found who will believe anything that



they cannot understand; this, after all, was the great discovery of Dr. Abrams. The complicated machinery that he devised for extracting the shekels of the unwary was the subject of numerous investigations other than those mentioned by Mr. Smith. For instance, Professor R. A. Millikan, head of the California Institute of Technology, winner of the Nobel prize in physics and a recognized authority, examined the Abrams apparatus in 1923. He issued a statement to the effect that he did not consider that this apparatus rested on any sort of scientific foundation and, indeed, that the claims set up by Abrams and his followers, from the standpoint of physics, are the height of absurdity. In a more technical explanation Professor Millikan pointed out that the Abrams followers insert electric resistance into a circuit which cannot oscillate at all, and therefore has no vibration frequency. He pointed out also that the Abrams followers claim that they impose on the microörganism of disease its own vibration frequency; and yet what they actually do is to impose one and the same vibration frequency for all diseases. "If a microörganism has any natural frequency at all", said Professor Millikan, "it would have to be millions of times higher than any audible frequency of the kind they use in the treatment, so that the claim that they are finding and then imposing upon the disease its own natural frequency is simply the height of ignorance in view of the kind of physical mechanism with which they are dealing."

In addition to the investigations made by Professor Millikan other physicists and engineers opened and investigated the Abrams devices. They found them to be essentially a jungle of electric wires, violating all the sound rules of electric construction.

Now the statement of Mr. Smith is essentially correct as to the report of the British Committee, headed by Sir Thomas Horder, which investigated particularly the emanometer of Boyd. Of this committee Mr. Smith was a member. It omits, however, certain points which are vitally necessary to answer the question put at the head of this article. In the first place Dr. W. E. Boyd derived his knowledge of the Abrams device from X-ray pictures of the apparatus, since he had contracted not to open it. He concluded that the Abrams resistance box was not a resistance device, but a coil wound for inductance. Sir Thomas Horder emphasized that the Boyd apparatus is not the Abrams appa-



ratus. "It is commonly but erroneously supposed", he said, "that the instrument of Boyd is no more than a minor variation on that of Abrams, whereas it appears actually to be a design *de novo* based on a different conception of the phenomena involved. Sir Thomas Horder also pointed out that none of the members of the committee mastered the technique for themselves and that they depended on the work of the exponents of the method; he thanked Dr. Boyd particularly for lending himself to the work.

In analyzing the results it may be important first to point out that attempts were made to measure electrically the changes alleged to occur, thus avoiding the percussion tests on the abdomen of a human being, but that this was found impossible. The results were indeterminate and the committee does not even report them. Let us consider then the report on the tests of the sputum, to which Mr. Whatley Smith refers. A first series of tests were carried out in London. Here Dr. Boyd endeavored to separate correctly twenty pairs of specimens of sputum taken from two patients chosen and approved by one Dr. McCrae. "The outcome of the test was unfavorable to the technique", says the report, "for of the results returned by the exponents only eleven were correct, while nine were wrong; which is just the kind of result which would be expected if chance alone were operative." Mr. Smith says nothing in his paper of this test.

The report points out that Dr. Boyd sent a memorandum to the committee ascribing his failure to the fact that the arrangements were not satisfactory and that the time required for checking the specimens caused them to become stale. He then arranged for another test in his own laboratory, in which he supplied the specimens and in which the only ones present were Mr. Whatley Smith, Dr. Boyd, Dr. Boyd's secretary, and two Glasgow boys who were the subjects. It was this test which Mr. Whatley Smith glorifies as one hundred per cent perfect. No real scientist who reads the details of the tests conducted for Mr. Whatley Smith will feel anything but a sort of pity for Mr. Smith's credulity. One can remember in this connection only similar groups of investigators who have been the willing scapegoats for thinking horses, spiritualistic mediums, and hysterical malingerers. Indeed, it occurred to the representatives of the committee that Mr. Smith might have been over-enthusiastic; accordingly the full



committee, including Sir Thomas Horder, Mr. E. J. Dingwall and Dr. Heald proceeded to Glasgow for a repetition of the tests exhibited for Mr. Smith. The whole committee was satisfied. That is the sum and substance of the tests made in England to determine whether or not the Abrams ideas were sound and the Abrams devices trustworthy.

A real scientist would have drawn the conclusion from these tests that Dr. Boyd, in his own laboratory, using certain electric apparatus had apparently been able to distinguish between two specimens of sputum through a change in the percussion-notes of the abdomens of two boys with whom the sputums were connected electrically. Instead, the committee drew the conclusion that these experiments establish to a very high degree of probability the fundamental proposition underlying the apparatus designed for eliciting the electronic reactions of Abrams. They have the saving grace to say that the whole thing is extremely elusive and highly susceptible to interference and that it would be premature even to hazard a hypothesis as to the physical basis of the phenomena described. As is obvious to any one who can read, the experiments have nothing whatever to do with the diagnosis of disease. Realizing perhaps the dangerous use that might be made of their conclusions by the followers of Abrams, the committee stated their view on this point in no uncertain terms:

“To sum up”, they said, “the conclusions arrived at in this communication leave the position of the practising electronist as scientifically unsound and as ethically unjustified as it was before. They give no sanction for the use of E. R. A. in the diagnosis or in the treatment of disease. Nor does there appear to be any other sanction for this kind of practise at the present time.”





GREAT SOARING BIRDS

*From a water-color painted for the FORUM by Alice Ravenel  
Huger Smith*



## GREAT SOARING BIRDS

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

**P**ULLING weeds is a wearisome occupation. Unless you are very young and limber you will find it necessary to straighten your back at frequent intervals. I was pulling weeds in my garden one afternoon when my rather middle-aged back muscles cried out insistently for a truce, and, in straightening up, I happened to glance into the air. There, by what was thus the purest of accidents, I saw a glorious thing.

For several hours a squall had been brewing, one of those September squalls which here are taken as a matter of course. The sky was piled high with cloud-mountains, some gray, some inky-black, others as white as though capped with snow,—Himalayas of dense vapor, topped by "thunder-heads" in which yellow lightning flashed and gleamed. These cloud-masses covered nearly the whole face of the heavens; but almost directly overhead a strip of clear blue stretched north and south,—a long, straight corridor, like an open pass between huge crags. Down this corridor, flying southward toward the sea, came two bald eagles.

They were a fine sight, those two big birds, rushing with swift, powerful strokes of their pinions, then for a space sailing on stiff, widely extended wings, along that blue road, while the thunder growled in the black cliffs along their way, and the tall peaks overhanging their path glowed now and then with sudden fire. I watched them until they had passed on out of view down their corridor through the storm, hastening, no doubt, towards their refuge on one of the islands at the sea's edge. Then, when the first volley of rain had put an end to my weed-pulling, I went indoors, opened a book that I had been reading, and, by a queer coincidence, came presently to the following passage:

"It was early morning in early spring: at all events, the geese had not gone yet, but were continually flying by overhead, flock succeeding flock, filling the world with their clangor. I watched the sky rather than the earth, feasting my eyes on the long-unseen spectacle of great soaring birds. Buzzard and kite and marsh-harrier soared in wide circles above me, raining down their wild shrill cries. Other and greater birds were there as well, and great-



est of all, the pelican, one of the large birds on which the marshmen lived, but doomed to vanish and be forgotten as a British species long ages before Drayton lived. But his familiar osprey was here too, a king among the hawks, sweeping round in wide circles, to pause by and by in mid career and, closing his wings, fall like a stone upon the water with a mighty splash. We floated in a world of birds; herons everywhere standing motionless in the water, and flocks of spoonbills busily at feed, and in the shallower places and by the margins, innumerable shorebirds,—curlews, godwits, and loquacious black and white avocets. Sheldrakes, too, in flocks rose up before us, with deep, honking, goose-like cries, their white wings glistening like silver in the early morning sunlight. Other sounds came from a great way off, faintly heard, a shrill confused buzzing clangor as of a swarm of bees passing overhead, and, looking that way, we saw a cloud rising out of the reeds and water, then another and another still,—clouds of birds, each its own color, white, black, and brown, according to the species,—gulls, black terns, and wild duck. . . .

“Presently the clouds disappeared or settled on the water again, and for a little space it seemed a silent world. Then a new sound was heard from some distant spot perhaps a mile away,—a great chorus of wild, ringing, jubilant cries, echoing and re-echoing all over that illimitable watery expanse; and I knew it was the crane,—the giant crane that hath a trumpet sound!”

I closed the book, my mind full of a sudden emotion, not sorrow exactly, nor compassion, but something akin to both of them. That vivid and stirring picture was only a vision, a dream, born of the deep longing of a man to see a thing which he could never see again,—the spectacle of vast congregations of wild-fowl in their native marshes, and, most of all, the spectacle of great and strange birds soaring and sweeping through the air in some wild, undesecrated place. There must be many readers who recall the passage. It is W. H. Hudson who is speaking, dreaming that he is back in “the old undrained Lincolnshire” of Michael Drayton’s time, and then, by a still bolder flight of fancy, transporting himself to a Somerset lake of twenty-five centuries ago and floating with an ancient lake-dweller in his long canoe “by devious ways over the still waters, by miles and leagues of gray rushes and sedges vivid green, and cat’s-tail and flowering rush and vast



dark bulrush beds and islets covered with thickets of willow and alder and trees of larger growth." What would not this English lover of "great soaring birds" have given to see those eagles go sailing down their high corridor between the cloud-mountains? He would have traveled, I said to myself, from one end of England to the other to see that sight. And I had seen it from my city garden!

I had never thought of it in just that way before, but I realized then, with those eagles and Hudson's passage in my mind, that a man should thank his lucky star if he lives in a country where great soaring birds abound. There are many great soaring birds here in this South Carolina Low Country, and they add immeasurably to its interest and charm. The most abundant of them are the vultures,—black vultures and turkey buzzards, the most graceful soarers of all. These are so common that scarcely anybody glances at them a second time, and one does not realize how they would be missed out of the sky unless one comes upon some such wistful reference as that of Hudson; but even here, where soaring birds are an everyday sight, the spectacle of a flock of circling wood ibises, excellent substitutes for Hudson's "giant crane that hath a trumpet sound," is sure to arrest attention. Many of the hawks soar beautifully, the best of them being the kites, the "hen hawks" or Buteos, and the osprey. A notable soarer, too, is the snakebird or anhinga, a fantastic, reptile-like denizen of deep swamps: but, while he is less picturesque in the air than either the wood ibis or the anhinga, the greatest and noblest of all the soaring birds is the bald eagle; and in thinking about the soarers of the Low Country, the mind goes back to him and insists upon dwelling on him, though of course he is far less abundant than the vultures and hawks and is nothing like so familiar a sight in the sky.

To anyone deeply sensible of the superb dignity which is so important an element in the regal beauty of the King of Birds, the soaring eagle is the finest sight which the high air affords,—even finer, though less dramatic and spirited, than the eagle in the full exercise of his marvelous swiftness, strength, and skill, asserting his sovereignty over the osprey and exacting tribute from him. Yet, even to-day, when in most parts of America the eagle has become so rare as to be almost unknown, there are men,—thousands of them, sad to say,—who will miss no opportunity to kill



him. Not long ago an eagle, soaring above a Low Country river, saw beneath him a flock of wild ducks floating on the water. Down he came like a stone, and striking his claws into one of the ducks he lifted it from the river. He must have been at that moment a vastly astonished eagle, for instead of a soft, yielding body encased in feathers it was a hard, impenetrable object that he clutched,—a wooden decoy, fashioned and painted like a duck, anchored on the water by hunters to attract the game within reach of their guns. For once the eagle's matchless eye had played him false, and he paid a heavy penalty for his blunder, for one of the hunters hidden in a blind shot him when he had risen a dozen or so feet above the surface.

I heard the other day of another eagle which had better luck. I had related in a magazine article a story told to me years ago by a Negro fisherman, a story of an eagle which plunged into the water to recover a fish surrounded by an osprey at his overlord's behest. The fisherman watched the big bird swoop down and saw him strike the surface of the inlet in a shower of spray from which he never emerged. It was as though the inlet had opened and swallowed him, and the Negro believed that the eagle had driven his claws into the back of a shark and, unable to free himself, had been carried down. A reader was reminded by this of a somewhat similar incident, but one which ended more happily.

One day her father noticed a queer-looking object in the river making for an island not far away. Calling a Negro to row him, he got his gun and set out to investigate. When he was near enough to recognize it he found that the object was a bald eagle, apparently swimming. Desiring to determine the cause of so strange a performance, he followed, and the bird, perhaps assisted by wind or tide, soon reached shallow water. There the mystery was solved. The eagle's claws were fast in a large eel, evidently too large for even his strong wings to support, yet not quite large enough to drag him down to a watery death.

Anything that lifts up a man's eyes is good. The blue sky, with its moving, changing cloud-shapes of snowy white, is the most beautiful thing in nature and the least regarded. Great soaring birds turn a man's eyes and his thoughts to the sky; and here in the Low Country it is a sky alive not only with shifting shapes of cloud, but also with big birds. You must choose your time and



your place, of course. The best time is April: the best place some opening in lonely deep woods close to one of those bird-cities which one finds in many of the Low Country lagoons and backwaters.

I recall an April morning two springs ago at the edge of a small city of aningas and great blue herons,—a city built in tall, moss-bannered cypresses rising out of the clear, wine-brown water of a shallow lagoon. All the heron houses in that city were full of well-grown young, hungry and clamorous, already nearly as tall as their parents but still too timid to fly. Each of the aninga nests contained eggs over which one of the parent birds brooded, the males sharing this onerous duty with their wives. On a big pine log, near which we sat, an otter had recently enjoyed a feast; on the ground close by the log we found fresh wildcat signs; along the trail across which the log lay, a big buck had walked that morning; in the lagoon a young three-foot alligator basked at the surface of the water, studying us solemnly with glassy, gray-brown, unwinking eyes.

Our own eyes watched the sky above,—a wide square of bright blue framed by the feathery cypress-tops. Across this opening big birds were continually passing at various heights. Many parent herons were coming in from their fishing; and it was a fine thing to see them swerve and head up into the wind, then come down with collapsed wings, necks fully extended, slender legs dangling. Very lightly and buoyantly they dropped through the air to their nests. But more beautiful by far was the aningas' way of descending, planing on motionless wings down a long spiral stairway from the upper air, their long necks stretched to the utmost, their fan-like tails outspread.

Watching these travelers return to their homes in the cypresses, we saw many others which sailed at much higher levels, most of them turkey buzzards and black vultures swinging round and round against the blue. But higher than any of these an aninga was soaring, so high that it was a mere speck, the outline of which was barely distinguishable even with strong field glasses; and almost as high as the aninga two bald eagles drew circles and ellipses, while near them a red-tailed hawk hung for a space of moments motionless. The sunlight was like silver on the white heads and tails of the soaring eagles: on the tail of the big hawk it shone



like gold: again and again white flashes in the air resolved themselves into far-off egrets, stately and immaculate, journeying along lofty air-roads towards their breeding place in another lagoon miles away.

"One of the most delightful, the most exhilarating spectacles of wild bird life," says Hudson in one of his earlier books, "is that of the soaring heron. The great blue bird, with great round wings so measured in their beats, yet so buoyant in the vast void air! It is indeed a sight which moves all men to admiration in all countries which the great bird inhabits." Not in all; for although the heron in ten different forms inhabits the Low Country in great numbers, we never see him soaring here, or mounting "with powerful wing-beats almost vertically to a vast height in the sky". He is often to be seen high in the air, and a great blue heron in flight is always a bird worth looking at; but, unlike his companion of the marshes, the wood ibis, he never soars or circles, so far as I know, but passes on in a straight course, his long neck looped in front of him, his legs trailing like a rudder. Perhaps if the heron were hunted with hawks here, as he is still hunted in some Old World lands, he would have acquired the habit of soaring; but falconry is not commonly practised in this country, and the hawks of the marshes and swamps leave the heron alone and seem never to molest him, so that he has not been compelled to exercise the power of soaring which is probably latent in him.

A soaring great blue heron, or, better yet, a soaring white heron, would be a beautiful sight, I can readily imagine, though hardly more beautiful or stirring than a soaring wood ibis. But if war between the hawks and the herons is necessary in order to teach the latter to soar, I had rather leave matters as they stand; for in a region where there are so many hawks, and not only hawks but eagles also, such a war would be a disastrous one for the heron kind, and soon there might be no herons left. Then I could never again look out of my window here in the city and see a yellow-crowned night heron in one of my sugarberry trees, or watch him fishing in a rain puddle in the garden as calmly as though he stood on the edge of some dark lagoon in the heart of Santee Swamp; and, worst of all, I could never again sit on my doorstep on an October evening and listen to the heron armies streaming overhead through the darkness,—hundreds and hun-



dreds of herons, or perhaps thousands and thousands of them, on nights when their strange voices, deep or shrill, float down from every quarter of the sky, and the whole air above the garden seems to be full of rushing, unseen forms.

Directly overhead passes one of the great migration routes, one of the most traveled air-roads in the world. Untold myriads of birds follow the Atlantic shore line in the fall, coming down the coast of the Carolinas and Georgia and crossing the head of the Florida peninsula, where they "jump off" for the long flight across the Gulf. Most of them travel by night. I cannot see them but I can hear them,—regiment after regiment of birds of many kinds, sweeping southward along the edge of the continent, perhaps guided by the moan of the surf along the beaches of the coast,—bound for their Promised Land. Of all these travelers the herons are the most garrulous, and of all these voices the most memorable is the voice of the heron, sometimes harsh, sometimes sharp and metallic, sometimes guttural, always imparting a sense of wildness and strangeness. There have been nights when I have thought that the whole heron population of America must be passing over my garden; nights when one could really feel the sweep and surge of invisible on-rushing legions thronging the broad air-road above the city.

Among these nocturnal voyagers the most abundant,—aside from the ricebirds, warblers, and other small migrants,—seem to be black-crowned night herons and green herons. Only rarely may one catch a glimpse of them on their journey, for as a rule they do not begin passing over until darkness has fallen; and to see them one must go to the open marshes where the light lasts longer because there are no trees or houses to shut it out. There sometimes I have seen for an instant big, dark forms, barely distinguishable in the gloom, winging their way a hundred or two hundred feet overhead,—twenty or thirty or perhaps fifty of them, flying in loose formation, or in no formation at all, heading southwestward, following the line of the coast. Ghostlike, mysterious, grotesque, they fade into the night. But for the sound of their voices, one might doubt that they were real.



# WHAT TO TELL THE CHILDREN

MILDRED W. STILLMAN

*NOTHING brings the present religious controversy more sharply home than the confusion which arises when an innocent child suddenly asks a leading question about God at the luncheon table. If we are not Fundamentalists and do not accept a literal interpretation of the Bible, what are we to tell our children? Their minds cannot grasp the abstractions that we deal in. How are we to prevent disillusion and confusion of thought? A perplexed mother amusingly describes her struggles in this essay.*

**W**HILE ministers publicly disagree, and bishop calls brother bishop heretic and bigot, another phase of the current religious development is being constantly discussed in family councils and among small groups of friends. "What shall we tell the children?" Comfortable fundamentalist parents, members in good standing of orthodox churches, send their children regularly to Sunday School in the hope that they like-

wise will become pillars of a comfortable and orthodox church. Easy-going parents, though negligent in their own church attendance, often send their children to learn creeds and catechisms which they themselves only partly believe. But the troubled parents nowadays are those who have turned from the old theology in which they were reared, and who are too honest to teach their children dogmas which they themselves no longer believe. Essentially religious, but with unorthodox and often very hazy thoughts of God and of immortality, their first desire is to shield their children from the painful shock of the "there is no Santa Claus" period through which they have passed.

There is the story of the artists in New Hampshire who carefully quarantined their little girl from any form of Christianity. I suppose the classics were sufficiently pagan not to be considered dangerously religious, for the little girl was allowed to become familiar with the gods of Mt. Olympus. Then one day she was found burning a lamb chop (stolen from the cook) on a pile of stones in her mother's garden. Expressing her unguided sense of worship, she was sacrificing to Jupiter.

I know the son of a Baptist minister who does not intend to give his children the slightest degree of religious instruction. They have never even been taught to say their prayers. Their father wants them to reach maturity with unbiased attitude, and then to come



to religion with fresh eyes and trained minds, capable of separating the true from the false. But the oldest boy already comes home from Kindergarten singing "Onward Christian Soldiers", and will of course read of God in many story books and hear of Him from many teachers and playmates. Instead of reaching maturity shielded from all religious impression, he will receive the impressions of many minds, only not those of his own father and mother.

Another acquaintance is conscientiously trying to bring up her little girl to be a "respectful agnostic". This is partly reaction from the intolerant attacks on Roman Catholics which have irritated her at the house of an ecclesiastical relative. She says that this eminent churchman is "the last person" to whom she would trust the religious education of her child. She does read the little girl Dean Hodge's *Bible Stories*, and some of the Psalms and even part of the Gospels, always qualifying the reading lest it be taken literally. But she does not take her little girl to any church, lest she fall into the errors of denominationalism.

Still another friend lets her father and mother take her children to the Episcopal church and teach them the orthodox faith. Then she explains to them her own nebulous belief in an Ultimate Good and says, "Now you know about grandmother's God and about mother's God." So far her boy, seven, has answered, "I believe in grandmother's God."

It is more natural for any normal child to believe in a loving Father than in an "Over Soul", in "Cosmic Forces", or in any of the coinages of modern philosophy. It is certainly true that only high intelligence can long follow an abstract idea. The ordinary mind is swayed by the concrete. It must have something to see, to hear, or to touch, or at least a definite mental picture. The use of the concrete in worship is called symbolism by its friends and idolatry by its enemies. Churches have stood or fallen according to their understanding of its use.

The slow growth of the Unitarian Church and the great growth of the Roman Catholic church may have been largely due to the lack of symbolism in the former and the richness of its use in the latter. The Moslems are strikingly like the Unitarians in their desire to worship God in pure spirit, and Mohammed prohibited not only statues but also pictures throughout Islam. But four times



a day the Moslem priest steps out on the gallery of his mosque and calls the sonorous prayer, "Allah is God. There is no God but Allah!" and, turning towards Mecca, the foreheads of the faithful touch the floor. The holy city is a sacred symbol to the Moslems, and the regular prayer a tangible expression which deepens the impression of their pure Monotheism.

Excess of symbolism deadens the spirit, but simple symbolism quickens the sense of the divine in most of us, and the mind of the child follows the development of the mind of the race and feeds on imagery. An abstract idea cannot be as beautiful to a child as it is, perhaps, to us. Should we then deny the child mental pictures which are no longer beautiful to us but which may be beautiful to him?

I asked a little girl recently what her idea of Heaven was. She answered in fair vers libre

*"Meadows of sheep and lambs  
And bright, new grass.  
Never summer.  
Always spring."*

Then she asked me what my idea was, but I had nothing to tell her. Anything that I could have said might have clouded her own image and would certainly have given her nothing which she could grasp. As she grows older her ideas of Heaven will grow and change, but if she is allowed to change and develop her images in perfect freedom I think the transitions will be easy. Her picture of heaven had been colored by her favorite Psalm and by her daily prayer, "Jesus tender shepherd, hear me!"

I confess to having had some doubts as to whether or not a child should continually address her prayer to Jesus rather than to God, and I took up the question with a scholarly minister. His answer was characteristic and a little weary. "Names do not matter. A child must have images. Would you rather have her pray to Buddha?"

A child must have images,—of that hypothesis I feel certain. The question is, what images should be chosen and how and where they should be presented to the child. Until my children were ten years old, I did not want to trust them to even the most model Bible School. I have always felt that the first dawning of religious



experience in the heart of a little child was too sacred a thing to be "trained" by a conscientious teacher or questioned and commented on in a room full of well-soaped and fidgety children. Emerson says that natural religion, like the wild apple tree, loses its exquisite beauty under cultivation; and the home has always seemed to me the natural soil for the child's awakening spirit. The ideal Bible Class would be just the child alone with its mother, but there is seldom enough time on Sunday to take each child separately, and two or three children together make an intimate and teachable group.

I wanted my children to form the habit of regular religious study, and I wanted to give them two things. In the first grades of school they began to learn Greek mythology and Norse mythology. I believed that this was the appropriate time for them to learn the early Hebrew mythology contained in the Old Testament. In school they had already been given hero tales from History,—stories of King Arthur, of Columbus, and of Lincoln. But these heroes were themselves inspired by a far earlier historic figure. I wanted my children to know the hero tales of Jesus of Nazareth. So, following a suggestion in Dean Hodge's *Training of Children in Religion*, I read stories from the Gospels from Christmas to Easter, and Old Testament stories from Easter to Christmas.

By stories I mean narrative chapters from the Bible itself, not from any of the books of pre-digested Bible Stories which are prominent in every book store. I have examined many of the most widely advertised and best recommended of these and have always found them weak and colorless as compared to the Bible itself. Even the Sunday School leaflets purporting to keep the Biblical phrasing are so condensed that they lose much of the picturesque detail and constant repetition which appeal so strongly to children.

In the story of Abraham, for instance, the King James version says, "And they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came." My nine year old girl read it aloud to me with a chuckle of appreciation. It was so naïve and so matter of fact, just as she herself might have written it. The whole sentence was omitted from her "Junior Bible".

One frequently hears the argument that the Old Testament is



not fit reading for children,—but careful blue penciling of questionable paragraphs makes it safe for a trustworthy child. My ten year old girl has taken her Bible after the lesson was over and finished up the last chapters of Genesis, following the story of Joseph with unquestioning eagerness, just as she might follow the story of Robinson Crusoe. When reading to her and the younger boys, it is easy to hold their interest by explaining the difficult words as I go along. They did not know what a “subtle” serpent was, but it interested them to find out. One of the most recent and attractive of the Bible Story Books substitutes the word “deceitful”, also unintelligible to a young child.

Parents have said to me, “Do you tell your children that the Bible is true?” I might answer, “When you read your children stories of Johnny Chuck and Bobby Coon do you tell them that Mother Nature is true?” I find that children mingle fact and fancy more naturally than their sophisticated elders. I read them the Bible stories as I read them their other books and answer questions as they come. I find the children for the most part independent in their own criticisms, believing and disbelieving where I least expect it.

My little girl, at eight years, promptly scouted the story of Jonah, but that did not keep her from enjoying its dramatic appeal. She voluntarily drew a cross section of the mammoth fish with the unfortunate traveler seated in its “innards” and a few crabs gamboling in the seas without. But on Christmas Eve she took me to the window to show me a brilliant planet, “the Star of Bethlehem.”

When I read the Easter story of the empty tomb, she surprised me by asking skeptically, “Was it really an angel?” I looked up the story in all four Gospels and found that St Mark, now considered the most accurate of the evangelists, describes instead of of an angel, “a young man in a long white garment.” I reported this to my little girl and left her to interpret the Easter story according to her own beliefs.

Despite the inaccurate, impossible, and sometimes grotesque and revolting passages in the Bible, truth and beauty flame through it from cover to cover. A child brought up with no knowledge of the Bible is robbed of his best heritage. To insist on “Truth or nothing” for our children seems to me an attitude of conceited



intellectualism. Rather let us tell them the "old, old story". Let us take them straight to that great treasury of religious experiences deservedly called the Holy Book. Whether it is the Douai, King James, or American Revised version makes little difference. But let us try to guide the children as unobtrusively and as suggestively as possible, and leave them to choose only what seems true to them.

### CLOVELLY

Clovelly clings above the sea  
Deep in a cleft of happy Devon,  
Where wind and water moving free  
Make music seven days in seven.  
Long wind and light wind,  
Full tide and slack;  
When I am half a world away  
That old song sings me back.

One tilted Street Clovelly owns  
That halts at every open door,  
With flowers among the cobblestones  
And firelight on each dusky floor.  
There's port there and peace there  
Whatever season come;  
If I had reached the world's last edge  
That dream would draw me home.

— *Nancy Byrd Turner*



## AMERICA'S FOREIGN "GUESTS"

HERBERT W. HORWILL

*AN Englishman who is well acquainted with this country gives the retort courteous to complaints in the American press against the criticism of foreign visitors. Provided a foreigner is not an official guest of the nation, he has just as much right to record his impressions of a country as a guest at an hotel has the right to record his impressions of the management. There is a justification for the impressionist writer no less than for the scientific researcher, provided he does not pass beyond his métier.*

**E**VERY now and then there appears in the American press a sharp remonstrance at the alleged discourteous behavior of some foreign visitor. A European of more or less prominence comes over here to lecture, or to carry out a business transaction, or merely for a holiday. He communicates to an interviewer or publishes in a book his impressions of what he sees. If some of his comments on the American scene are disparaging

there is an immediate protest, and he is roundly told that he is no gentleman. If he were he would not be so unmindful of the obligations of a guest. No guest who had any manners would so far forget himself as publicly to criticize his host.

The complaint is plausible but fallacious. The accusation of a breach of courtesy is really based on a verbal ambiguity. In what sense can a visiting foreigner be described as a "guest" of America? The word has two meanings. It may denote either a person who is gratuitously lodged and fed at a private home or one who engages, and pays for, accommodation at a hotel. Rarely, if ever, is any foreigner the guest of the United States in the former sense. Even if he is invited here by the Government, as at the Washington Conference, the cost of his entertainment is defrayed by the nation that sends him. And certainly the lecturer or business man or tourist makes no charge upon the United States Treasury. He may take away, when he leaves, a substantial roll of American dollars, but they are a return for services rendered. They are a *quid pro quo*. While he is here he is not a home guest but a hotel guest. Now, no one would ever suggest that courtesy demands of the occupant of a room at a hotel the reticence that is rightly expected of the person who enjoys the hospitality of a private family. He is at perfect liberty, without incurring the reputation of a boor, to express his frank opinions about anything in the hotel.



In the same way, the visitor who travels about this country at his own expense may reasonably offer whatever comment he pleases on American barbers, or American sleeping berths, or American divorce laws, or the American chewing gum habit, or any other national peculiarity that strikes his attention. It is only by confusing the two meanings of the word "guest", and transferring to the hotel guest the code of etiquette that properly attaches to the home guest only, that any just objection can be taken to his freedom of utterance.

"If you don't like it here, it is open to you to go back to the place you came from." That is the admonition frequently addressed to visiting critics of American institutions and ways, whether they are merely transients or have come over with the intention of becoming permanent residents. The reminder is quite legitimate. It is equally permissible for a hotel-keeper to say to a dissatisfied guest: "If I don't run this place to your satisfaction, what is there to prevent you from going elsewhere?" But he will thereby lay himself open to the retort: "If you resent the criticisms and suggestions offered by guests you are at perfect liberty to close your doors and cease receiving anybody." Similarly, it may be said to Cousin Jonathan: "If you feel affronted by what foreign visitors say about you, you can exclude them. If it offends your *amour propre* to hear their comments on American affairs, you can avoid any such unpleasantness by adopting the attitude of Tibet."

It seems often to be forgotten that the advantage of a free circulation of persons between one country and another is mutual, just as the opening of a hotel is of benefit alike to the proprietor and to his customers. He gives, and they give; they receive, and he receives. It is not in order to fulfil the rôle of a disinterested benefactor that he offers to provide bed and board to the traveler in need of food and shelter, and no glow of altruism warms the heart of the departing guest when he pays his bill. In like manner a nation is doing no greater favor to aliens than to itself when it admits them to become workers in its industries or even casual purchasers of its products. If they find employment within its borders it is both to their advantage and to its own. In supplying them with opportunities of earning a livelihood, it is not administering a charitable relief fund but looking after its own interests



and promoting the development of resources which would otherwise remain unprofitable. There is no occasion whatever for assuming the airs of a mediaeval noble distributing largesse.

How much time ought a stranger to spend in a country before he is entitled to publish reports of what he finds there? No censure seems to be thought too severe for the European who gives to the world an account of life in the United States based on a first-hand acquaintance of only a few weeks. (Is it so certain, by the way, that Europeans are greater offenders than Americans themselves in this respect? One sees occasionally a paragraph in an American paper announcing that the Reverend Dr. Blank has just returned to his parish after two months spent in an exhaustive investigation of the social conditions of Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia, and that he intends to communicate the results of his inquiries to his congregation in a series of Sunday evening discourses. The programs of American women's clubs would suffer, too, a considerable shrinkage if addresses based on brief foreign tours were eliminated.)

The fact is that there is a justification for the impressionist writer no less than for the scientific researcher, provided he does not attempt to pass beyond his *métier*. The literary snapshot may have a real value. Indeed, there are some pictures of the life of a country that can only be caught by the newcomer. They must be captured immediately, if at all, and they cannot be recaptured. By their unfamiliarity they strike the attention of the newly-arrived visitor; but every day he spends in the country tends to lessen their strangeness to him, until after even a few weeks he becomes so accustomed to them that they fail to attract his notice as at all unusual. A sensitized plate becomes dulled by exposure. If a descriptive sketch is required, there is no man so competent to write it as he whose first impressions of the phenomena that meet his eye are still fresh. On the other hand, for a close analysis of social or economic or political conditions there is required not only a careful but a prolonged study. Each of these types of report has its value, and it is absurd to deprecate either of them because it is not the other.

It is sometimes suggested that no foreigner is justified in expressing an opinion about America unless he has traveled all over the country. (One may ask, in passing, whether all Americans who



generalize about American characteristics possess a first-hand acquaintance with all the forty-eight States.) New York, he is assured, is not truly representative of America; neither is Boston, nor Philadelphia, nor Washington. Each of these cities, no doubt, has a distinctive individuality which prevents it from being justly regarded as presenting a definitely American type in every respect. In the same way London is not England, neither is Paris France.

Yet, with all the differences between East and West and North and South, there is perhaps no other country in the world, — certainly there is no populous region including so large an area, — where things are so standardized as in America. Americans themselves often call attention to the uniformity of American everyday life. In *Babbitt*, Sinclair Lewis emphasizes it again and again. "A stranger suddenly dropped into the business centre of Zenith could not have told whether he was in a city of Oregon or Georgia, Ohio or Maine, Oklahoma or Manitoba." Chum Fink, Zenith's poet, finds that when he goes about lecturing, the best hotel in any town, St Paul, Toledo, Washington, Schenectady, Louisville, Albany, — is just the same as any other and makes him feel at home at once. He meets there the same crowd, wearing the same clothes and talking the same things, and he sees the same newsstand, offering for sale the same magazines, the same candies, the same smokes. He sums up thus:

"For in these States where'er you roam  
You never leave your home sweet home."

So, too, all members of the Good Citizens' League at Zenith "perceived that American Democracy did not imply any equality of wealth, but did demand a wholesome sameness of thought, dress, painting, morals, and vocabulary."

What is really involved in the assumption of so marked a diversity between the citizens of different sections of the country that a stranger will be grievously misled if he supposes that the traits he finds dominant in one part of it are characteristic of the whole? It means, surely, that there is no such thing, after all, as the Americanism we hear so much about. America, on this showing, is not a nation but a collection of nationalities, bound together by no real community of sentiment or outlook but merely by geographical



proximity. If it be said that in some cities there is so large an element of alien origin that these cities cannot be regarded as representative of an American type, the obvious conclusion is that America has not assimilated her immigrants but the immigrants have assimilated such parts of the country as they happen to occupy.

Moreover, there is something naïve in the common idea that such unfavorable impressions of the country as a stranger is likely to gather from the cities most frequently visited by foreigners would be dispelled by either a longer stay or a more extensive itinerary. Is it really imagined by anybody that the evils of American life lie all upon the surface? Is it credible, for instance, that a European who casually attended a meeting of the Wigwam in Fourteenth Street would gain a higher opinion of the Tammany Society by pursuing a detailed investigation into its political and social activities? Or, if he notes signs of crudity of taste in Boston, would he be likely to discover a higher standard of culture in Butte? If the business methods of New York strike him as slovenly, would he encounter a greater briskness in Savannah?

It is by no means the purpose of this article to suggest that Americans have no reason to be annoyed by, or even to be indignant at, some of the foreign comment on their institutions and customs. There are still visitors who approach the United States in the "*de haut en bas*" attitude which provoked one of Lowell's most pungent essays. Others, whose general tone is unexceptionable, are sometimes guilty of mistakes in matters of fact which show how rare, after all, is the faculty of exact observation. Few people, unfortunately, have reached a stage of mental development which renders them immune from the tendency to hasty generalization or from the liability to see what they expect to see. My object in writing is simply to point out that this question of foreign comment has two sides to it; that, if "guests" sometimes go astray in recording their impressions of the country, their "hosts" may also err in judging these impressions by tests that cannot reasonably be applied.



# TRAMPS AND HOBOES

TOWNE NYLANDER

*"What do you suppose will satisfy  
the soul, except to walk free  
And own no superior?"*

—WALT WHITMAN

*LIVING and moving among us, in this settled and civilized era, is a nomadic population of over a hundred thousand men and boys,—our tramps and hoboes. Their faults and their virtues,—for they have virtues, even if their behavior is essentially anti-social,—and their picturesque language and habits are depicted in this article by a sympathetic observer, who acknowledges his indebtedness to his many "tramp and hobo friends" for the drawings of their signs and symbols reproduced on page 234.*

**S**OCIETY has long been conscious of, and somewhat disturbed by, that part of our population that is driven by the curse of the gypsy blood. All countries know the migrant, but perhaps nowhere has there been such an extreme development and diversification of this interesting, though deplorable, phenomenon as in the United States.

Hundred of thousands of men and boys are on the road, stealing rides, begging meals, and sleeping in "hobo jungles". We are accustomed to indicate them synonymously by the terms tramp, hobo, bum, vagrant, and so forth. There are many different types of wanderers, but they may be described under two general groupings or heads: tramps and hoboes. The primary distinction is that tramps travel and do no work, unless unkind circumstances force it upon them, while hoboes travel looking for work.

The highest strata of the seven or more classifications that can be made of tramps, according to the "jungle" code, is the professional, "the-blowed-in-the-glass-stiff" as he delights in calling himself. With him, train riding and "rustling" meals are arts that have been developed to the highest point.

Clad in his road clothes, consisting of rubbers to protect his shoes from abrasion and to render noiseless his running over sleeping cars, overalls to preserve his street clothes, goggles to shield his eyes from flying dust and cinders, and a tight fitting cap on his head, he presents quite a workmanlike appearance as he sets about eluding the many railroad policemen and guards that are striving to keep him off his chosen train.



By any one of a number of ruses he manages to slip by the vigilant cordon that guards the railroad yards. As train time approaches he selects a hiding spot in the shadow of a building, a box car, or a pile of ties, a few hundred feet from the "depot" in the direction that his train is going. In so doing he obeys the cardinal rule of train riding: keeping ahead of the train. If for any reason a tramp has to get off a train he wishes to "ride out", he always attempts to put the train behind him, for then he has an opportunity to "nab it" when it pulls by.

Crouching in the dark, with the comfort of a cigarette or a well-behaved pipe, the "professional" gives little outward evidence of the emotional tenseness that has gripped him. To the casual observers he would appear as cool and calm as if he were sitting in the lobby of a cheap hotel. But, physiologically, the strain of waiting begins to show itself. His face adopts an eager look, his muscles become taut and are set like tense springs, his breath comes a little quicker, a slight dew of perspiration settles on his brow. His nervousness is betrayed by the clenching and unclenching of his hands and the quickening of certain functions of the body. It would seem as if Techner's psychological law of repeated stimulus would apply here. But apparently it doesn't, for no matter how often the experience is undergone the same physical and emotional responses are in evidence. Which perhaps helps to explain why few tramps become sated with the life.

The tramp feels keenly at these moments. He feels himself apart from the rest of society. He is an outlaw who has set at naught social dictates and social forces, in the way of policemen and guards, and has shown himself superior to this society which tells him that he must not ride their trains — without funds. He feels that he is free. He senses the freedom of our forefathers who fled to the wilderness to escape the bondage of an exacting civilization.

When the headlight of the train shows up in the distance the tramp has worked himself up to a quiet pitch of frenzy, — a frenzy of fear that the train might pull out without him. The blood surges faster and faster throughout his body, which alternates with hot and cold flashes. There is a light airy feeling about his limbs; his hands tremble, his breath now comes in decided gasps.



The train stops to unload baggage and passengers. The tramp draws closer and closer to the edge of the protecting shadow.

A wave of a lantern and the train slowly pulls away from the "depot". Gathering speed it draws nearer to the tramp: the engine passes in a cloud of steam. With a short run, a jump, and an instinctive reach for the hand rails, a tearing wrench of the arm muscles, — and the tramp is on the blind. Pausing a moment for breath, he reaches for his cigarettes. The train gathering speed tears through the night. It is now a question with the tramp whether to stay ensconced in the blind (the vestibule end of the baggage car next to the engine) or to "deck it". Experience has shown him that his apparent security may be brought to a miserable end at any moment. Hostile firemen have a habit of playing a stream of hot water over the tender, scalding the unfortunate victim, or of "dew-dropping" heavy chunks of coal onto his head. The professional of experience decides to take to the "deck", — the tops of the coaches.

Aside from the security of night riding, tramps find a delicious mysticism in plunging through the darkness on the top of a swaying train, and when a choice is offered invariably select the night ride in preference to one by day. The scenes along the right of way look drab in the daylight, while the same right of way takes on an entirely different aspect at night. What may be just another tiny isolated farmhouse by day may become a pin point of light at night, pregnant with possibilities. This light may be any and everything. It may be the beacon to an arriving soul, or it may be the last flicker before the consciousness of a departing one.

Stretched out at ease, puffing at his inevitable cigarette, swaying lightly with the motion of the train, lulled into a semi-coma, yet awake to every sensation that may contribute to the moment, the tramp dreams — of life. He may, for a passing second, think of those sleeping in their comfortable berths beneath him. He doesn't think of them with envy, rather with pity for their stolidity.

The tramp, imaginative beyond measure, finds fancy treading on the heels of fantasy: feels himself a part of, and yet apart from, this mighty human creation which carries him through the mystic purple of the mendacious, compassionate night. He ab-



sorbs the unbridled power, goes yet a step further, — is he not above it? — in a sense in control of it? This power is his, to do his bidding, to carry him at his pleasure; verily a god-like feeling.



Road kids are boy tramps who travel in a “push” or gang of some ten to fifty members. These boys range in age from ten to sixteen years. While it is permissible for a boy under ten “who can make the grade” to travel with the “push”, it is almost invariably the case that on reaching sixteen the youth feels that he has outgrown his old comrades and takes to the road as an individual, a professional.

The organization of these traveling gangs ranges all the way from a leaderless group merely traveling together, to a highly organized machine that has secret codes, pass words, signals, and prearranged plans of action.

Membership in a gang does not carry with it the loss of individuality. Few gangs make any pretense of loyalty; and few boys feel any special loyalty toward the gang. If the individual is seized with the notion that he wishes to leave any particular “push”, either permanently or temporarily, there is nothing standing in his way. He merely leaves, rejoining them a day or a week later if he chances to encounter them again.

These boys are a particular social menace in that by traveling in crowds they often gather courage to attempt crimes that as individuals would be too much for them. “Rolling” or robbing a lone pedestrian is both a means of livelihood and a form of sport. Hidden in a dark alley or a vacant lot they wait for their victim; pouncing on him like wolves they divest him of all valuables, including wearing apparel. Often their love of excitement will



prompt them to set fire to buildings for the fun of watching the resulting blaze and taking part in the ensuing excitement.

Usually wearing cast-off garments of their elders, chewing tobacco, swearing with the utmost innocence of the words, walking with an exaggerated swagger, and telling the most unbelievable tales to those who will listen, they present a pathetically ludicrous appearance.

Religious tramps are a curious people, living the life of the ordinary jungle loafer, but having an inner prompting which raises them above the level of their wandering brethren in many ways. The history of almost any religious tramp will show that at some time or other he "found the Lord", as they put it, in the mission hall of some religious institute. Soon after he heard the call to go "into the highways and byways". With no other means presenting itself, he takes to the road; exhorting those with whom he comes in contact also to "seek the Lord". Through the medium of a paint brush and small can of paint, carried on his person, he is responsible for the many signs painted on fence posts and buildings, appealing to a sinful world with scriptural and religious quotations.

An interesting specimen of the religious tramp was "Holy Bob". Bob had been a longshoreman, but on receiving the call he left his family and brought to the inhabitants of the jungle his interpretation of the Gospel. Standing about six feet four inches, a mountain of strength, he often found that where spiritual exhortation availed him nothing, force did, so he used force. By threats of physical destruction he compelled the jungle "buzzards" to kneel in prayer and seek forgiveness for their many sins.

One day "Holy Bob" stopped at a house to ask for bread. On finding that the mother was ill, the father missing, and the children hungry, he went uptown and took up a "collection". With the proceeds of his "collection" he bought food and necessities, which he carried to the little poverty stricken house. After cooking a good meal, he went down on his hands and knees, prayed for a few minutes, then proceeded to clean house. He scrubbed everything from top to bottom, including the children and their clothes. Then taking his leave he "hopped" an east bound "rattler".



Criminal tramps are tramps who commit petty crimes as a means of livelihood. Many of them are professional criminals who have been forced out of the large cities and are spending their remaining days on the road.

Tramp criminals, on the other hand, are criminals who have taken to the road to escape detection. After "pulling off a job" they cache, or hide, their booty until the vigilance of the police has died down. In the meantime they live in the jungles and travel as tramps. Many a village post-office or store has been robbed by a tramp criminal, who ordinarily would scorn such small returns but who has been driven to it by the necessity of either stealing or going to work.

By far the most distressing element on the road is that peculiar combination of "Jocker and Prushon". The "Jocker" is an adult tramp who has a young boy for a companion. This boy he has enticed from home, broken his spirit by constant beating, and after having taught him how to beg and steal, lives a life of ease on the proceeds of the boy's efforts. Many horrible pictures of the life of these "prushons" could be depicted. Sufficient to say that sodomy is more often the rule than the exception.

Quite apart from the tramp in psychology and habit of living is the hobo or casual laborer. He it is who does our seasonal labor. Following the harvests he will make a tour of the country. Starting in Texas in the early spring, he will gradually work up through Kansas and Nebraska into Dakota and possibly Canada. Then he may either depart for the large cities to live on his "winter stake", or continue down the west coast, harvesting apples in the Wenatchee County of Washington and Rogue River Valley of Oregon, working south and reaching San Francisco or Los Angeles about November, there to hibernate until spring when he will start the circuit again.

The hobo is characterized by his unreliability and inability to hold a job for more than a few days at a time. Carrying his "bindle roll" or bundle of blankets on his back, he is prepared to make his home where night finds him. Usually he tries to find a hobo camp or jungle, as it is called. There he will find cooking utensils and boilers in which to "boil up", which is a washing and a de-lousing process. There he will also find his comrades who tell him of prospective jobs, what the pay will be, and how long it will



last. Often the group is joined by a professional tramp who, lacking funds and the means of securing a meal, will resort to eating with the hoboes, a class he loathes and considers far beneath him in the social scale.

Handicapped by his "bindle" the hobo finds that he can ride only freight trains. Here his traditional enemy, the railroad brakemen, proceed to "shake him down" for the ride. A dollar a division of about a hundred miles is the usual fee. If the hobo is reluctant to pay, the brakeman orders him to "hit the grit", a disastrous procedure with the train going twenty or thirty miles per hour.

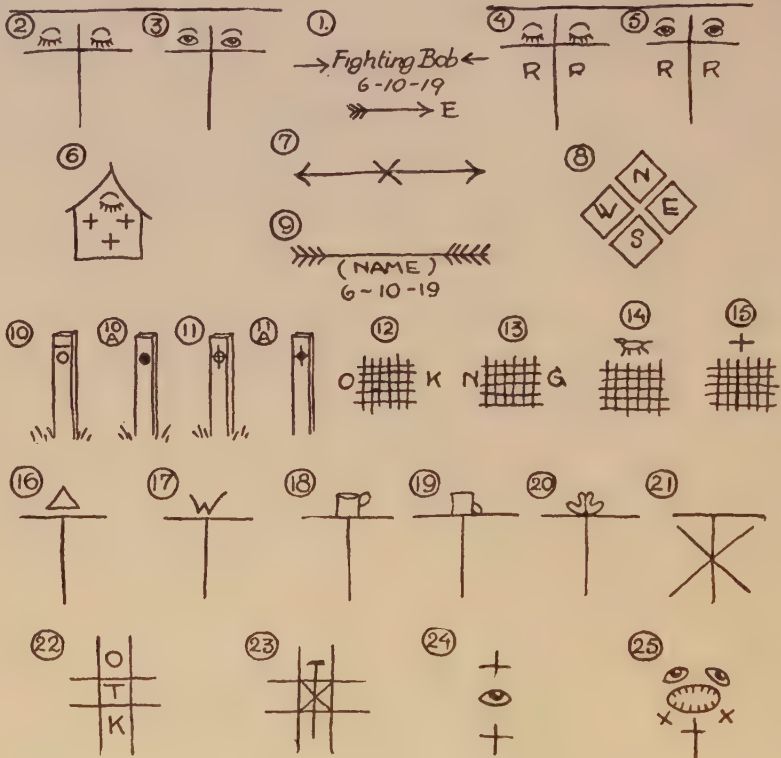
In the winter time the hobo lives in the large cities, spending his nights at cheap "flop" houses, where beds can be obtained for ten or fifteen cents, and takes his meals at cheap "grease-joints". His days are spent hanging around the streets, pool rooms, or employment agencies. He frequents the employment agencies, not because he is looking for a job, but because there he is safe from the police and is sheltered from the winter weather.



All denizens of the road and the jungle beg, some more than others. The tramp prides himself on his ability to "throw his feet on the main drag" (beg on the main street) or to "batter the privates" (beg at private houses).

His begging is not unorganized. An elaborate language of signs serves to guide him to those houses where he will be kindly received and to warn him of those places where he is likely to be mistreated. These road signs are of three sorts, those that contribute to the wanderer's ego by permitting him to transmit





### HOBOS "MARKS" AND SIGNS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. "Monicker" name and direction of travel.               | 12. Good clean jail   |
| 2. Police not hostile to hoboes                           | 13. Jail clean but prisoners starve                           |
| 3. Police hostile to hoboes                               | 14. Cooties in jail   |
| 4. Railroad police not hostile                            | 15. Jail filthy   |
| 5. Railroad police hostile                                | 16. Rock pile in connection with jail                         |
| 6. Jail good for night's lodging                          | 17. Work house in connection with jail                        |
| 7. Leaving railroad for highway or across country         | 18. Saloons in town   |
| 8. Used in connection with any other sign means next town | 19. Prohibition town.   |
| 9. Waiting in town for person named                       | 20. Church or religious people, use religion game for begging |
| 10. Good people live here                                 | 21. Town is hostile get out quick                             |
| 10a. Cranky woman or bad dog                              | 22. Main street good for begging                              |
| 11. People do not give                                    | 23. Main street N. G.   |
| 11a. Bad man lives here                                   | 24. City detectives are in plain clothes                      |
|   | 25. Hostile police look out.                                  |



information about himself, those that warn about the police and other hostile agents of society, and those that inform him as to the desirability of the neighborhood with reference to food and aid. These signs may be found almost anywhere, on station walls, on the supports of water tanks, on fence posts, and even, as in a few cases, on the walls of the town jail.

The jargon of the road to-day is evidently the direct descendant of the jargon of vagabondry that Martin Luther deplored many years ago. Some of the accepted expressions are "thieves' jargon", which has crept into use through the intermingling of the tramp and hobo with the thief and criminal either in the slums of the large cities or on the road. Many of the words are picturesque, all of them are forceful, and a few are characteristic of the type that uses them.

A few of the many terms in current use may be found in the following glossary, which is in no way complete:

*Batter* — to beg

*Beef* — to inform against, to bluster, or complain

*Be George* — to understand, to be jerry, to be wise

*Bundle stiff* — a western hobo who carries his blankets in a roll or bundle

*Blind baggage* — baggage car behind the engine; usually it has no door on that end or it is locked, hence "blind"

*Blowed-in-the-glass-stiff* — the upper crust of the road, a professional tramp

*Boiling up* — to wash clothes and at the same time kill vermin

*Boomer* — a migratory worker, such as a telegraph operator, electrician, or brakeman

*Bull* — a policeman

*Buzz*, or *mooch* or *batter* — to beg

*Chew* — to eat or to talk

*Cooler* — a jail

*Crummy* — the caboose for the train crew on a freight train

*Crocus* — a doctor, derived from croak, to die

*Dicks* — detectives

*Ditch*, or *be ditched* — to be put off a train

*Doss* — to sleep; *doss house* — a lodging house or hotel

*Drill* — to walk

*Galway* — a Catholic priest

*Gay cat* — a low caste hobo

*Get your orders* — to be given so many hours to leave town

*Ghost stories* — stories told by jockers to entice young boys on to the road

*Hit the road* — to take to riding trains, or to walk along the highway; usually in the latter highway is used instead of road



*Jocker* — a tramp who trains young boys to beg and steal; the boys are called *prushons*

*Johnny O'Brien* — a box car

*Join out* — to hire out in order to gain transportation

*Jungle* — a hobo camp

*Kip* — to sleep

*Mark* — to put a hobo sign on a fence or a house

*Moll buzzer* — one who specializes in begging from women

*Privates* — dwelling houses

*Salve* — a bribe given to a trainman for a ride

*Stake* — enough money to carry one over the winter

*Throw the feet* — to beg

*Ball lump* — a lunch handed

Very often they use expressive phrases such as “cash a rush in”, which means that when a good samaritan has invited them into a restaurant for a meal and paid for it, they make separate arrangements with the proprietor who refunds them a part of the money paid.

“Battering the main drag” or “stemming”, which is begging on the main street, is the favorite method of obtaining a livelihood among the professionals. Occasionally he “tackles the privates” for a “handout”, a cold lunch, while he hopes for a “set down”, an invitation to join the family. The “privates”, as he calls them, are the surest, but they involve a waste of time; while begging on the main street involves a chance of arrest, less time is consumed if the tramp has any degree of luck. Many housewives are inconsiderate enough to suggest the wood-pile as a preliminary to eating, while most of them require a certain amount of story telling before they will produce food in sufficient quantities to fill the tramp’s “aching void”.

The very poor and the lower middle class are the good samaritans to the tramp. Being but little removed from want themselves they are able to sympathize with the hungry man at their door.

The tramp’s tale, usually an ingenious concoction of the moment, strikes a sympathetic chord. The housewife invites him in. He scrupulously wipes his feet. Then she asks if it would be too much trouble for him to wash his hands. He may have done this but a few minutes before, but it’s good policy, so he does it again. Favorably impressed, the housewife changes her mind about giving him the cold left-overs from dinner, and instead prepares a rather sumptuous repast for the wayfarer. He takes his cue from



his surroundings. A religious motto on the wall may prompt him to pious utterances. A word dropped, or the facial reaction to some word of his, may lead him on to the proper approach. When he feels that he has at last found it, he warms up to his subject. The tramp delights in story telling. It enables him to draw upon his imagination. He can reconstruct his dream life, which is an important part of both his conscious and unconscious hours. In a way the tramp is a modern troubadour. Surprisingly clever in his estimation of characters, quick to adapt himself to the different environments, he becomes skilful in pleasing people. His vocabulary may be limited, but what words he does possess are powerful and picturesque. His sense of the climactic is good. He loves suspense himself, and manages to keep his listeners in the same tense situation while he spins his yarns. A nod of approval, merely an expression of feature that indicates interest will serve to start him on another story. On he rambles, both he and his audience are spellbound, hypnotized by the un-ending flow of words. His coffee cup is filled and refilled, until the caffeine gets in its work and does what a drooping imagination often fails to do. It is only when his tongue refuses to utter another sound that he regretfully takes his departure. And his audience regrets to see him go. Often the man of the house will slip a dollar into his hand and feel that it was small pay for the entertainment afforded his family that evening. For the prosy, stay-at-home householders it has been a treat. For weeks afterwards they will talk over what the tramp has told them. More than likely they will be treated to many more stories in the days that follow, for the tramps always put their mark outside of a "good" house. The family gives a bit to eat, in return they get hours of adventure that they would never obtain in any other way. True, it is adventure of a vicarious sort, but that is about all that most of us care for anyway.





THE WEARY BLUES  
*From a drawing by Winold Reiss*



## THE NEGRO PRIZE POEM

*This poem entitled THE WEARY BLUES won the first poetry prize in the recent contest given for colored writers by "Opportunity" "The Journal of Negro Life", by whose permission THE FORUM reprints it as an example and encouragement to other Negro poets.*

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,  
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,  
    I heard a Negro play.  
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night  
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light  
    He did a lazy sway . . .  
    He did a lazy sway . . .  
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.  
With his ebony hands on each ivory key  
He made that poor piano moan with melody.  
    O Blues!  
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool  
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.  
    Sweet Blues!  
Coming from a black man's soul.  
    O Blues!  
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone  
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan —  
    "Ain't got nobody in all this world,  
    Ain't got nobody but ma self.  
    I'se gwine to quit ma frownin'  
    And put ma troubles on the shelf."  
Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.  
He played a few chords then sang some more —  
    "I got the Weary Blues  
    And I can't be satisfied.  
    Got the Weary Blues  
    And can't be satisfied —  
    I ain't happy no mo'  
    And I wish that I had died."  
And far into the night he crooned that tune.  
The stars went out and so did the moon.  
The singer stopped playing and went to bed  
While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.  
He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

— LANGSTON HUGHES



# THE FETISH OF FORCE

## *A New Pan-American Policy*

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH

*Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate*

**T**HE foundation upon which international affairs now rests is force. All else is incidental and subordinate. Arbitration tribunals and judicial processes may have their place, limited and circumscribed, in dealing with matters of minor and passing interest, but the instant a grave question arises, the thought and the threat are of armies and navies, of submarines and poison gas. The proper use of mail boxes in Danzig, the international status of persons employed in agriculture, may be permitted to go to the League Court, but the problem of the Ruhr, Corfu, and similar propositions, are for a different tribunal, the tribunal of force. International law is now an incident of war and organized around war. Budgets are the creatures of war. We live and scheme and invent and tax and toil for war. The education of our children, the improvement of our homes, the advancement of the arts, wait upon war, and when the hour comes, religion seems to suspend in deference to its brutal practises and ruthless decrees. We seem to have no faith in the power of public opinion or in an appeal to the moral sense of the people. When it comes to affairs between nations, we build all our schemes upon force.

When this government was being organized, the framers were confronted with this fetish of force. Contemplating the organization of a judicial tribunal which should have jurisdiction over controversies between sovereign states, the question arose as to how the judgment against a sovereign state could be enforced. It was argued that unless there were force behind the judgment, "force in the background", the judgment would amount to nothing, that the action of the Court in such controversies would be futile.

Madison observed, says the Record, that the more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability, the justice, and efficiency of it when applied to people collectively and



not individually, — a union of the States containing such ingredients seemed to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound.

Hamilton said: "It has been observed to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. . . . The thing is a dream. It is impossible."

Thus the fathers made no provision in the Constitution for the enforcement of the judgment of the Court against a State. It was a marvelous exhibition of faith in moral forces, respect for law and the power of public opinion, for upon these they seemed to rely to enforce the judgment of the Court against a sovereign state. Force was made subordinate to a higher power. It has now been made so between forty-eight sovereign states, and with equal faith and courage it seems to me it can be made so in a wider field between the states of the Western Continent. Those who contend that without an international army and navy to enforce the decrees of an international court, the Court would be ineffectual, are not only among the blind and savage worshipers of force, but are singularly ignorant of the history and achievement of the noblest and most powerful of political tribunals.

An important step has been taken in the direction of substituting law and order for violence and force in international affairs upon the Western Continent. There has perhaps never been in all the history of the world a more happy, or a more successful, understanding and arrangement than that which has existed between the United States and Canada since both people deliberately and boldly disarmed the long boundary line between their countries. It only illustrates how far and how rapidly we may advance the cause of peace if we can divorce ourselves from the worship of force and have the courage to practise what we preach. Faith in our cause will carry us far toward permanent peace.

The American Institution of International Law has prepared a draft on the codification of American International law which is to be placed before the Commission of Jurists when they assemble at Rio de Janeiro. This draft is worthy of the highest commendation and is a splendid tribute to the hearts and minds of those



who are responsible for the work. It states in splendid fashion the principles which we have heretofore so often disregarded in our dealing with Central America.

Among other provisions, I find the following: "No nation shall hereafter for any reason whatsoever, directly or indirectly, occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of an American Republic in order to exercise sovereignty therein, even with the consent of the said Republic. No nation has a right to interfere in the internal or foreign affairs of an American Republic against the will of that Republic. The sole lawful intervention is friendly and conciliatory action without any character of coercion." These statements seem self-evident and axiomatic, as fundamental as the moral code. They are so sound, so just, and altogether righteous that it seems strange we should be called upon, after two thousand years of Christian teaching, to announce them in the form of an international code. It recalls the statement of Puffendorf, who, when speaking of leagues and pacts and treaties, in support of the obligation of natural law, says: "Men of any tolerable culture and civilization might well be ashamed of entering into any such compact, the conditions of which imply only that the parties concerned shall not offend in any clear point of duty. Besides we should be guilty of a great irreverence toward God should we suppose that His injunctions had not already laid a sufficient obligation upon us to act justly unless we ourselves voluntarily consented to the same engagement; as if our obligations to obey His will depended upon our own pleasure. If one engage to serve another he does not set it down expressly and particularly among the terms and conditions of the bargain that he will not betray nor murder him nor pillage nor burn his house, and for the same reason that would be a dishonorable engagement in which men should bind themselves to act properly and decently and not break the peace."

The foregoing might at first thought seem to be a scathing paragraph from the satirical pen of Dean Swift. But it is from a profound writer upon international law wherein he was seriously stating a great truth. Nevertheless, in times of demoralization and after an extended period of lawlessness and disregard of fundamental rights, it becomes necessary to recur to first principles. Those who framed this code therefore have rendered a distinct and splendid service and it is to be hoped that the code will in



substance become the international law of the Western Continent. Public opinion should be organized behind its acceptance. Its acceptance would mark an era in the growth of Western civilization and a most advanced step in the cause of peace.

In this proposed code, I find also the following provision: "The American Republics . . . animated by the desire of preserving the peace and prosperity of the continent, for which it is indispensable that their mutual relations be based upon principles of justice and upon respect for law, solemnly declare as a fundamental concept of American international law that, without criticizing territorial acquisitions effected in the past, and without reference to existing controversies, —

"In the future territorial acquisitions obtained by means of war or under the menace of war or in presence of an armed force, to the detriment of any American Republic, shall not be lawful; and that

"Consequently territorial acquisitions effected in the future by these means cannot be invoked as conferring title; and that

"Those obtained in the future by such means shall be considered null in fact and in law."

This is a brave declaration. It ought to be the international law of the Western Continent. It is one of the primary principles of international decency and honor. It will have to be accepted by all nations before we can hope for even the beginning of peace. This was the principle of the United States in the World War as announced by Mr. Wilson and carried out. It is in substance the policy announced by the Allied and Associated Powers during the World War. Had it been recognized and carried into effect at Versailles, the world would not now be a seething mass of discontent. Anti-imperialism is the cry raised on both the Asiatic and European continents. In any event, so far as the Western Continent is concerned, the principles should be embodied in our international code.

But the United States need not wait upon the adoption of a code. We are strong enough, and ought to be wise and just enough to make the foregoing principles a part of our national foreign policy on this continent at least. We can well afford not to intervene in the internal or foreign affairs of an American Republic against its will, and we can well afford to base our conduct toward them upon conciliatory principles and without any character of coercion. We can lead. We can do much by precept and example.



We do not need to wait upon a code. We are one hundred thirteen million strong, blessed with incalculable wealth, and to adopt a foreign policy toward our less powerful neighbors, — some of them, comparatively speaking, helpless neighbors, — of force and violence is not only unnecessary, but in the end, it will prove neither beneficial nor wise.

The President declared at Annapolis: "Man is a reasonable being, and finally, reason must assert itself. We must make our choice between holding to this theory or holding that our only reliance must be placed on armed force." We are in a position to put this sound and wholesome and peace-loving policy into effect. Our example and our leadership will go far toward completely establishing it upon this Continent, and its effect throughout the world will be very great.

The most regrettable chapter, it seems to me, in the history of our international affairs, is that which tells the story of our relationship with the Central American countries during the last quarter of a century. We have been impatient. We have not been just at all times, and on the whole, our actions have not been satisfactory to anyone. We have swiftly and without sufficient cause appealed to force. Even when we had treaties which provided for arbitration we have ignored them. Possessing great power, we have used it without adequate justification. The invasion of Nicaragua was unnecessary and therefore unmoral. It was in contravention to the soundest principles of international law and international tolerance. Who can contemplate without sorrow and humiliation a great and powerful nation, inexhaustible in wealth and unmeasured in man-power, imperiously invading a perfectly helpless country, seizing and holding for years her capital, and while thus in control of her capital and directing her affairs, making treaty with her. And why did we invade her territory and for what reason did we seize her capital? Let some one state. I have never seen a defense of the course that was worthy of a moment's consideration. I think our conduct toward Santo Domingo and Haiti equally indefensible. There was apparently, or on the surface at least, some justification in these instances which did not exist with reference to Nicaragua. But had we been desirous of resting our action upon reason instead of force, who doubts we could have accomplished all we deserved to accomplish?



In any event, we could have shown our good faith by endeavoring to proceed along such lines. I insist that so long as we so hastily and so lightly appeal to force, place our whole program upon force, it is nothing less than insincere to talk about substituting law and order for violence and force in international affairs. If we mean what we say, we can afford at least to practise it in reference to these small nations whose affairs may be so easily influenced by our actions. When shall we start doing righteousness?

It seems reasonably certain that our policy with reference to the Central American affairs is to undergo a change, — a change which is to bring our practise in harmony with our profession. God speed the day! This intolerant conduct of affairs should have an end and shortly. It is understood our Secretary of State entertains the opinion that a course can, and should be, pursued which will put forceful intervention behind us as a thing of the past. It may be inferred also, from public views expressed upon the part of the President, that the administration believes in the wisdom and feasibility of such a course. The worth and wisdom of such a policy cannot be overestimated or exaggerated. It would not only redound to the honor of this government, establish confidence throughout both Central and South America, but it would greatly enhance the prestige of our nation in the Western Continent. It would be the most laudable, the most important, event in international affairs upon the Western Continent since an early President firmly advised the European governments that their presence here was undesirable. It would distinguish this administration as the Monroe doctrine immortalized the administration of Monroe. It would give tone and character to a somewhat sordid era in international affairs. It would furnish to the Old World an inspiring example on the great cause of substituting justice and moral coöperation for violence and force in international affairs.

Amidst all the debates and discussions, amidst all the teachings and preachings about peace, leagues and courts, what the world needs now is an example, a manifestation upon the part of some great power that it is really willing to do that which it professes it wants to have done. We are in a position where we need not wait, so far as this particular matter is concerned, upon codes or treaties. We can lead out, and by precept and example magnificently contribute to the cause of peace.





## CROWN'S BESS

DU BOSE HEYWARD

*Illustrated by Martha Fort Anderson*

**P**ASTS were not discussed in Catfish Row; they were too poignantly one with the present; they cast their shadows too surely and menacingly into the future. The great mansion itself, crumbling slowly to ruin in the fallen quarter of the old city, was not more reticent than its black tenants. Everywhere, on walls, on faces, were the evidences of a harsh yesterday; masked on the former by a sweep of flowering bignonia, and on the latter by a shade too ready laughter.

So, on the night of the Robbins killing, when Crown had turned from his victim and swaggered drunkenly through the gateway and out into the limbo of the Carolina Sea Islands, the affair was closed in the eyes of the neighborhood, so far as Bess, his recent helpmate, was concerned.

With Crown, she had been all that a murderous, two hundred pound buck could desire. She had shared his variable fortunes, his vile corn whiskey, and when, as a stevedore, he was employing his tremendous strength to screw cotton in the steamer's hold, she



had always managed to find him the jolt of "happy-dust" that enabled him to drive through the thirty-sixth hour of steady work and earn the overtime.

Now Crown was gone.

Bess turned and faced the group of awe-struck Negroes, drew herself to her full six feet of height, and regarded them with a look of challenging disdain. In the flickering light of several kerosene lamps, a deep scar from her right temple to chin assumed sudden and ominous prominence.

Who would cast the first stone? Obviously no one.

Behind her sounded a piercing scream, and a woman broke through the circle of wide-eyed Negroes, and cast herself upon the body of the murdered man.

In the deep shadow of the wall, a high soprano lifted one of the most comforting of the spirituals. Instantly the inarticulate company turned and poured its sympathy into the only adequate language that it knew:

*"Ef my brudder ask fub me,  
Tell um I will meet um in de Gallilee,  
I ought tub been dere ten t'ousan' years,  
A drinkin' de wine."*

From his shadowy doorway crept Porgy, the cripple beggar, and flung his throbbing baritone into the chorus:

*"Ob, drinkin' de wine,  
Ob, drinkin' de wine,  
Ought tub been dere ten t'ousan' years,  
A drinkin' de wine."*

In the centre of the group, the hard-favored woman with the daunting look turned and dashed a hand across her eyes, then seated herself humbly beside the cripple, and poured her anguish into the un-flagging rhythm. Higher and keener the hymn mounted, beating back in reflux waves from the soaring walls.

After a while the mourner at the body raised her face. The singing had done its work, — naked agony had given way to resignation.

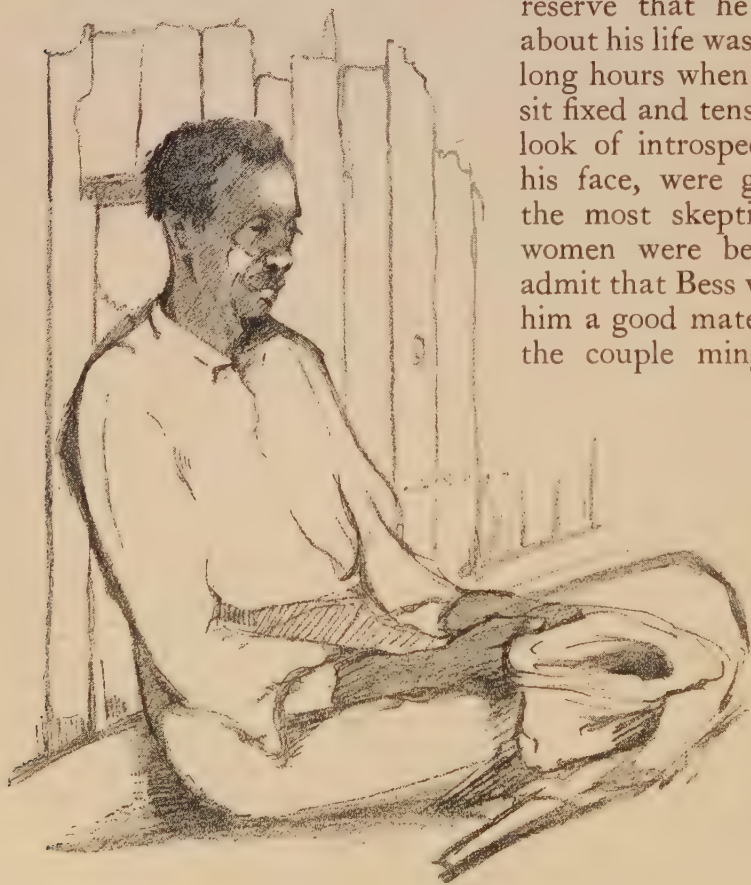
\* \* \*



It seemed strange that after her life with Crown and his roistering associates, Bess should take on Porgy. For, in addition to being a cripple and a beggar, he never drank; and, from time immemorial, he had been sternly celibate. The Row had grown used to the sight of him sitting solitary and rapt, with his strange young-old face and thick, slightly graying hair. It was in the nature of things that he should continue thus until the burial lodge came to redeem its pledge as set forth in the policy under the loose brick in his hearth. And Bess, of all people!

Catfish Row saw and marveled. But in the course of time it had to admit that the two principals to the altogether irregular contract best knew their own business.

A change had taken place in Porgy. The defensive barrier of reserve that he had built about his life was down. The long hours when he used to sit fixed and tense, with the look of introspection upon his face, were gone. Even the most skeptical of the women were beginning to admit that Bess was making him a good mate. Not that the couple mingled freely





with the other residents of the court. On the contrary, they seemed to be strangely sufficient unto themselves in the midst of the intensely gregarious life that was going on about them. Porgy's collections were adequate to their modest needs, and Bess was always up and out with the first of the women, and among them all there was none who could bargain more shrewdly with the fishermen and hucksters who sold their wares on the wharf that lay across the street from the Row.

Like Porgy, Bess had undergone a subtle change, which became more evident from day to day. Her gaunt figure had rounded out, bringing back a look of youthful comeliness, and her face was losing its hunted expression. The air of pride that had always shown in her bearing, that had amounted almost to disdain and had so infuriated the virtuous during her evil days, was heightened, and, in her bettered condition, forced a resentful respect from her occasional feminine traducers.

One morning while she was doing her marketing on the wharf, one of the river men who had known her in the past, hailed her too familiarly. He was at that moment stepping from the top round of a ladder on the wharf.

"How 'bout tuhnight?" he asked with a leer.

She was holding a string of whiting in her left hand and was hanging upon the final penny of a bargain with the fish-man. She half turned and delivered a resounding slap with her right hand. The man staggered backward, hung for a moment, then vanished. There was a tremendous splash from the shallow water.

"Twenty cent fuh dis string, an' not one cent more," Bess continued coolly to the fish-man.

He accepted the price. Bess gave him eighteen cents and a deliberately terrifying look. He counted the money, glanced at the hand that now hung innocently against her apron, then laughed.

"Jus' as yuh say, Sister. I ain't quarrelin' none wid yuh *dis* mornin'."

Bess gave him one of her faint, cryptic smiles that always made men friends and women enemies for her, and departed for Catfish Row as if nothing had happened to break the dull routine of the morning's chores.

August came, and with it the day set for the grand parade and



picnic of "The Sons and Daughters of Repent Ye Saith The Lord". With the first light of morning Catfish Row had burst into a fever of preparation. Across the narrow street, the wharf, from which the party was to leave, bustled and seethed with life. A wagon rattled out to the pier-head and discharged an entire load of watermelons. Under the vigilant eyes of a committee, a dozen volunteers lifted the precious freight from the vehicle and piled it ready for the steamer.

From behind the next pier, with a frenzied threshing of its immense stern paddle, came the excursion boat. Tall, open exhaust funnels flanked the walking-beam, and coughed great salmon-colored plumes of steam into the faint young sunlight. A fierce torrent of wood-smoke gushed from the funnel and went tumbling away across the harbor. Painters were hurled, missed, coiled, and hurled again. Then, amid a babblement of advice and encouragement, the craft was finally moored in readiness for the Lodge.

The first horizontal rays of the sun were painting the wall a warm claret when Porgy opened his door to find Peter, the old wagoner, already dressed for the parade and perched upon the back of his gaily blanketed horse. He wore a sky-blue coat, white pants which were thrust into high black leggings, and a visored cap from beneath which he scowled fiercely down upon the turmoil around the feet of his mount. Across his breast, from right shoulder to left hip, was a broad scarlet sash upon which was emblazoned, "Repent Ye Saith The Lord!" and from his left breast fluttered a white ribbon bearing the word "MARSHAL". From time to time, he would issue orders in hoarse, menacing gutturals, which no one heeded; and twice in the space of half an hour he rode out to the pier-head, counted the watermelons, and returned to report the number to an important official who had arrived in a carriage to supervise the arrangements.

Momently the confusion increased, until at eight o'clock it culminated in a general exodus toward the rendezvous for the parade.

The drowsy old city had scarcely commenced its day when down through King Charles Street the procession took its way. Superbly un-self-conscious of the effect that it produced, it crashed through the slow, restrained rhythm of the city's life like a wild, barbaric chord. All of the stately mansions along the way



were servantless that day, and the aristocratic matrons broke the ultimate canon of the social code and peered through front windows at the procession as it swept flamboyantly across the town.

First came an infinitesimal Negro boy, scarlet-coated, and a-glitter with brass buttons. Upon his head was balanced an enormous shako; and while he marched with left hand on hip and shoulders back, his right hand twirled a heavy gold-headed baton. Then the band, two score boys attired in several variations of the band-master's costume, strode by. Bare, splay feet padded upon the cobbles; heads were thrown back with lips to instruments that glittered in the sunshine and launched daring and independent excursions into the realm of sound. Yet these improvisations returned always to the eternal boom, boom, boom of an underlying rhythm, and met with others in the sudden weaving and raveling of amazing chords. An ecstasy of wild young bodies beat living into the blasts that shook the windows of the solemn houses. Broad, dusty, blue-black feet shuffled and danced on the many-colored cobbles and the grass between them. The sun lifted suddenly over the house tops and flashed like a torrent of warm, white wine between the staid buildings, to break on flashing teeth and laughing eyes.

After the band came the men mem-





bers of the lodge, stepping it out to the urge of the marshals who rode beside them, and reinforced the marching rhythm with a series of staccato grunts, shot with crisp, military precision from under their visored caps. Breast cross-slashed with the emblems of their lodge, they passed.

Then came the carriages, and suddenly the narrow street hummed and bloomed like a tropic garden. Six to a carriage sat the sisters. The effect produced by the colors was strangely like that wrought in the music; scarlet, purple, orange, flamingo, emerald; wild, clashing, unbelievable discords; yet, in their steady flow before the eye, possessing a strange, dominant rhythm that reconciled them to each other and made them unalterably right. The senses reached blindly out for a reason. There was none. They intoxicated, they maddened, and finally they passed, seeming to pull every ray of color from the dun buildings, leaving the sunlight sane, flat, dead.

For its one brief moment out of the year the pageant had lasted. Out of its fetters of civilization this people had risen, suddenly, amazingly. Exotic as the Congo, and still able to abandon themselves utterly to the wild joy of fantastic play, they had taken the reticent old Anglo-Saxon town and stamped their mood swiftly and indelibly into its heart. Then they passed, leaving behind them a wistful envy among those who had watched them go, and whom the ages had rendered old and wise.

When the exodus from the Row was completed, Bess helped Porgy out to the boat and established him in an angle of the main-deck cabin where he could see and enjoy the excursion to the full. Below them on the wharf, Maria, the proprietress of a neighboring "cook-shop", who had the direction of the refreshment committee in hand, moved about among the baskets and boxes, looking rather like a water-front conflagration in a voluminous costume of scarlet and orange. Bess left Porgy and descended the ladder.

"I gots a ready hand wid bundle," she announced diffidently.

The immense Negress paused and looked her up and down. "Well, well, it looks like yer tryin' ter be decent," she commented.

Instantly the woman chilled. "Yuh kin go tuh Hell!" she said deliberately. "I ain't axin' fuh no sermon. I want a job. Does yuh want a han' wid dem package, or not?"



For a moment their eyes met. Then they laughed suddenly, loudly, together, with complete understanding.

"All right, den," the older woman said. "Ef yuh is dat independent, yuh kin tek dem basket on board."

After that they worked together, until the procession arrived, without the interchange of further remarks.

Down the quiet bay, like a great, frenzied beetle, the stern-wheeler kicked its way. On the main deck the band played with-

out cessation. In a ring before it a number of Negroes danced, for the most part shuffling singly. The sun hurled the full power of an August noon upon the oil-smooth water, and the polished surface cast it upward with added force under the awnings. The decks sagged with color, and repeated explosions of laughter rode the heat waves back to the drowsing, lovely old city long after the boat had turned the first bend in the narrow river and passed from view on its way to the Negro picnic grounds on Kittiwat Island.

Threshing its way between far-sweeping marshes and wooded sea islands, the boat would burst suddenly into lagoon after lagoon that lay strewn along the coast and blazed in the noon like great fire-opals held in silver mesh.

Finally a shout went up. Kittiwat lay before them, thrusting a slender wharf from its thickly wooded extremity into the slack tide.

The debarkation over, Maria took possession of a clearing that stood in a dense forest of palmettoes and fronted on the beach, and marshaled her committee to prepare the lunch. From the adjacent beach came the steady, cool thunder of the sea and the unremitting hum of sand, as tireless winds scooped it from the dunes and sent it in low, flat-blown layers across the hard floor of the beach.

The picnickers heard it and answered with a shout. Soon the streaming whiteness of the inner surf was dotted with small,





glistening black bodies; and larger figures, with skirts hoisted high, were wading in the shallows.

Porgy sat with a large myrtle bush in one hand, with which he brushed flies from several sleeping infants. The sun lay heavy and comforting upon him. One of the children stirred and whimpered. He hummed a low bumbling song to it. There was a new contentment in his face. After a while he commenced to nod.

"I go an' git some palmettuh leaf fuh table-cloth," Bess told Maria; and without waiting for an answer she took a knife from a basket and entered the dense tangle of palm and vine that walled the clearing.

Almost immediately she was in another world. The sounds behind her became faint and died. A rattler moved its thick body sluggishly out of her way. A flock of wood ibis sprang suddenly up, broke through the thick roof of palm leaves, and streamed away over the tree tops toward the marsh with their legs as the trail.

She cut a wide fan-shaped leaf from the nearest palmetto. Behind her some one breathed, — a deep interminable breath.

The woman's body stiffened slowly. Her eyes half closed and were suddenly dark and knowing. Some deep ebb or flow of blood touched her face, causing it to darken heavily, leaving the scar livid. Without turning, she said slowly: "Crown!"

"Yas, yuh know berry well, dis Crown."

The deep sound shook her. She turned like one dazed and looked him up and down.

His body was naked to the waist, and the blue cotton pants that he had worn on the night of the killing had frayed away to his knees. He bent slightly forward. The great muscles of his torso flickered and ran like the flank of a horse. His small wicked eyes burned, and he moistened his heavy lips.

Earth had cared for him well. The marshes had provided eggs of wild fowl and many young birds. The creek had given him fish, crabs, and oysters in abundance, and the forest had fed him with its many berries and succulent palmetto cabbage.

"I seen yuh land," he said. "An' I been waitin' fuh yuh. I mos' dead ob lonesome on dis damn island, wid not one Gawd's person to swap a word wid. Yuh gots any happy-dus' wid yuh?"

"No," she said; then with an effort, "Crown, I gots somethin'



tuh tell yuh. I done gib up dope; and beside dat, I sort ob change my way."

His jaw shot forward, and the huge shoulder muscles bulged and set. His two great hands went around her throat and closed like the slow fusing of steel on steel. She stopped speaking. He drew her to him until his face touched hers. Under his hands her arteries pounded, sending fierce spurts of flame through her limbs and beating redly behind her eyeballs. His hands slackened. Her face changed, her lips opened, but she said nothing. Crown broke into low, shaken laughter and threw her from him.

"Now come wid me," he ordered.

Into the depths of the jungle they plunged; the woman walking in front with a trance-like fixity of gaze. They followed one of the narrow hard-packed trails that had been beaten by the wild hogs and goats that roamed the island.

On each side of them the forest stood like a wall, its tough, low trees and thick-bodied palmettoes laced and bound together with wire-strong vines. Overhead the foliage met, making the trail a tunnel as inescapable as though it had been built of masonry.

The man walked with a swinging, effortless stride, but his breath sounded in long, audible inhalations as though he labored physically.

When they had journeyed for half an hour, they crossed a small cypress swamp. The cypress-knees jutted grotesquely from the yellow water, and trailing Spanish moss extended drab stalactites that brushed their faces as they threaded the low, muddy trail.

Finally Bess emerged into a small clearing in the centre of which stood a low hut with sides of plaited twigs and roof of palmetto leaves laid on top of each other in regular rows like shingles.

Crown was close behind her. At the low door of the hut she paused and turned toward him. He laughed suddenly and hotly at what he saw in her face.

"I know yuh ain't change," he said. "Wid yuh an' me it always goin' tuh be de same. See?"

He snatched her body toward him with such force that her breath was forced from her in a sharp gasp. Then she inhaled deeply, threw back her head, and sent a wild laugh out against the walls of the clearing.

Crown swung her about, and threw her face forward into the hut.



The sun was so low that its level rays shot through the tunnels of the forest and bronzed its ceiling of woven leaves when Bess returned to the clearing. She paused for a moment. Behind her, screened by the underbrush, stood Crown.

"Now 'member wut I tells yuh," he said. "Yuh kin stay wid de cripple 'till de cotton come. Den I comin'. Davy will hide me on de ribber boat fur as Savannah. Den soon de cotton will be comin' in fas', an' libbin will be easy. Yuh gits dat?"

For a moment she looked into the narrow, menacing eyes, then nodded.

"Go 'long den, an' tote fair, les yuh wants tuh meet yo' Gawd."

She stepped into the open. Already most of the party were on the boat. She crossed the narrow beach to the wharf.

Maria stood by the gang-plank and looked at her with suspicious eyes. "Wuh yuh been all day?" she demanded.

"I git los' in de woods, an' I can't git my bearins' 'till sundown. But dat ain't nobody' business 'cep me an' Porgy, ef yuh wants tuh know."

She found Porgy on the lower deck near the stern and seated herself by him in silence. He was looking into the sunset and gave no evidence of having noticed her arrival.

Through the illimitable, mysterious night the steamer took its way. Presently it swung out of one of the narrow channels and wallowed like an antediluvian monster into the stillness of a wide lagoon. Out of the darkness, low, broad waves moved in upon it, trailing stars along their swarthy backs to shatter into silver dust against the uncouth bows.

To Porgy and Bess, still sitting silent in the stern, came only the echoes of drowsy conversations, sounds of sleeping, and the rhythmic splash and drip of the single great wheel behind them. The boat forged out into the centre of the lagoon, and the shore line melted out behind it. Where it had shown a moment before could now be seen only the steady climb of constellations out of the water's rim, and the soft, humid lamps of low near stars. The night pressed in about the two quiet figures.

Porgy had said no word since their departure. His body had assumed its old, tense attitude. His face wore again its listening look. Now he said slowly: "Yuh nebber lie tuh me, Bess."



"No," came an even, colorless voice, "I nebber lie tuh yuh. Yuh gots tuh gib me dat."

Another interval, then: "War it Crown?"

A sharp, indrawn breath beside him, and a whisper: "How yuh know?"

"Gawd gib cripple many t'ings he ain't gib strong men." Then again, patiently, "War it Crown?"

"Yes, it war."

"Wut he say?"

"He comin' fuh me when de cotton come tuh town."

"Yuh goin'?"

"I tell um — yes."

After a while the woman reached out her hand and closed it lightly about the man's arm. Under the sleeve she felt the muscles go rigid. What power! She tried to circle it with her hand. It was almost as big as Crown's. Strange that she had not noticed that before.

"I t'ink," she said after a long pause, "I t'ink dat I done gib Crown my fust lie."

Slowly, almost it seemed muscle by muscle, the form at her side relaxed.

Through the immense emptiness of sea and sky, the boat forged toward the distant city's lights.





# BEHIND THE SCENES IN TENNESSEE

JOHN PORTER FORT

*Drawings by Johan Bull — Cartoons by Horace Henry Knight*

**B**REAKFAST at the "Hotel Aqua" in Dayton, Tennessee, has apparently very little to do with the cause of the Fundamentalists and Modernists. Even bitter partisans must, however, sometimes cease from argument, must sometimes eat. Moreover all things must have a beginning, so let us commence with breakfast at the Aqua. (Perhaps this curious name for a hotel was earned when Tennessee first went dry, for Daytonians are both "liquor-fearing" and "God-fearing".) But "*al-lons a nos moutons*".

Breakfast at the Aqua is no paltry affair; one is confronted with a mighty army of small dishes bearing all varieties of food that tempt man as a matutinal stimulant. It being impossible to consume everything, the obvious purpose of the array is to allow the hungry mortal to take a small bit here and there. And here, at the very threshold of the morning, the surrounding dishes are as the theories of God in His relationship to man that confront one on his entrance into this world. There is a chance for a taste of this or that, some men choosing only one and thereby acquiring indigestion and stubbornness. Perhaps it is better to dine lightly from them all, — one has a better knowledge of the nature of all men's breakfasts.

On the wall of the Aqua's dining-room there are some oil paintings in brilliant blue. It is impossible to describe them with justice; the general effect is as if some stranded sign painter had done them for his unpaid bill. His only can of paint was of the one vivid color; though there is an occasional dab of red and green, like an afterthought. There on the walls of the Aqua they will cause many a sensitive soul to writhe until some day they may become priceless examples of early American art. As in arguments about God and His handiwork, a great deal depends upon the point of view of the immediate generation; so the expression of the painter's ideal was determined by the availability of his color.



Breakfast being over, one wanders to the entrance of the Aqua fronting on the main street of Dayton. It is no different from any other "Main Street" except that immediately opposite the little hotel, there is the place of business of Dayton's "man-biting barber". In person the "man-biting barber" is to all appearances mild and not entitled to his name. It is a matter of local history, however, that in a public mass meeting, held in May in Dayton, this barber had "bitten" an argumentative opponent. How this happened is also a matter of history. A certain Mr. Rappleyea, an ardent modernist and believer in evolution, had, at the mass meeting in question, stated openly that he subscribed to the theory commonly attributed to Darwin. It was too much for the "man-biting barber". "You cannot say that my family came from monkeys", he said, and bit Mr. Rappleyea. Since that time, he has been known as the "man-biting barber".

Still considering the Modernists and the Fundamentalists, only indirectly, as they should be considered, one raises his eyes above the barber shop and there are the hills. Blue hills! Yes, in a sense Fundamental hills, not Modernist hills. Seeing them, one recalls the line of the Psalmist, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help". "The strength of the hills is His also — and His hands formed the dry land." Encompassing Dayton are the hills, looking down on the little east Tennessee town with its courthouse, its "man-biting barber", and its argument about young Professor Thomas Scopes, on trial by a jury of his peers for teaching that God made man by slow stages instead of making him all at once in the likeness of His own image. Great rugged masses of sandstone and limestone covered with a thin carpet of trees are the background of Dayton, — inaccessible places difficult to conquer. Within five miles of its little courthouse, the wild turkeys strut in the spring-time. A few homesteaders carry their provisions up the steep mountain sides, and insist that they still have the right to make whiskey out of their corn in spite of the government's edict. The hills are the background of Dayton and its men are hill men, "southern mountaineers", they call them. One could imagine that in time of stress all the storekeepers and the bankers and, yes, even the lawyers would shed their small-town clothes, go back into those hills, and that all the enemies in the world could not dislodge them.





CLARENCE S.  
DARROW.

But Dayton is not just now having a battle of its own, and the rifle is not "speaking" from behind the boulder. Dayton is a battle ground of words. The Modernists and the Fundamentalists are in Dayton arguing about God and evolution while the hills that His hands fashioned look down on William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow, in wordy argument about whether man "descended from a lower order of animals, contrary to the general interpretation of the Bible, and contrary to the statutes of Tennessee, and the peace and dignity thereof". (Just at the junction of the sandstone and limestone of which the hills are mainly formed, there is a strata of "primitive earth", as the geologists term it. It ranges in thickness from a few inches to a number of feet and underlies their mighty areas. Exposed to the light, and dried, it crumbles to the finest dust. All that is left of five million infusoria, embraced in one cubic centimeter, are scattered with a puff of wind!)

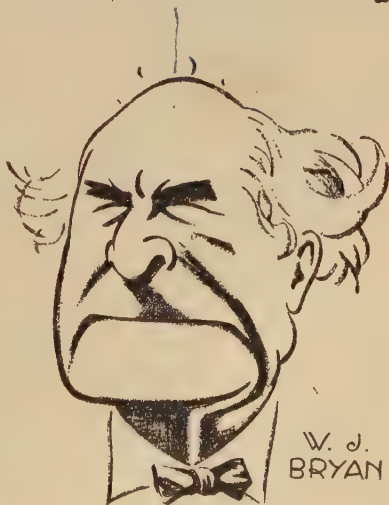
It was in the spring of 1925 that a Tennessee legislator from a county even more remote in the heart of the mountains than Dayton, a county without a railroad, introduced a bill into the State general assembly which was decidedly embarrassing to a number of persons. The bill was one of those challenging documents that make things unpleasant for lawmakers. Its author, J. W. Butler, had never seen a railroad until he was twenty-one. It has since become widely known as the "Tennessee Anti-Evolution Bill". The intent of that legislative document was to the effect that from and after its passage, no teacher in any State school or university might expound the theory of evolution without being amenable to the Tennessee courts. Tennessee had a governor not averse to listening to what his constituents back home wanted. Tennessee people were for a good part rural and there was no question about the majority adhering strictly to the exact and literal interpretation of the Bible, and lining up with



the Fundamentalists. Individual legislators who opposed the bill on many grounds were hesitant about offending the church people. The bill passed. After that, it was all right to think about evolution and to believe in it if you chose but not to expound it as a teacher in a State school when you were receiving the State's pay cheque. Tennessee was hoping to ban from the minds of its younger generation the thought of Modernism, even as it had hoped to prohibit from their throats the love of alcohol, long before the Federal amendment.

Quite suddenly did a young man leap into prominence from the passage of that act, and his prominence dragged into the limelight with him the little east Tennessee town, the "man-biting barber", and Bryan and Darrow, already famous, holding on to his skirts, if one may say that of a man. Down to "Main Street" with him came the Modernists and the Fundamentalists with all their panoply of high-sounding words and thunderous arguments. But the manner of their coming was in a sense curious for it sprang from one of those little events that drag in its train a mighty army of results, as did the lack of a horseshoe nail in the old poem.

Four young men were gathered around a table in a drug store on the main street of Dayton, two young lawyers just fresh from law school, a chemist, and John Thomas Scopes, instructor of biology in the county high school. They discussed nothing particular except the state of the weather, the chances of going fishing, and then a smattering of politics. The chemist, George W. Rappleyea, made mention of the passage of the Anti-Evolution Bill. This chemist was unquestionably of the argumentative turn of mind, holding with a number of a like school that the best way to find God was in the laboratory of the biologist, and the open book of the geologist. Young John Thomas Scopes, just out of college, in the main agreed with him. "I don't





see", he said, "how a man can teach the theories of biology from the State text books and escape bringing in a general discussion of the theory of evolution".

In that country drug store which sold the school children their books there was a copy of *A Civic Biology* which had been adopted by the State text book commission some years previous to the passage of the act under discussion. Thereupon it was secured from the shelves, and the four young men scanned its pages. It revealed quickly enough that the author had the general theory of evolution in mind when he wrote it. There were many damning paragraphs in the volume.\*

Questioned by Mr. Rappleyea if he followed the text, the young professor readily agreed. "Well, then you are guilty of violating the law", said the chemist, "and you ought to be arrested and tried". The four heads then bent closely together, and it was agreed that on the morrow they would swear out a warrant for the arrest of Scopes, with the two young lawyers acting as counsel for Rappleyea, as prosecutor, and the teacher as defendant. After that, the pregnant little event began to bear its fruit for Scopes was arrested, tried by committing magistrates, and later indicted. The ponderous guns of the Fundamentalists and Modernists began to creak slowly on their carriages to lay a barrage down on Main Street. Bryan stepped early into the fray, being invited to take a hand by a Fundamentalist organization in Memphis. The American Civil Liberties Union saw that the issue involved was freedom of speech and offered its aid. Fundamentalists and Modernists, looking to their weapons cast about for mighty storehouses of ammunition. H. G. Wells, because he wrote a book on history that everybody knew, was sought in London. It was said that he would appear in Dayton. He spoke once ponderously from far-off England, that he had never heard of Professor Scopes, or Dayton, Tennessee. He suggested that it must be some other Wells they were speaking about, then lapsed into silence.

Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone volunteered their services. "If a Florida real estate man can afford to get into that case", said Darrow, "I suppose I can", and he took a hitch in his celebrated suspenders. Preachers in their pulpits, and the press

\*Quotations from *A Civic Biology* will be found on page 320.





DAYTON, TENNESSEE  
 Above: "The Aqua" and the  
 famous drug store  
 At left: The Rhea High School  
 Below: The Courthouse





of the world began to comment upon the issues involved. Bryan said that it was the greatest case in American jurisprudence, and heavy salvos of legal arguments were made ready.

In the meantime Dayton with its eighteen hundred inhabitants, preened its feathers and was proud of its new publicity. The young professor was popular and well liked; a fund was raised for his protection. As for his teaching, — that was a different matter. It was said over and over again that he had taught that “man was descended from monkey”, and such heresy had no place in Dayton. And so here enters the “barber” who resented quite feelingly this scurrilous reflection upon his ancestry, claiming that he denied with might and main that his family had been “monkeys”. He did not “bite” the evolutionist speaker because of the one-celled animal, but chose the higher anthropoid relationship as being a blot upon his family scutcheon.

So to the courthouse, past the shop of the barber, there to hear Bryan and the other notables; a little courthouse surrounded with trees, Daytonians *en masse*, confirmed Fundamentalists, nearly all Baptists and Methodists, with a sprinkling of Holy Rollers; young Professor John Thomas Scopes almost forgotten with the great names and the greater issues shoving him in the background. The crowding in of publicity seekers; science and religion staging a battle ground on “Main Street”, in front of the Fundamentalists and the visiting Modernists; politics playing its part, for your real Tennesseans love their politics above all things except their religion; the grinding of cameras and the clicking of telegraph instruments.

It's something of a show, this evolution trial. The shy young instructor has tried to avoid publicity saying that he wanted to test out the constitutionality of the statute for the good of the other teachers of Tennessee. “If this law stands”, he says, “how can the men and women of this State who teach the fundamentals of biology know how to guard against mentioning the theory of evolution on which it is based”? Gathered around him are his advisers, men to put words in his mouth; newspaper men seeking queer events to write humorous or sarcastic things about; the Daytonians and men from the hills, standing about in groups on the streets and in the courthouse corridors, talking in low voices, as if a little awed. Then there are the lawyers with their long-



winded debates, constitutional questions, and endless words. There is even a political fight in the offing, with a defeated party candidate for the governor's chair seeking to make capital out of the case and ridiculing the executive who signed such a bill, which he insists throttles all freedom of speech and thought.

And how the men from the hills love the words of the lawyers! How in the winter nights, they will sit around their firesides and recreate every syllable and gesture! Rock-ribbed in their Fundamentalism, there is no chance of all the words in the world changing their mental viewpoint one jot or tittle. But they have preserved their primitive love of oratory and cherish it in memory. (Slow of speech and gesture, only now and then there flares up a man from the mountains with an incisive wit, gift for impassioned oratory, and more than all else, an insight into the nature of his fellow men).

And back of it all, brooding in silence are the hills that "His hands made". They have witnessed the surge of the prehistoric sea and their foundations are made from the countless remains of its lost and vanished population of teeming life. They have watched the Indian and his campfires; the first bands of intrepid settlers; the growth of towns. They have heard all of humanity seek to find in different ways the God whose strength was also theirs. They have seen men fight against each other, and brother slay brother in the name of the same God. They have heard all the foolish arguments of the men who fostered schisms, laws, and man-made rituals. "With the ancient is wisdom, and length of days is understanding".

The Commonplace, the Comedy, and the Tragedy of the unfolding scroll play their unceasing daily drama below them. The sign painter daubs again at his pictures in blue; the "man-biting barber" goes back to his trade; the trial of young Professor John Thomas Scopes drags on through the courts with only the legal issue settled after a time. Men still argue over religion and still eat of many dishes at the breakfast table, swearing only by one or else tasting of many, — never able to digest them all. And yet one last line comes to memory: "Heaven and earth shall pass away", — beyond man and his petty arguments and blind prejudices, and beyond even the mountains the "undiscovered" will still remain.



# VANCE THOMPSON — POET AND CRITIC

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

**A**LTHOUGH it is generally agreed that the lot of the critic is at best an ungrateful one, the increasing years have seen no diminution in the ranks of those willing to enjoy the temporary fame and fleeting pleasures of that vocation. Critics pass like autumn leaves, — yet the lure of being what Dr. Johnson described as “an intellectual capon” brings forth just as eager a crop the next spring. Twenty or twenty-five years ago no critic in this country had more eager or more fascinated followers than Vance Thompson, who died a few weeks ago in Nice. No reference whatsoever was made in the newspaper obituaries to his critical work, and only one paper paid slight obeisance to his real lyrical ability by referring to him as a poet.

Some years ago traveling along the Loing we stopped at a small village for lunch and there heard of a strange Englishman “who seemed to have something to do with a paper in London”, — this description being intended to fit no less a person than John Runciman, the famous musical critic of the “Saturday Review”. It seemed marvelous to me then that there should be a corner of the educated earth, least of all in France, that did not know and admire Runciman, who with far more ability than his associate on the “Saturday Review”, G. Bernard Shaw as he was known, never attained the notoriety of Shaw, — and apparently never desired it.

Most critics end like Runciman, few critics end like Shaw, for the more sincere and the more honest the critic, the less he is able to adopt the idea that “it’s the advertising that pays”. With really remarkable ability, with great wit, with scholarship varied and at times profound, Vance Thompson died forgotten by a generation that was much in his debt, forgotten simply because he had not the slightest ability as a self-advertiser, had no “salesmanship”, and was not a “joiner”.

Emerson opens his essay on *Character* with the remark, among others, that “we cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits . . . the authority of Schiller is too great for his books”. If we went over



the files of the newspapers that contain Vance Thompson's literary and dramatic criticisms of 1890 to 1897, the period during which he was most active as a critic, it probably would be difficult to explain his great influence at that time, and the lasting impression that he made on the men who were fortunate enough to come in contact with him. And yet the truth is that no man in this country did more than he did with power and conviction, to make Ibsen understood, to spread the doctrine of the Emancipated Theatre (I don't think we called it anything like that then), and to make the new movements without capitals, — *O tempora! O mores!* — to make the new writers and the new ideas in art then coming to the fore in Europe understood over here.

We have in America to-day so many interpreters of Europe, so many full-fledged statesmen and psychologists of war growth, that it seems crude to speak of those times, — 1890 to 1897, — when an interpreter was welcome, when the man who had walked the streets of Bruges with Maeterlinck, who had sipped absinthe with Verlaine, who had talked with Verdi in Milan and Mousorsky in Moscow, visited Nietzsche in Weimar and Brandes in Copenhagen, was a hero not only to some of the younger men like Jesse Lynch Williams and Arthur Bartlett Maurice, who worked on the same paper as reporters, but to men like James Gibbons Huneker, Charles Henry Meltzer, Robert W. Chambers, and Edward W. Townsend, the author of *Chimmie Fadden*, — men of a more advanced grade who had covered much of the same intellectual ground themselves.

I remember the first time that I saw him come into the office of the "Commercial Advertiser", a great old newspaper that played a historic part in the development of New York City and American politics. There are quite a few statues of individuals in New York City that might be replaced by monuments to dead newspapers more deserving of honor. I had seen the old owners of the paper, Parke Godwin and Henry M. Marquand, and for years there was no more picturesque figure in New York than Parke Godwin, but when Vance Thompson walked into the editorial rooms at 29 Park Row, my youthful soul was thrilled as if "mine eyes had seen the glory" of some celestial being.

In the first place he was a poet, and although he was no joiner or handshaker, he believed that so far as clothes would help him,



a critic should look like a gentleman. Vance had just returned from one of his week-end trips to Europe and he wore all that was latest in the fashion of Paris and London. His gloves were of the yellowest, his paddock coat the longest, his Lincoln and Bennet topper more English than any I had previously beheld, and in addition to this he wore a monocle!

I suffered, I fear, a complete moral collapse. I never seriously tried to master the monocle, but the yellow gloves, the flowing paddock, the English topper were speedily acquired, and Foster Coates, afterward editor of the "New York American", Louis T. Golding, now the owner of a paper in St Joseph, Missouri, and Fred Mallory, now managing editor of the "New York Evening Journal", had to exert all their combined power and authority as editor-in-chief, managing editor, and make-up editors to check the *enfant terrible* from writing poetry and criticism *à la Thompson*, and attacking established reputations and customs.

With all its amusing sides, and with all its errors, those days under the leadership of Thompson were the beginning, not only for myself but for many others, of serious study and much independence of thought. Ten or fifteen years later, when I made a trip through the West, I was amazed to find the number of young critics who had kept the writings of Thompson in scrapbooks as their inspiration and guide.

Many were the short lived publications that owed their origin, indirectly as well as directly, to the writings of Thompson and Huneker and to their curious venture in publishing "Mlle. New York". The most ambitious of these was a weekly, "The Criterion", edited first by Henri Dumay and later by the poet, J. I. C. Clarke, under the auspices of which several plays of Ibsen were produced for the first time in America.

There was another side of Thompson not so important in a literary way but noteworthy in that it later led to his becoming a confidential representative of President Wilson and his playing an honorable part in the late war. He was one of the best reporters of his time. In the days to which I have referred and on the paper on which he worked, the dramatic and music critic was called on in time of stress to cover a prize fight or a murder trial as the occasion demanded. One of the best newspaper "stories" of his time was his account of the interview that was granted to the



representatives of the press by Li Hung Chang when the Chinese statesman arrived in this country on his way home from the diplomatic conferences in Europe. It was not so much the wit and the graphic description that made it memorable, as the fact that there was set forth an understanding of the cross currents then at work in Europe and Asia, the results of which were the disasters from which the world is still slowly recovering.

In a very specific sense FORUM readers are the poorer for Vance Thompson's untimely death. Had he lived, they would have gained a personal knowledge of the charm and vigor of his style, and the depth and clarity of his thought, through the two articles which he had contracted to write for us before he departed for Europe, — articles which now must ever remain unwritten.

## THE VIRGIN'S WELL

Still Nazareth stands, a tinted cameo  
In rose and ivory, on an azure shell,  
As though some doorway of the sun were low  
As nowhere else, above the virgin's well.  
The thin rills drip into a shallow pool,  
Where dove-eyed women fill their earthen jars;  
By day the clouds look down, remote and cool;  
At night it is a mirror for the stars.

This beauty is as frail as almond bloom,  
Yet changeless and mysterious as death;  
It is a desolate flower on a tomb,  
This little lonely town of Nazareth.  
What hand shall offer here to lips of men,  
The living waters for a draught, again?

— *Mary Brent Whiteside*



# FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

BY THE PEDESTRIAN

## WHAT CIVILIZATION IS NOT

**T**HE FORUM has been asking what civilization is for so many months that a flivverous person, with the engine still running and a weary foot on the clutch pedal, may well be impatient for a reply. He no doubt feels somewhat like the cowboy who strolled into church and heard the minister begin a sermon with the rhetorical question, "Who'll be a goat?" When the preacher asked it again, after a provocative pause, — and yet a third time, — the cowboy shifted nervously in his seat and called out, "Oh, all right; I'll be a goat, just to start the game."

"Well, Mr. Editor," says the flivverous person, "I'll be the sucker. What *is* civilization?"

But a pedestrian, who has time to poke about among the crowd, knows that there is no answer, — at least, no *one* answer. This need not dismay us, though. Just think what a variety of replies you can get when you ask a comparatively innocent, matter-of-fact question like "What is a college?" Even if you limit your question to "What is meant by a college as a place of learning?" you still have the eternal warfare between those who want to learn how to make a living and those who want to learn how to live. And then, when you get your answers tied up in neat bundles and indexed, there's always that confusing but stimulating person who tells you that a college is simply Mark Hopkins on the other end of a log.

But you can't disinter Mark Hopkins, and an imitation is after all not the real thing. I have a premonition that this is the burden of our song, whether we are talking of colleges or of civilizations.

First, though, the most surprising thing about these answers to the civilization question is that all the experts, except Herbert Spinden, will have nothing to do with the obvious, literal answer. They evidently disdain the dictionary.

Webster tells us that civilization is "relative advancement in



social culture." If that means anything, it rules several of the answers out with one stroke. *The Century* defines civilization as reclamation "from the rudeness of savage life" and advancement "in arts and learning." On top of this, Lecky says significantly: "The entire structure of civilization is founded upon the belief that it is a good thing to cultivate intellectual and material capacities, even at the cost of certain moral evils which we are often able accurately to foresee."

Of these definitions, with Lecky's important "rider", the best illustrations are not the periods of Dante or of Pericles, but rather the urbane age of the eighteenth century Encyclopaedists and the much-belabored Victorian era. In the one, to be sure, there were a cultured few, and in the other an uncultured many, but both possessed to a striking degree the social organization (in the one the salon, in the other the university) and the faith in "intellectual and material" advancement which are prime earmarks in the literal definition. Both sought these things, moreover, at the cost of certain moral evils which might have been accurately foreseen.

But to most of the serious people who have attempted to answer the FORUM question, civilization is anything but what its literal definition calls for. They all have one point in common, though, a point which has practically nothing to do with organized institutions except as a sort of by-product. The main thing with all of them is a kind of cultural idealism, an informing spiritual force. They all, except Mr. Spinden, lay small stress on material advancement. Civilization, in other words, is not civilization at all, as it is literally defined, but has come to mean a state of being with a spiritual centre, a vital culture.

This is important, if we are to draw any lessons from the series of FORUM articles. In them all it is culture, — and culture of a singularly dynamic variety, — that matters. Civilization is merely the resultant state; the *process* is culture.

Bearing this point of common agreement in mind, we begin to realize why the period of the Encyclopaedists won't do for a model of civilization. It forgot that culture was a process. It tried to capture it, to precipitate it once for all, — and so killed it. The fine urbanity of the time was bound to degenerate into the pathetic flippancy of Marie Antoinette. So also we are not wholly



pleased with the nineteenth century specimen. Its vast organization of life, its advancement in intellectual and material capacities, its "last enchantments" (quick lunch counter and subway face), even its sanitation and reform, become a stench in the nostrils to those who think of civilization as the product of a living culture with a spiritual heart.

It is rather startling, in this connection, to turn to the times of Elizabeth. Few periods in history this side of Scythia have satisfied so poorly the literal requirements of civilization. Bear-baiting, burning at the stake, free-booting, with a bootlegger queen, herself no mean participant in the rough amenities of the day; an unlighted, undrained London; public life rich in Machiavellian intrigue and shot through with a native brutality, — such were some of the conspicuously *uncivilized* characteristics of the "spacious" times of good Queen Bess. Yet few periods in the world's history have been more alive with creative energy. Was it a period of significant civilization? Certainly it fits as well the imaginative definition of our contributors as it (and their chosen exemplars) fail to fit the literal definition.

The dictionaries must be rewritten. The world has come to think of civilization, whatever the crusty lexicographers say, as the highest goal of man on this earth. And the word, with that ambitious meaning, must contain the strong implication of a vital culture. Instead of moral evils ahead, it must imply positive moral benefits.

In these rather sublimated FORUM views of civilization, with or without bathtubs, there seem to be several characteristics which we to-day may profitably ponder. In the first place, these examples of civilization flourished in small, compact communities. They involved a tradition and a fellowship and at the same time freedom for the individual to develop in his sphere as a creative artist rather than as a cog in quantity production. Above all, they none of them dreamed of manufacturing civilization, of willing it by corporate action, or of legislating it into existence (the last infirmity of corporate action).

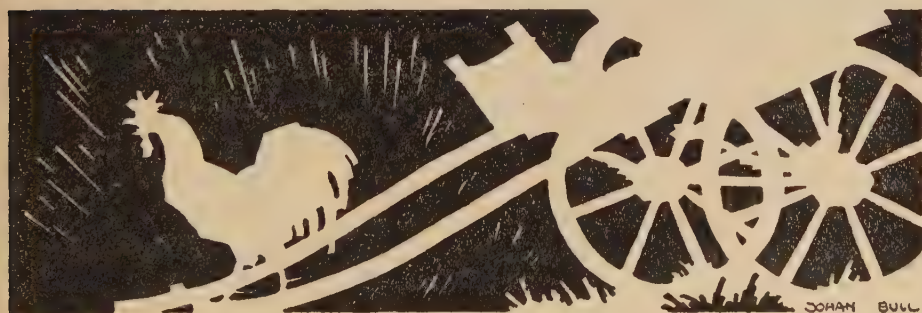
Yet we would organize to get it; we would pile up vast institutions to enshrine it; we would anticipate its moral values by misbegotten statutes. We imagine pathetically that it is a national affair, and so we would spread it thin and far, as if it were



a kind of elastic paint. Only when we realize that its heart is culture and that culture is not a product, but a process, manifest in the individual, shall we be in a position to foster its growth.

And now we come back to Mark Hopkins on the log. No good to disinter him. Yet there are many people who seem to think that we can exhume dead civilizations and revive them for our own delight. Some would even attempt a horrible patchwork of the best of all past civilizations. Would they circularize the idea first, and then organize, with "National Headquarters" at Washington? I fancy we know *how* they would do it; perhaps it is more to the point to ask *why* they would do it!

No, you can't disinter a civilization or make even a decent imitation of it. The profit in the study of civilizations does not lie in the discovery of models which we may wish, by force or guile, upon our uncivilized brethren. The profit lies in our realizing that significant civilizations have been the result of a native culture, and that such culture, when worthy of the name, has been an active process, not a passive condition. Great civilizations have never been brought about by decree or by legerdemain. The culture which may produce them is an individual concern, stifled and embalmed, not promoted, in organized institutions. Perhaps the first step is for the individual to seek civilization, instead of seeking to civilize his neighbor.







*"Free unrhymed rhythms" have recently gone rather out of fashion, but the verses printed below show that they still have a field, especially in drawing a sharply defined picture or in expressing a simple idea with a sudden arresting turn at the end.*

## THE BUTTERFLY

**W**HAT a day to be born!  
And what a place!  
Cried the flowers.

*"Mais, tu as de la chance, ma chère!"*  
Said the wild geranium,  
Who was very traveled.

The champions, the bluebells,  
The daisies and buttercups,  
The bright little eyebright and the white nettle flower  
And a thousand others,  
All were there to greet her —  
Growing so high — so high,  
(Right up to the sky, thought the butterfly)  
On either side of a little lane.  
"Only, my dear," breathed an old snail  
Who was hugging the under side of a dock leaf,  
"Don't attempt to cross over.  
Keep to this side —  
The other side is just the same as this.  
Believe me, — just the same flowers, — just the same greenness.  
Stay where you are and have your little flutter in Peace."

That was enough for the butterfly.  
What an idea! Never to go out into the open?  
Never to venture forth?



To live, creeping up and down this side!  
Her wings quivered with scorn.  
“Really,” said she, “I am not a snail!”

And away she flew.  
But just at that moment a dirty-looking dog,  
Its mean tail between its legs,  
Came loping down the lane.  
It just glanced aside at the butterfly, — did not bite,  
Just gave a feeble snap and ran further.  
But she was dead.  
Little fleck of cerise and black,  
She lay in the dust.  
Everybody was sorry except the Bracken,  
Which never cares about anything, one way or the other.  
— *Katherine Mansfield*

## RESISTANCE

**T**URN your eyes away.  
I will not know you. I should become  
Too putty-like a substance  
Under the moulding fingers of your passion.  
You would reshape me out of all myself  
And glaze me brittle in an alien cast.  
And after you had gone,  
My old thwart self,  
Waking in panic, beating through the clay,  
Would shatter the strange bowl, and leave  
Nothing, —  
Only unpatterned refuse of sharp jagged chips  
To whimper, clinking, in the dust bin.  
Oh, turn your eyes away!

Alas!

You turn your eyes away?

— *Viola Paradise*



## ALCHEMY

**H**AVING wept,  
I am released from grief's fierce blackness,  
and can endure, — almost accept  
the bitter years.  
Why?  
Nothing has changed, nothing.  
What is this strange, strong chemistry of tears?  
— *Viola Paradise*

## LEGERDEMAIN

TO A. S. D.

**O**VER against the stones of the church  
A little maple flutters her thinning lemon-colored leaves  
In the Pagan blue  
Of the late October sky.

Within the house of prayer  
A priest does holy magic,  
With food, and drink, and sins.  
Could we not persuade him  
To bless the leaves,  
And the blue warmth,  
And so keep the luxury  
Of this moment perpetual?  
He can make blood of wine,  
And flesh of little cakes;  
Might he not do something with the leaves?

Blasphemous! Blasphemous!  
We are accursed  
For our impious thought!  
The priest will call God down from heaven  
To be eaten,  
But he will attempt nothing with the leaves.  
— *Frederick Thayer, Jr.*



## THE SYNAGOGUE

**F**OREVER they sang as they prayed,  
and there was great joy in Zion,  
and the children with bright laughing faces  
rejoiced in the faith of the fathers.

Old men with great beards,  
whose withered hands tremble,  
clutch feverishly upon their prayer-books,  
and their bodies shake,  
as they recite the prayers  
which they know by heart.

Young men with unsmiling faces,  
observing the anniversaries  
of their dead parents,  
fearfully watch their elders,  
lest they be caught  
slurring over a difficult word,  
in the formidable prayer-book.

Girls in the balcony  
look down on the men,  
wonder what it is all about,  
and are afraid to laugh,  
for it is a holy place.

Forever they weep as they pray,  
that there is no joy in Zion,  
and that the children are turning away,  
from the faith of the fathers.

— *Sidney Vogel*



# Hare and Tortoise

*A Novel in Six Instalments — IV*

PIERRE COALFLEET

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

**L**OUISE and Keble Eveley have been married for about six months when Keble's school-mate, Walter Windrom and Mrs. Windrom come to visit them out on their Northwest-Canadian ranch. Louise is a native, the daughter of the French-Canadian doctor of the valley. Sudden and unexpected contact with persons of her husband's world, — Keble is the scion of an old English family, — bring to her the realization of her inadequacy as his wife from his point of view and that of his world. In an effort to make herself over she elicits Walter's help. He sends her Miriam Cread, a girl of that other world, to stay with her as her companion. But although her efforts succeed and she returns from a trip to the United States with Miriam a changed Louise, the change does not bring about that closer union with Keble that she had hoped for. On her own part, she finds something lacking in the marital relationship. Keble is immersed in his plans for transforming his ranch into a great estate and for building his "castle". Into their household comes Trenholme Dare, a brilliant young architect and landscape gardener from Montreal, to build Keble's castle. Louise and Dare are thrown together for several months. There develops between them a subtle intellectual communion, which, when Keble's plans are completed, and Dare is about to depart, develops suddenly into something else. They have been riding together. They have dismounted, and are sitting together talking. For several minutes they stand irresolute, transfixed above the emotional precipice waiting to engulf them, — then "he held out his hand, and she placed hers in it, without hesitation. It was irrevocable. During the remainder of the afternoon time and scruples were burnt up in the white flame."

## PART TWO — CHAPTER I

*Continued*

2

**T**HEY rode side by side down the steep slope of the mound. The horses were eager to return, and once in the road their riders let them canter. Louise was ahead, and as she came abreast of the Dixon ranch she reined in and waited. Her cheeks were still flushed, her eyes restless. She smiled with a blend of humor and frustration which Dare mistook for regret. In his face she saw a reply to her own countenance, a reply which took the form of a little plea for pardon, a plea grotesquely beside the point, — as if she hadn't manoeuvred the lapse from grace! Her frustration was physiological, the eternal waiting for an ecstasy which Keble and Dare could command at will,

but which Fate still withheld from her. It was unfair and it was discouraging.

Dare drew up at her side. He was more handsome, more authoritative than ever, also more tender and humble than she would ever have guessed him capable of being. Yet also a little annoying. Men could be so insultingly sure of themselves. Here was a man who by all the signs ought to have been *the* man. She had assumed as much and behaved accordingly. But he had not brought about the miracle. "Why can't they understand? Why don't they learn?" her outraged desires were crying in protest. She tried to read them a moral lecture, but that was of no avail. She was, after all, an animal, and it was folly to pretend that she was not.

Dare smiled tentatively, inquiringly, waiting for her to speak.

She looked down at Sundown's ears.



"I suppose that is what I would have done, if I had been a man. Just once."

He shook his head. "The 'just once' would have been like diving into a sea in which you would have to sink or swim. I hope you don't mean just once literally, for that would be as good as letting me drown."

She was too proud to explain, and she would not raise false hopes. "We must forget that it happened," she finally announced.

He was bewildered. "You mean, you *can* forget!"

She made no reply.

"It was you who said that the fulfilment is no more disgraceful than the desire."

At that moment she hated him for his masculine obtuseness.

She gave Sundown's head a jerk. "I'm glad you're going to Japan," she said, and dug her heels into the horse's sides. A moment later she was lost to view in a cloud of dust.

Like some parched and hungry wanderer, who had dreamt of orchards only to wake up under a bruising hail of apples and pears that startled him into forgetfulness of his thirst, Dare gasped. "Already!" It was an ominously precipitate reminder of his theory that they were each leaders, that neither would be content to subordinate his individuality to the other's.

His mind bit and gnawed at the baffling knot in a tangle which a few moments since seemed to have yielded for good and all. As a psychologist he was somewhat too clever, and was capable of overlooking a factor that might have leapt to the mind of a kitchen-maid.

He took a trail that served as a shortcut to the ridge, and caught up with Louise on the new road that branched off towards the Castle. She turned in her saddle and patted Sundown's flank. "Slow-poke!" she flung back at him, teasingly, but already relentingly. Men were such helpless, clumsy, selfish, amiable babies.

"Been thinking," Dare explained.

"To any purpose?"

"To excellent but piteously sad purpose. I've been breaking to my unhappy ego the meaning of your parting shot."

"What did it mean?"

"That I'm defeated."

"In a way, I'm sorrier than you are."

"For God's sake, why?"

She smiled with a trace of bitter humor, earnestly. "Well, *some one* ought to be able to subdue me. God, I need it!" Angry tears came to her eyes, and she thrust her foot petulantly into the stirrup. Riding alone, she had just been marveling at the narrowness of the margin by which she had avoided the disruption of her present life. But for a grotesque trifle, she might have been riding at this very moment *away* from Hillside, forever, with Dare at her side.

"That's where I score," he reflected, lugubriously. "For at least now I taste the desolate joy of capitulation to a stronger opponent. While we were opponents I wished to keep a few points ahead. The fact that I no longer wish to do so, but ask nothing better than to be trampled on till I can't bear it another minute,—well, what do you make of that?"

"You're off your game," she evaded. "Buck up!"

They rode on in silence until they came within sight of the broad meadow at the edge of the pine ridge.

"Louise!"

"What?"

"Do I have to go to Japan?"

"More than ever."

### 3

When they dismounted and walked towards the house the sun was already far enough below the mountains to give Hardscrapple the appearance of a dark cardboard silhouette against the rose and green of the sky. Around their feet grew patches of scarlet flowers with flannel petals and brittle stocks. The lake below, seen through a clump of black pines, was gray and glazed. The Hillside crane, on his evening grub-call, flew over their heads towards his favorite island. As they watched his landing Louise noticed two white, crescent-shaped objects on the dark floor of the lake near the stream which came down in steps from the canyon. It was as though some giant seated on an overhanging ledge had been paring his nails.

"They're on the water already!" she cried.

"Fishing. Quite true to type," Dare commented. "The minute rich old men



get away from home they have an uncontrollable desire to kill."

Louise sighed at the prospect of unforeseen vagaries in her guests. "Will they be grumpy if they don't catch anything?"

"Probably, — and reminiscent."

"I'm glad the flowers came out so well," she remarked irrelevantly, with an affectionate backward glance at the garden as they reached the terrace. "With all due respect to your genius, I like my own roses better than all this."

"This" was indicated by a sweeping gesture which took in the Castle, the commodious outbuildings, and a pattern of roadways and clearings.

She was arrested by the sound of voices from the other terrace. A tall woman, whom she immediately recognized, appeared at the corner, leading a younger woman towards the parapet. With the air of a licensed guide she was pointing across the lake towards the "Sans Souci" cottages, now tenanted by the Browns, and volubly describing points of interest. "Over there, to the right of those three tall trees. Keble calls them Castor and Pollux."

Half turning towards her companion, as though Girlie's eyes could not be trusted to find any spot pointed out to her, Mrs. Windrom caught sight of the advancing pair.

"Ha!" she cried, and turned her daughter round by the shoulders. "There you precious two are at last!"

Louise hurried forward, with kisses. Girlie seemed as slow to bring her faculties to a correct focus on Louise as she had been in respect of the trees. She was a lithe, willowy girl with soft, colorless hair, a smile faintly reminiscent of Walter. Her straight, dark-blue garment was incredibly spotless, considering the dusty motor journey from Witney. "Being less clever than her brother," Louise was reflecting, "she has tried to get even by taking up outdoor things, which really don't go with her type."

"I was so sorry that Walter couldn't join you in the east," she said, addressing Mrs. Windrom. "But he has promised us a long visit next year."

Girlie was getting a clearer focus. "He did nothing but rave about the ranch after he and Mother were here," she

contributed. "Now I see why. It's like a private Lugano."

Louise doubted it, but linked her arm in Girlie's. "The only way we could keep him here, however, was to give him a horse that broke his ribs. I hope you'll have better luck."

"Walter never could ride anything but a hobby, — poetry or first editions. No play anything more energetic than croquet. As a partner at golf he's as helpful as a lame wrist."

"But a darling for all that," Louise defended.

"Oh, rather!" exclaimed Girlie, with an emphasis that seemed to add, "That goes without saying, — certainly without your saying it."

They proceeded towards wide window-doors and entered the drawing-room, where Miriam and the other two women had risen on hearing the hubbub. Louise went straight to the elder woman. "I'm Louise," she announced. "Full of apologies."

Her mother-in-law kissed her and presented Alice. "We arrived before we expected. Keble got a special locomotive to bring us through the pass, and couldn't let you know because the telegraph office was closed."

"It always is, in an emergency. And when it's open, the wires are down. We just guess back and forth. Please don't mind my get-up. You all look so fresh and frilly. Out here we dress like soldiers, in order to be in keeping with our slouchy telegraph service and other modern inconveniences."

"I'm sure you look very comfortable," said Lady Eveley with a maternal smile. She was bird-like, with an abundance of white hair and a coquettish little *moiré* band around her neck to conceal its ruins. When she smiled, her goodwill seemed to be reiterated by a series of wrinkles that extended as far as her forehead.

"Oh, I'm anything *but*! First of all I'm dusty, and second of all I'm parched."

"There'll be a fresh pot in a minute, dear," said Miriam. "Do sit here."

Mrs. Windrom was asking Dare to confirm her statement that the pillars were Corinthian, which he could not honestly do, and by a monstrous geographical leap their discussion wandered to a region be-



yond Girlie's focus. "Mother talks architecture as glibly as Baedeker, but she's really as ignorant about it as I am," she assured Dare. "I've been dragged to Italy goodness knows how many times, but the only thing I'm sure of is the leaning tower of Pisa."

Louise presented Dare to Lady Eveley and felt that she was being studied by Keble's sister. She went to sit beside Alice near tea, which Miriam had resuscitated. She gave Miriam's hand a grateful pat, then, turning to her sister-in-law, expressed the hope that she had found her right room. "After living so long in a log-cabin I assume that everybody will get lost in this warehouse. Keble is so methodical he refers to right wing and left wing, like a drill-sergeant. The only way I can remember which room is which is by the color of the carpet or what you can see from the windows."

Alice was laughing, her amusement being divided between Louise's mock-seriousness and the reckless velocity of speech which left no gaps for replies. She was a dry, alert, lean woman of nearly forty, who should never have been named Alice. She had none of Keble's grace, but something of his openness and discernment. Alice would make as good a judge as Keble, Louise reflected, but a less merciful jury. As to dress, she gave Louise the impression of having ordered too much material, and the white dots in her foulard frock merely emphasized her angles. Her hair had once been blonde like Keble's, but was now frosted, and arranged in a fashion that reminded Louise of the magazine covers of her girlhood.

When there was a hiatus Alice assured her that they had all been safely distributed and had spent an hour running back and forth comparing quarters. My room has a pale blue and primrose carpet, and I should think about forty miles of entirely satisfactory view! And gladioli on the table. How did you know, or did you, that gladioli are my favorite flowers, — and how did they ever get here?"

Louise accepted a cup of tea and motioned Dare to a seat nearby. Lady Eveley joined them, and Miriam went out to stroll with the Windroms.

"I knew you liked them," Louise replied, "because you once mentioned it in a letter to Keble; and they grew in the green-

house, for whose perfections Mr. Dare is to be thanked. Don't you think he has done us rather well?"

The two women agreed in chorus. Then Alice added, "Father couldn't believe his eyes. He remembered the lake from a hunting trip years and years ago. But when he saw what you and Dare and Keble have made of it, — my dear, he almost wants it back."!

"My husband said you had made the house look like a natural part of the landscape, Mr. Dare," Lady Eveley leaned towards him with her timidly maternal, confidential, richly reiterated little smile. Louise concluded that her individuality, at its most positive, was never more than an echo of some other person's individuality, usually her husband's.

"Most houses are so irrelevant to their surroundings," Alice interposed. "Our place in Sussex, for instance. Of course it has been there since the beginning of time, and that excuses it, but it's fearsome to look at, and would be in any landscape. I wish Mr. Dare would wave his wand over it."

"Alice thinks Keblestone too antiquated," explained Lady Eveley. "But her father and I are deeply attached to it, and she and Keble were both born there. I do hope you will come and stay with us there next summer, with the baby."

"That priceless baby!" Alice exclaimed. "I gave him a beautiful rubber elephant, and he flung it square at his nurse's eye, — nearly blinded the poor soul. Where did you find that nurse, Louise? She's devotion personified."

"He took to his grandfather at once. Sat on his knee and watched him as though he had never seen anything so curious!"

"Baby is very rude," Louise apologized.

"Brutally candid," Alice agreed. "If an elephant offends him he throws it at his nurse, and if a new grandfather is substituted, he solemnly stares him out of countenance."

"We shall spoil him, my dear," said the monkey's little grandmother. "We're so proud of him."

Louise replaced her cup on the table, got up from her chair, and implanted a playful but whole-hearted kiss on the old lady's forehead. "I'm dying to see the grandfather who was too big to be flung in Katie's eye," she announced. "Shall we



walk down to the lakeside and meet the boats? There's an easy path."

She led the way, with Lady Eveley. Two or three times as they descended the winding path the older woman patted Louise's arm and smiled, apropos of nothing, reassuringly. In the end Louise laughed and said, trying to keep her frankness within gentle bounds, "You know, I'm quite floored by your friendliness. I wish you were going to stay longer. Four days is nothing."

"We should love to, my dear, but, you see, the men have so many speeches to make, and they must be back on a certain date. It has been very exciting. All along the way there were deputations to meet the train. The mayors came and their wives — too amusing! And brought such pretty flowers. Alice doesn't object to the cameras at all, though she says her nose is the only thing that comes out. Alice resents her nose. She says she wouldn't mind its size if she didn't keep *seeing* it, poor dear. . . . And banquets without end. I don't see how they find so many different things to say. My husband just stands up there —"

"And the words come to him," interposed Louise. "I know."

"Isn't it remarkable? When I can scarcely find enough words to fill up a letter! I'm terrified when they ask me to speak at the women's clubs. Canadian women are so intelligent! And so tireless. Mrs. Windrom is much better at that kind of thing."

"Mrs. Windrom is very clever."

"Oh, *very*! She always remembers names. I don't, and Alice nudges my elbow. She is such a good daughter. Never forgets."

"Alice seems very alert."

"Oh, *very*!" Lady Eveley had a soft little voice and a careful way of setting down her words, as though they might break. "Very! She takes after her father. Keble does too, though Keble likes quite a lot of things I like. Perhaps the baby will take after me. Though I really don't see why any one should!"

Louise had an affectionate smile for this gentle grievance against creation, and slipped her arm about the black satin waist. "Of course Baby will take after you, dear," she promised. "I'll make him if he doesn't naturally. He takes after me

when he throws elephants around, but he takes after his father when he opens his big blue eyes and grins a trustful, gummy grin. He's going to be quite like Keble when he acquires teeth and manners. Katie says so, and she's the authority on Baby. . . . Perhaps you'll let me take after you a little, too. But I'm an awful hoyden."

"You're so clever, aren't you!" exclaimed Lady Eveley. "We knew it, of course, from Keble."

Louise was serious. "The worst of that," she mused, "is that clever people always have a naughty side. And I'm naughty."

"But if we were perfect our husbands would find us dull in the long run, don't you think?"

"There's that, of course," Louise agreed. How completely everyone took it for granted that there would be a long run!

They had reached the new boat-slip, and were joined by Mrs. Windrom, Girlie, and Miriam. Dare and Alice followed, and the talk became topographical, Mrs. Windrom finding still more objects for Girlie to look at. Louise felt that Mrs. Windrom was even explaining the landmarks to her.

Girlie's attention, however, kept straying to the boats, which were hugging the shaded shores and advancing at a leisurely rate. In the first boat was an object on which Girlie's eyes could always focus themselves with an effortless nicety. This object was her fiancé, Ernest Tulk-Leamington, an oldish young man, who was Lord Eveley's secretary and a rising member of the Conservative Party. The first to step out of the boat, he was followed by Mr. Windrom and a freckled, orange-haired youth who proved to be Mr. Cutty.

"Any fish?" cried Mrs. Windrom. Her husband showed signs of becoming prolix, while Mr. Cutty, behind his back, stole his thunder by surreptitiously holding up a forked stick on which two apologetic trout were suspended.

When the necessary ceremonies were effected, Mr. Windrom declared that you could never be sure, in untried waters, what flies the fish would rise to. He went on the principle of using a Royal Coach when in doubt, but he had tried Royal Coach for an hour without getting a



strike, and had ended by putting out a spinner, by means of which he had caught— He turned. "Those two." But he saw that the irreverent Mr. Cutty had displayed the catch, and he was vexed at the anticlimax, as well as at the showing, which was undoubtedly poor, viewed against a dark mass of water and mountain, with a half dozen animated ladies as spectators. Dare had sought Louise's eyes, and they smiled at the fulfilment of her fears.

The second boat was nearing the slip, and Louise had a moment in which to study her father-in-law. It was a reassuring, yet a trying moment, for she became unnerved and felt suddenly isolated. For two pins she would have cried. There was no definable reason for the emotion, unless it was due to her double reaction from the graveyard episode and the friendliness of her mother-in-law. They *were* all strangers, even Keble. In some ways Keble was more of a stranger than Dare, — less an acquaintance of her most hidden self. Her loneliness was associated, too, in some vague way with the easy, manly intimacy of the two figures in the boat, who were links in the chain of her own existence yet so detached from it. Keble was undeniably an integral part of her identity, yet as he sat at the oars he seemed to be some attractive young traveling companion she was destined never to know.

Lord Eveley, a lean, hale figure in tweeds, a fine old edition of his son, was reeling in his line and speaking in a voice which carried perfectly across the still water. Keble made replies between the slow strokes of his oars. The yellow had faded from the light, and with its disappearance the dark shades of the trees took on a richer tone, and the water turned from glass to velvet. The gray of the pine needles changed to blackish green, the narrow strip of shallow water as emerald merging into milky blue, and the pebbles at the bottom were like ripe and green olives.

There was a lull in the chatter, and only the faint lapping noises of the oars broke the stillness. A wave of loneliness had engulfed Louise, despite the warm little arm that was still resting on hers. By some considerateness which only Keble seemed to possess, his eyes turned first of all to her. True, they immediately traveled

away towards the others, and his remarks were general, but the first glance had been hers, and it had been accompanied by a quick smile, — a smile which seemed to condone some lapse of hers; she was too immersed in her present rôle to recall what the lapse had been. At any rate it was a most timely proof of Keble's reliability, and it rescued her. She smiled shyly as Keble directed his father towards her.

By one of those mass instincts that sense drama, everyone had turned to watch. Being in the centre of the stage, she forgot her diffidence.

"Weedgie, here is a father-in-law for you. He's an indifferent angler, but a passable sort of pater. . . . Father, this is Louise."

"Is it really! Upon my soul!" He bestowed a paternal kiss.

"You seem so surprised!" Louise laughed. "Did you think I was a boy?"

"By Jove, you know, you might have fooled me if it had been a shade darker. But if you had, I should have been uncommonly disappointed. Keble, I take it, makes you disguise yourself in boys' clothes to protect you from irresponsible lassos?"

"Oh dear no, he hates my breeches. Besides, I can protect myself quite extraordinarily well. The fact is, I'm at a disadvantage in these." She was pulling sideways at "them". "For when you're got up as a man you're always giving yourself away: your hairpins fall out or you blush. Whereas in feminine attire you can beat a man at his own game without his even suspecting you're using man-to-man tactics. That's fun."

"Yes, I suppose it would be," agreed Lord Eveley. "Eve did it without much of either, they say."

"They say such shocking things, don't they! . . . Didn't you catch *any* fish?"

"Only three. Your better half caught seven, — cheeky young blighter! One beauty."

Mr. Windrom needed to know what they had been caught with.

"Royal Coach," said Keble. "It's the best all round fly."

Mr. Windrom was incredulous and pettish. "You must have 'em trained to follow your boat."

"Better luck next time, Mr. Windrom," Louise ventured. "Keble shall go in your



boat, then they'll have to bite. Meanwhile, please show him how to make drinkable cocktails. He needs a lesson."

She looked at her watch, then smiled at the circle of faces. "It's just exactly 'evening,' so we can consider that the party has arrived. Dinner is in an hour. Nobody need change unless he wishes. I'm going to turn back into a woman for dinner, just to prove to my father-in-law what an awful failure I am as a boy. Meanwhile I'll race anybody up the hill."

"I'm on," said Mr. Cutty.

"Me too," said Dare.

"Any handicap for skirts?" inquired Alice.

"Ten yards," Louise promptly replied.

"Measure off ten yards, Keble. Anybody else?"

"Come, Girlie," said Mrs. Windrom.

"Any handicap for old age, Louise?"

"Fifteen yards for any one over thirty-five. Come on, Mr. Leamington. Beat Mr. Dare. He wins everything I go in for. . . . Grandfather, you be starter, — you're to say one, two, three, go. Miriam dear, you can't be in it, for you have to show Grandmother the easy path up. I showed her down, but one of the many delicious things she told me on the way was that she forgets things and has to have her elbow nudged." Louise shot a bright glance at Lady Eveley. "Keble, when you've marked off the fifteen, sprint on up the hill and mark a line on the gravel so we won't go plunging on the bricks and kill ourselves. . . . Oh!"

She stopped, and every one, toeing the line, looked around. Her nervous high spirits were infectious. Even Girlie was excited. Lord Eveley was holding up his hand in sporting earnest. His wife, under Miriam's wing, beamed.

"I'm trying to think what the prizes will be. Wouldn't be a race without prizes. Any suggestions, Mr. Cutty?"

"Might have forfeits for the first prize, and first go at the billiard table for another."

"Bright head-work, Mr. Cutty. Prizes as follows: the winner must choose between making a speech at dinner or telling a ghost story before bedtime. The loser gets his choice between first go at the billiard table, first choice of horses tomorrow, or ordering his favorite dish for breakfast, — can't say fairer than that.

But if anybody tries to lose, God help him! . . . All set, Grandfather!"

The servants who were arranging the dinner-table thought the party had gone mad when it came reeling up the slippery grass hill in a hilarious, panting pell-mell, led at first by Mrs. Windrom, who fell back in favor of Alice Eveley, who in turn was superseded by others. Towards the end, Dare and Mr. Cutty, closely followed by Louise, were leading, then Dare stumbled, and Mr. Cutty toppled into Keble's arms, the winner. Louise was weak with laughter at the sight of Mr. Windrom brandishing his fishing rod and shouting instructions over his shoulder to his faltering helpmeet. Girlie, her skirts held high, was abreast of Mr. Tulk-Leamington, whose gallantry interfered with his progress. Alice was far down the line but doing as well as possible under the disadvantages of high heels and foulard folds. In the end they all reached the line but Mrs. Windrom, who had collapsed on the turf, facing a nosily breathing throng.

"I'll have that big trout for breakfast, Louise," she gasped. "The one Keble caught. And no one can say I didn't try to win!"

## 4

At breakfast Louise counted votes for a picnic by the river. "Those who don't fish," she suggested, "can sit under the willows and pretend there aren't any mosquitoes, or play duck on the rock with Mr. Cutty and me."

They had all come down in comically smart riding clothes. Miriam, with her tanned skin and in her well-worn khaki, looked like a native in contrast to Girlie in her gray-green whipcord. Girlie, whose horsemanship had been loudly heralded, was eager to try out a Mexican saddle.

Mr. Tulk-Leamington stroked his prematurely bald head. "What will you do if your pony bucks?" he asked.

Girlie languidly buttered her toast. "Ernest," she chided, "you're always stirring up mares' nests."

"Dear me!" cried Alice. "Do they buck?"

"In wild west novels they do," said Girlie's fiancé. "What will you do, Miss Eveley, if yours does?"

"I shall hang on and scream for Louise."



Louise turned the tables on Ernest. "And you?" she inquired.

Mr. Cutty forestalled him. "He will soar into the firmament. You'll find him on some remote tree-top. Can't you picture a distraught owl trying to hatch out Ernest's head!"

"Mercy!" Lady Eveley exclaimed, in meek distress. "They don't really try to throw you, do they, Louise?"

This caused an uproar. Louise reached across the table to squeeze her hand. "Of course not, dear. They only try to throw teasels like Mr. Tulk-Leamington and devils incarnate like Mr. Cutty. Sundown is a lamb; you'll like him so well that you'll be sorry when you arrive at the picnic. Besides I'll ride beside you all the way."

"Sundown wouldn't throw a fly," Mr. Cutty broke in. "Mrs. Eveley has to flick 'em off with her riding crop."

Groans drowned this sally, and Mr. Cutty nearly lost a spoonful of egg as a result of a lunge directed at him by the prospective owlet.

Through the babel, Keble and the older men, having exhausted the immediate possibilities of prize cattle, were discussing the half-completed golf course, oblivious to frivolous issues. Only once did Mr. Windrom seek to intrude, having overheard something about "throwing a fly", and this sent the younger generation into a new gale of unhallowed mirth.

Late in the afternoon the picnickers returned in various states of dampness and soreness, but exuding a contentment for which Louise's vigilance was largely responsible. Dare and Mr. Cutty rowed to a secluded cove to swim; Ernest went to edit his official memoranda; Mrs. Windrom retired to sleep; Lady Eveley racked her head for words to fill up a letter; the old men resorted to billiards; and Girlie challenged Miriam at tennis.

Louise held court in the kitchen, where she had gone to make some special pastries and to wheedle, scold, encourage, bully, sting, and jolly the augmented staff into supreme efforts. She swore that the future of the Empire hinged on the frothiness of the mousse. The cream was not to be whipped a minute before eight; the grapes were not to be dried, but brought in straight from the ice-box in a cold perspiration, and Gertie was for heaven's sake not to bump into Griggs on her way to

the side table, as she had the night before.

When her batter was consigned to the oven she ran out to the greenhouse for flowers, and saw Keble and his sister stretched in deck chairs near the tennis court. She waved her shears and speculated as to the subject of their chat.

The subject, as she might have guessed, was herself.

"Why didn't you give us an inkling?" Alice was saying. "Here you've been married nearly three years, and you've kept this spark of divine fire all to yourself."

Keble smiled with a mixture of affection and faint bitterness. "I didn't exactly *keep* her, old girl. There's no reason why you and Mother shouldn't have got yourself ignited before this."

Alice considered. "But we did ask her to come to us."

"There are ways and ways of asking. Do you suppose she can't feel the difference?"

Again Alice reflected. "You mean, I suppose, that if you had married Girlie, for instance, we would have commanded her presence, on pain of dragging her out of her lair."

"I'm glad you see it."

"Well, dear, wasn't it just a bit of your fault?"

"No doubt."

"I mean, how were we to know what an original creature you had found out here? It isn't reasonable; there can't be another. We had nothing to go on but your contradictory reports,—'wild flowers', I remember, was your most definite description. But there are wild flowers and wild flowers, you know,—just as there are 'ways and ways of asking'. We didn't desire to place you in a false position. Even Claudia Windrom reported that Louise's tastes were very western. I might have known she was prejudiced, and we certainly ought to have given you more credit for perspicuity. But men are so blind. . . . Then we were thrown off by Louise's temperamental trip to Florida. You wrote a forlorn sort of letter saying that she had gone off on a holiday, and it was just after we had invited you both to come to the Riviera with us. That seemed strange."

"What did you think I had married, for God's sake,—an Indian squaw?"



"Don't be horrid! . . . We weren't at all sure you hadn't married a hand grenade."

Keble laughed. "I'm not at all certain I haven't."

Alice watched him curiously, then abandoned the flicker of curiosity and proceeded to give Louise her due. "It's not so much her brilliance, — though that's remarkable, — but her tact! My dear, she could run a political campaign single-handed. I've never seen the Windroms so beautifully managed in my life. You know *we* can't manage them; at our house one of the trio is always falling out of the picture. But Louise! the instant she sees an elbow or a leg or a Windromian prejudice sticking out she flips it back in, or widens the frame to include it, and nobody the worse. Her way of setting people to rights and making them feel it is they who are setting everybody else to rights is *impayable*. . . . And the best you could say for her was wild flowers!"

"Since Mrs. Windrom was first here a good deal of water has flowed under the bridges."

"I'll wager it has. Louise wouldn't be found camping by a stagnant pool."

Again she watched her brother curiously. He was gazing into the distance, at nothing.

"Sometimes I feel stagnant beside Louise," he admitted, put off his guard by the unwonted charm of a sisterly chat.

Alice patted his shoulder, with a gesture tender but angular. "Father is purring with pleasure at the way you've stuck to your guns, sonny, although, naturally, he wouldn't say so for all the king's horses and all the king's men. In the beginning he used to shake his head in skepticism and sorrow. Now he never lets a dinner guest get away without dragging in you and your colonizing enterprise. Mother, of course, has always doted and still does; but she would have, if you'd gone in for knife-grinding. She would never conceive the possibility of anyone doubting you. I frankly did, — not you, but your schemes."

"There's plenty to be done yet," Keble said. "It will take twenty years. Sometimes the future looks as steep to me as Hardscrapple."

"It won't look so steep when you've got your second wind. I'm full of rosy hopes for you. What's more, I'm jolly comfortable here, and I thought I was

going to hate it. I've been well fed and waited on. I've been amused and sauced by a witty child who isn't in the least awed by my accursed standoffishness. I think the most remarkable thing about Louise is that she is kind, through and through, without *having* to be; she could always get her own way without bothering to be kind. . . . I've also discovered the thrills of being aunt to the most entrancingly ridiculous and succulent infants I've ever beheld. Most of all I've seen Father and Mother exchanging furtive glances of pride. What more could any old maid ask for?"

Miriam and Girlie joined them. "It's too warm for tennis," Girlie complained. "We're debating whether to go for a swim."

Alice thought it an excellent idea, provided she was not included.

"But these mountain lakes are icy!" Girlie shivered at the thought.

"Not if you dive in, instead of wading," said Miriam. "Louise taught me that."

"I'm too tall. I might stick fast. Besides, one looks so distressed in borrowed bathing clothes."

"And the only secluded cove is pre-empted!" Keble sympathized.

"Oh, without a costume I'd be afraid of sinking. It would seem just like a bath, and one goes straight to the bottom of the bath-tub."

The bathing project having died of inanition, Miriam and Girlie went indoors.

"I'm trying to think where I've seen her before," Alice said, following Miriam with her eyes. "I keep associating her in my mind with white sails, and straw berries. . . . Louise has known her a long while?"

"For years."

"Delightful woman! So sensible. How lucky she is able to help you with your accounts. You never could add."

"Rather."

"Is she stopping long?"

"Well, we can't put her in a pumpkin shell, like Peter, and keep her forever."

"She must feel rather cut off, out here. Where is her home?"

"She used to live in Washington. She has seen what are known as better days."

"One guesses that. . . . For heaven's sake, Keble, who is she? You know I'm only beating about the bush."



"She never speaks of her family. Most of it's dead."

"Cread — Cread." Alice was lying in wait for an image that kept eluding her, when suddenly she captured it. "Cows! Of course. Before the war, at the Graybridge place. . . . You remember Aurelie Graybridge, — she was Aurelie Streeter of New York. It was a garden party, after a race, and Admiral Cread was there with the American Ambassador. How stupid of me to have forgotten! I must remind her."

Keble was uneasy. "I don't think I would, Alice, unless she does first. She's uncommonly reticent about herself. She came out here for a complete change, you see."

"No, I don't see," said Alice impatiently. "That's just the point. But I'll hold my tongue. . . . I wonder why she hasn't married." It always seemed odd to Alice that other women didn't marry. "Some man like Dare. I suppose he's young for her, — yet not enough to matter."

"I've thought of that," Keble reflected. "Discussed it with Louise once. But they don't seem to be attracted. . . . Dare is a splendid chap. There's no resisting him when he gets going. He has given us all a healthy fillip."

"You *have* been lucky in your companions, you and Louise!" Alice commented.

"Rather! Oh, hello, here's the car with the people from the Valley. We're going to show you some natives to-night."

"Who is the funny little man in front?"

"That is the best-informed and most highly esteemed 'character' within a radius of sixty miles, — and incidentally my father-in-law."

"The ominous lady in black looks like the Empress Eugénie come back to mourn her own loss!"

Keble was puzzled. "I haven't the faintest notion who she is, — good Lord! unless it's Madame Mornay-Mareuil, whom we've been expecting off and on for weeks!"

"They had risen from their chairs. 'Go and meet them,' said Alice. 'I shall lie down a while before dressing.'"

## CHAPTER II

### I

After a hurried knock Louise burst into Miriam's room. Miriam was seated before

the mirror brushing her reddish-brown hair. "Who do you suppose has turned up at the feast?" cried Louise, reaching for a chair and impatiently rescuing the filmy pink draperies of her frock from the handle of a drawer. "Aunt Denise, straight from Quebec! After all these months of dilly-dallying she stalks in when we're having a reunion of the men her husband spent half his editorial and political career in insulting!"

"Why didn't she telegraph?"

"Too stingy, — heaven forgive me for saying it, — and too old-fashioned. She arrived with Papa and the Bootses and Pearl and Amy Sweet. They were stuffed into the car like flowers in a vase, her trunk lashed on behind. Papa tried to telephone, but Aunt Denise said if her own niece couldn't take her in without being warned she wouldn't come at all. That's her spirit. What am I to do?"

"Have you explained the situation to her?"

"Does one explain red to a bull?"

"Then tip the others off. We'll have to engage her on safe subjects."

"If you *would* Miriam. In French, — for she hates English. She behaves as though French were the official language of Canada. . . . I've been waiting for something to go wrong, and now it will. 'Claudia dear' was difficult enough. There's no keeping that woman off a scent."

"What scent?"

Louise was vexed at her slip. "Oh, scents in general. Yours in particular is most refreshing. Is that the Coty?" Without waiting for an answer she plunged on. "Now I'll have to rearrange the seating. If I put Aunt Denise near Grandfather she may scalp him. His triumphant progress across the continent must have rubbed her the wrong way. . . . I'll have enough on my hands without that. If Papa drinks one glass too many he'll tease Aunt Denise about the Pope. And the Bootses are fanatical teetotallers, and I wouldn't put it past them to dash the glass from papa Windrom's lips!"

"Make me the spare woman," Miriam offered. "That will leave me free to shush Pearl and prompt Mrs. Brown. I'll watch you for cues."

Louise gave herself a final glance in the cheval glass, pulled Miriam's skirt



straight, and left a grateful kiss on her forehead to dispel any questioning trend that might have lingered as a consequence of the inadvertent "scent". Then she made her way downstairs to readjust the place cards which Dare had decorated with appropriate caricatures.

This done she stepped out on the terrace. Dare was there, leaning against the parapet. He offered her a cigarette and lit it in silence.

"There's a dreadful ordeal ahead of you," said Louise, sending a little cloud of smoke skyward.

"I'm getting used to ordeals," he replied.

"This is a new kind. You have to take the pastor's wife in to dinner."

"I shall ask her to rescue my soul from the devil."

"She will be glad of the occasion."

In his eyes there was a shadow of the glance that had proved epoch-making the day before. "On second thoughts," he added, "I shall do no such thing. The devil is welcome to it." He looked away, and Louise for once could find nothing to say. "Except," Dare finally resumed, "that he won't have it at any price. Neither will God. That leaves me on my own."

"Isn't that —" Louise began, in a low voice, then was conscious of a step. Turning, she saw Mrs. Windrom, in purple satin, advancing from the front terrace, pinning to her corsage a pink rose which drew attention to the utterly unflowerlike character of her face. The last rays of the setting sun fell full upon the lenses of the pince-nez which Louise was once "too damn polite" to smash.

"What have you two got your heads together about?" she inquired with an archness that suited her as little as the rose.

"A plot," Louise replied, holding out a hand to Mrs. Windrom, and noting with a little pang the half cynical smile which Dare allowed himself on seeing the ease of her transition. As if good acting were necessarily a sign of insincerity! "We're terrifically mixed to-night, and owing to the unforeseen arrival of my aunt I've had to throw everybody up in a blanket and pair them as they came down. I've done what your clever son calls playing fast and loose with the social alphabet:

natives paired with dudes, atheists with Methodist ministers, teetotallers with bibbers, socialists with die-hards. And all my tried and true friends have a duty to perform, namely to keep the talk on safe ground. Poor Aunt Denise, you know, is the widow of that old man who was fined a dollar for libeling the king."

During the last few weeks Mrs. Windrom had acquired a smattering of Canadian political history. Louise felt her stiffen.

"Aunt Denise has always lived under a cloud of illusions. First of all in convents, then with her husband whom she transformed from a village lawyer into a national *enfant terrible*. She wouldn't believe a word against him, and I think it showed rather a fine spirit. We all idolize our husbands in some degree, though some of us take more pains not to show it." Louise let this remark sink in, and felt Mrs. Windrom's shining lenses turn towards Dare, whose gaze was negligently resting on the opposite shore of the lake. "Consequently, if Aunt Denise should let her illusions get the better of her tact, I do hope you two will help change the subject."

Mrs. Windrom enjoyed conspiracies. "You may count on me, my dear," she replied. "Now I must run up and see if my husband has lost his collar buttons as usual."

Mrs. Windrom looked at the clock on the drawing-room mantel, crossed to a window to watch the retreating figures of Louise and Dare, then went towards the great square hall with its rough rafters and balcony, its shining floor, fur rugs, and trophies of Keble's marksmanship. For no ulterior reason, but simply because she could not resist an open door, she peeked into the dining-room, then walked upstairs.

She had timed her visit to a nicety. Her husband's tie was being made into a lop-sided bow.

"Sore?" he asked, when she had straightened it.

"A little. But I'm used to western saddles. Madame Mornay-Mareuil has suddenly turned up. Louise is in a panic. For heaven's sake, don't talk politics. I can't see why you leave the cuff buttons till *after* you've got your shirt on. It's so simple to put them in beforehand."



"Simple, old girl; I just forget, that's all."

"What I can't make out . . . now I've bent my nail! . . . is Louise's treatment of Keble."

"What treatment?"

"I mean she ignores him."

"Have you seen my other pump?"

"Do stand still. In favor of the handsome architect."

"Steady on, Claudia dear. You've already dug up one scandal here. Isn't that enough?"

"Scandal?"

"Didn't you tell me the good-looking secretary was making eyes at Keble?"

Mrs. Windrom was indignant. "Most certainly not!"

"Well, those may not be the words you used. But the idea never came into my head all on its own."

This was highly plausible. Tremendous ideas regarding revenues and tariffs found their way unaided into Mr. Windrom's head, but not ideas having to do with illicit *oeillades*.

"If you deliberately choose to distort my words!" said Mrs. Windrom.

"I don't choose to distort anything; I was only looking, — here I am like 'my son John' and it's going on for eight."

Mrs. Windrom tranquilly fished a pump from under a discarded garment which had been allowed to fall to the floor.

"Have you your handkerchief?"

Mr. Windrom nodded and followed his wife out to the balcony, which overlooked the hall. He was rubbing his hands together in anticipation of a cocktail when his wife seized his arm.

A tall, elderly woman in a trailing gown of rusty black crossed the balcony with a slow stride and descended the stairs. She had large black eyes, a high nose, and tightly drawn white hair streaked with black.

"Lady Macbeth!" whispered Mr. Windrom, tapping his wife's arm and making a face like some sixty-year-old schoolboy. "Mum's the word, eh? *De mortuis* —"

Mrs. Windrom was nettled. "What I can't make out," she said, "is how a squat little doctor could have a sister like that!"

"You're always running on to things you can't make out, Claudia. It's scarcely for want of trying."

"I have to keep my eyes open for two, for you never see anything, and Girlie's blind to things she should see. If she'd had a little of Louise's vim four years ago —"

Mr. Windrom came to a halt and made a queer grimace.

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot my handkerchief."

"Really, Charles! If I reminded you once I reminded you a dozen times."

Mr. Windrom sneezed, loud and long, and turned back towards his room. "Come now, Claudia," he protested. "Make it six."

2

Miriam, on the heels of the Windroms, paused to look over the railing of the balcony. All her coaching had been leading up to this event, and there was Louise acquitting herself with a virtuosity that effaced Miriam from this setting as completely as Fate had effaced her from her own.

The gray-blue twilight which came through open doors and windows dimmed the orange of the lamps. An incredibly regal personage dominated the assembly, and above a discreet hum Miriam heard a penetrating, dark-toned voice saying, "*Vous allez me pardonner, ma chère Louise, d'être descendue un peu en retard. J'ai du défaire une malle. Voilà six jours que je voyage sans changer de robe. Vous jugerez si je suis contente d'être installée, — et dans quel petit palais! Maintenant vous allez me présenter ces dames.*"

Slim and brown, nimble and compact, Louise brought her guests in turn to Madame Mornay-Mareuil. Miriam was annoyed that Louise should have failed to recognize in her trying aunt a grande dame of unchallengeable authority. With instinctive deference, the company had grouped itself about her, and Miriam smiled with a trace of vindictive satisfaction, for she had been as quick as Louise to resent the unconscious patronage in Girlie Windrom's way of beginning a remark with, "Of course, out *here* —"

She went to Dare, who was standing aloof, near a window. "Have you kissed the queen's hand?" she inquired.

"Not yet. . . . The little doctor seems to have put one over on the Eveleys!" Dare's lips went down with a cynical



humor which Miriam noted as new. There was also something new in his eyes. "I for one," he said, "am glad."

"Why?"

"Simply in the name of poetic justice. It's time Mrs. Eveley got a bit of her own back, — and Boadicea there will get it for her with a vengeance."

Miriam gave him a smiling nod and went to obey Louise's summons.

Dismayed by the astonished hush which had fallen over the hall when Aunt Denise had appeared on the staircase and come slowly towards her, Louise had quickly appreciated the dramatic value of the intrusion, and when she had manoeuvred everyone safely to the table she acknowledged that the preliminary touch of solemnity had given her dinner party a tone which, instead of diminishing, would incalculably augment the triumph she had, for months now, determined that it should be. She had known Aunt Denise only as a formidable quantity in her background, an aunt she had seen during a single summer, after her mother's death, but with whom she had corresponded in a sentimental desire to maintain contact with the only relative she could claim, except for some half mythical cousins in Dublin. That her letters to Aunt Denise and her gifts of needlework had been seeds sown on fertile ground was now abundantly manifest; for Aunt Denise had assumed a protective kinship and had made that mysterious kind of "impression" of which she herself, for all her success, would never learn the secret.

Of the whole company only Girlie, with her defective focusing apparatus, had failed to pay immediate homage. In a pretty white dress she had perfunctorily acknowledged Aunt Denise's graciousness and begun to turn away, when the old lady transfixed her with relentless black eyes. "I suppose it is the fashion to walk with a bend nowadays," Aunt Denise had said. "It doesn't give the lungs a chance."

Girlie had blushed and straightened, but Aunt Denise had withdrawn her eyes and turned them more charitably on little Mrs. Brown.

A stock soup had been simmering on the back of the stove for two weeks. By the time she had tasted it and found it perfect, Louise's spirits were at their highest voltage, and her eyes flashed down the

table till they encountered Miriam's, which gave back a signal of felicitation. Miriam, between Dare and Jack Wallace was beating time to an argument sustained by Lord Eveley and Pearl Beatty against Mr. Windrom and Amy Sweet, the latter lending her aid in the form of giggles, for which three sips of wine, — the first in her life, and drunk in open contempt of the pledge Mrs. Boots had once persuaded her to sign, — were responsible.

Aunt Denise was getting acquainted with Keble, treating him with a respect that struck Louise as being inherently French. She wondered whether French women had a somewhat more professional attitude towards males than women of other races. Keble looked happy, but his French was buckling under the strain, and Aunt Denise did him the honor of continuing the conversation in English, an important concession.

Of all the scraps of talk Louise could overhear, the scrap which most gratified her, — and she wondered why it should, — was a homely exchange in which her father and Lady Eveley were engrossed. "It's the pure mountain air," Dr. Bruneau was explaining. "He couldn't have a better climate to commence life in."

"That's what my husband was saying. You know, when Keble was ten months old we took him to Switzerland —"

"Isn't it, Mrs. Eveley?" broke in a voice at Louise's right.

"Isn't what, Mr. Boots? Mr. Cutty was pounding with his fork, and I didn't hear."

"Had to pound," Mr. Cutty defended himself, "to drown Ernest. He's telling Mrs. Brown I stole plums from her garden."

"Well, didn't you?"

"But justice is justice, and the point is, so did Ernest, — and his were riper!"

Louise leaned towards Mrs. Brown. "Do spray arsenic on the rest of the plums, dear, and abolish Mr. Cutty. Wasn't what what, Mr. Boots?"

Mrs. Windrom forestalled him. "Mr. Boots tells me that the settlers are all turning socialist because farming doesn't pay. Do you mean to say you make no effort to combat such a state of affairs?"

"I dare say we ought to take more interest in politics."

Mrs. Boots, who was beyond Mr. Cutty,



left Dare long enough to interpose, "Why not persuade Mr. Eveley to be a candidate in the coming elections?"

Dare had seized his reprieve to whisper to Miriam, "Does all this, to-night, make you feel fearfully alone?"

Miriam looked up as though he had startled into flight some bird of ill-omen, but made no reply.

Dare leaned a little closer. "I fancy we're lonely for rather similar reasons."

Miriam hesitated. "First of all I'm not sure what you mean. Second, if you mean what I dare say you do, — aren't you rather bold?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Very likely." He returned to his glass, then added, "Your acknowledgment that I was bold satisfies me of the accuracy of my guess. As we were in the same boat I couldn't resist the temptation of bidding for a crumb of commiseration. It would have been reciprocal. So my boldness wasn't more rude than it was humane."

"You're excused," said Miriam, "under the First Offenders Act."

Girlie Windrom, in a commendable spirit, took an opportunity to express the hope that Madame Mornay-Mareuil, her *vis-à-vis*, had not found the long train journey too fatiguing.

Madame recounted her impressions of the trip and found that Lord Eveley was in agreement with her regarding the exorbitant rates charged in western hotels. Accustomed as he was to express his opinions in public platform style, he soon had Keble's half of the table as audience, while Louise gathered in loose threads of talk at her end. The back of her dinner was now broken, and she was standing with one foot triumphantly resting on its prostrate form. When the ices arrived she couldn't resist announcing that the accompanying cakes had been made by herself. The exclamations were silenced by Aunt Denise who lifted her voice to complain of Louise's cheer.

"Your table groans with luxuries, my child. You have forgotten the lessons in thrift I taught you when you were a girl."

For the first time the little doctor turned from Lady Eveley. "I am to blame for that," he said. "You see, sister, after you had left us, Nana and Louise tried to make me eat wooden cakes made without

eggs, according to your instructions. I can't digest wood, so I extracted from Louise's curly head, one by one, all the notions you had put into it, and we lived extravagantly ever after, — it's a sinful world, *va*." To soften for his sister the laughter that greeted his defense of Louise, Dr. Bruneau added, "With you it was different, since those who have rich spiritual lives don't need rich food. Louise and I, poor heathens, had nothing to indulge but our appetites."

"You are free to do so," returned Aunt Denise, in no wise discomfited. "My lessons were only the principles of economy and sacrifice our mother had taught me, the principles which, if you remember, *mon frère*, made it possible for you and me to have an education."

The company seemed relieved to find that royalty could, on occasion, be "answered back", and Lord Eveley's hearty laugh at the mischievous but not unkind sally had been followed by a scrutinizing glance which hinted that the statesman had found a mind worth exploring.

By the time the fruit had appeared, duly perspiring, Louise had only two worries left. First, the quiescence of the Windroms smote her conscience: she felt that she had been gratuitous in warning Mrs. Windrom, while leaving Aunt Denise a license to talk which Aunt Denise had been well-bred enough not to abuse. Second, she was not entirely easy in her mind regarding Dare's silence. He had done his duty by the pastor's wife, yet there was some boding unhappiness in his manner. Before the house was opened Dare had always set the key. Under the old conditions he would have taken the whole company into his hands and played with them. And while his moodiness was, in one sense, a deeply stirring tribute, at the same time there was in it something which made her feel remorseful, and afraid, — not for herself. It was as though her conscience were pointing out to her the consequences of extravagance in her moral kitchen. In the intellectual cakes she had baked for herself and Dare there had perhaps been too many emotional ingredients. They were rich, and many had been eaten. Dare was conceivably experiencing this evening the ill effects.

In the midst of her reflections Lord Eveley surprised her by rising and deliv-



ering a little speech which was at the same time a dedication of the house and a tribute to its mistress. Anything in the nature of orthodox ceremony intimidated her. There were toasts, — and Miriam had never told her what one was supposed to do in such a contingency. Moreover she hadn't meant to drink her last glass of wine, and rather dazedly wished she hadn't.

After dinner the company divided for bridge and dancing, and Louise seized a moment to lay a sympathetic hand on Dare's coat-sleeve.

"Are you so bored?" she whispered.

"It's not your fault," he replied, and the unsmiling negligence of his manner bore witness to the ease with which he and Louise could fit into each other's mood.

"It won't last much longer," she said. "It" referred to the house party, but Dare chose to misinterpret.

"No," he replied. "I'm going to Japan."

Her eyes fell. When she raised them again she noticed, with a chill, that Mrs. Windrom, from the opposite corner, had been watching their tête-à-tête with hawk-like vigilance.

"Come and dance," she said, drawing him toward the hall.

There another little shock was in store for her. Alice Eveley, flushed and flattered after a dance with Jack Wallace, was proceeding across the room, when suddenly she stopped short and chose a new direction.

On looking towards Alice's abandoned goal to see what had caused her to change her mind, Louise observed that Keble and Miriam were absorbed in an unsmiling tête-à-tête of the kind that had made Mrs. Windrom feign a sudden interest in Mrs. Brown's cameo brooch.

She raised her arms for her partner's embrace, and was swept into the dance.

TO BE CONTINUED





# OUR ROSTRUM

*The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

## Radio Boy

*Does your attic harbor a Radio Boy? This sympathetic little study of a new "genus homo" is dedicated to American mothers by Kate Mullen, author of "A Poor Folks' Child" and "Interval", published in THE FORUM:*

Yesterday he had depended upon her so completely for all the amenities of his daily living; his eager sucklings, all his little sanitations, the intricacies of his dress, all had been dependent upon her ministrations. He had been a beautiful baby, like an enormous apple blossom, and strong and aggressive and healthy. And with it all so alluringly helpless. Sometimes she rued the day she had allowed him to walk, for as soon as his drunken, wiggly legs had steadied up a bit, he had walked clear away from her, — and never returned.

She could hear him now in the attic, hammering, puttering, and then silences, — listening, ear-capped silences. As though still hoping to find her baby boy she mounted the steep attic stairs.

"Hey, Ma, commere!" he greeted her demandingly. She was an audience, — that was all.

Trying to be un-jealous she crossed the attic to where this huge, khaki and corduroy clad figure bent over wires, discs, and coils. The back of his neck still had a baby look; she gave it a quick, soft kiss which he as quickly tossed off, not unkindly but as a pony tosses off a fly and returns to his grazing.

"Y'know, Ma, that induction coil I had trouble with?" he began.

So she sat down and resumed again the old fiction of being interested in ohms and catwhiskers, — "Phosphor, bronze catwhiskers", — she remembered that he had wanted money to buy them one day. She had tried to understand, for her boy's sake, — but she hadn't that sort of mind.

She noticed how patiently he was explaining it to her and how hard he was trying not to be too technical. He had done so-and-so to so-and-so and it had produced such-and-such a triumphant result. His cheeks were an excited pink. Through the sky-light the sun touched the gold of his hair, — there still remained something of the apple blossom look about him.

Now he grew taut; closed away from her in the vise of those horrid ear-laps, — he was *picking up something!* Out of the very air! From Chicago or from a liner on the ocean. It might even be from Havana. He had heard from very great distances, her boy! And every screw of the machinery he had installed himself.

So wise! And so remote! She wondered how she had ever come to have him.

And yet it seemed only yesterday that she had pinned him helpless into an embroidered dress over a Gertrude petticoat.

KATE MULLEN.

Seattle, Wash.

## Sincerely Sorry

*The Irish are not the only ones to commit an occasional "bull". We will let the following letter speak for itself, adding, however,*



our sincere apology to Dorothy Canfield Fisher, to her publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company, and to all FORUM readers:

Editor of THE FORUM:

As I think you know, we are the publishers of the American translation, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, of Papini's *Life of Christ*. In your June issue is an article "Catholicism Self-Condemed" by Dr. Charles Fama, in which is the phrase "the American translator (a convert to Rome, etc.)" Mrs. Fisher has not now and never has had the slightest connection with the Roman Catholic Church. The translation of Papini's *Life of Christ* was undertaken by her, and its publication was undertaken by us, as a purely literary matter.

Such a misstatement is apt to start a foolish myth unless promptly corrected. We must therefore insist that you print this statement of the facts in at least as prominent a place as you gave to the misstatement.

ALFRED HARCOURT.

Harcourt, Brace and Company,  
New York, N. Y.

## Proof and Reproof

*This little poem, entitled "Venetian Subtlety" by "Its Victim", came addressed to "THE FORUM Editor on Complexes and Repressions" from the "Country Bumpkin". Readers are referred to "A Friendly Tilt" in last month's ROSTRUM for adequate connection:*

Many my years and staid my countenance,  
Conscious my soul of pride's futility;  
Of Decorous Code I am the maintenance  
In utter, stark respectability.

Yet as Othello stumbled, so fell I,  
Seeming to show me not impeccable,  
For, when Iago flattered, voicing praise so  
sly—  
Vowing that I was *not* respectable—

There came a fleeting, warmly subtle smile  
Close to my lips (ere angles scotched it  
quick)

To prove that complex which in some is  
guile,  
In *me* is simply the Old Nick.

Philadelphia, Pa.

F. S. T.

And this, from an instructor in St Louis University:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Morality, like manners, is conventional. Private Mind alone should be the authority behind our morals. Morals then are relative to the individual and to the age in which he lives. Time and temperament constitute the moral code. This is the doctrine put out with dogmatic certainty by the writer of "Common-Censorship". He advocates Private Mind as opposed to a voice of authority, yet his own voice sounds dogmatic enough. Does he wish us to take him seriously?

Taking your morals because the medicine bottle is signed by a supreme prescriber, or taking it because your personal physician, Private Mind, thinks it will do you good, is wrong. Rationality, not authority, is the basis of sense of what is right or wrong. It is irrational to kill; it is not reasonable to defraud. So private or universal authority is equally false. Rational nature is the basis of morality.

But hasn't the fruit on the tree of Private Judgment satisfied its advocates after four centuries? Do they think that their denial of any firmly authenticated system of morals has lessened the suicides on our trees, or the murders on our highways? Has their denial of any objective right or wrong been a check on governmental swindle or private thievery? Has the "roll your own" system of morality been a powerful preventative of social immorality? We should be inclined to ask Private Mind to hang itself on the first tree instead of making it so easy for others to do so.

The writer is not a Puritan nor does he entirely agree with the maternal aunts who are so fussy about reforming us. He is a Catholic who believes and can prove that there is such a thing as a right and wrong; and that morality is not a matter of Private Mind based on the present mode and moment.

WILFRED G. LAUER.

St Louis, Mo.

## "False Portraits"?

M. Jules Bois's essay, "The Worship of Human Gods", in his series on "The New Religions of America", has given rise to a



ood of comment. One of the officers of The Theosophical Society points out a "few of his cardinal errors":

Editor of THE FORUM:

The style of M. Jules Bois is so vivacious and attractive and his interest in certain aspects of mysticism of so long standing, that it is to be regretted he did not amplify and verify his information before undertaking to write about The Theosophical Society and Madame Blavatsky.

Some thirty years ago, M. Bois wrote concerning "The Little Religions of Paris"; he now undertakes to enlighten the world on "The New Religions of America", amongst which he counts Theosophy. In reality, he has written, not a history of the Theosophical Society but a travesty; picturesque and vivacious, but none the less a travesty. It will, perhaps, be sufficient to point out a few of his cardinal errors.

The article covers twelve pages, of which seven are devoted to Mrs. Annie Besant, on the supposition that Mrs. Besant was Madame Blavatsky's "successor". This is absolutely contrary to the facts. Mrs. Besant became a member of The Theosophical Society about the year 1889; Madame Blavatsky died on May 8, 1891. During part of the interval between these two dates, Mrs. Besant was lecturing in the United States. She had in all, therefore, an opportunity lasting only a few months to learn from Madame Blavatsky, and she did not learn very much. Shortly after Madame Blavatsky's death, Mrs. Besant fell under Brahmanical influence. By the year 1896, she had ceased to be a member of the original Theosophical Society, and from that time forward her opinions and doings are not relevant to its history. Her continued use of the term "Theosophical" to describe her personal propaganda, both political and psychic, has met with constant protest.

So we need only consider the first five pages of this entertaining essay. M. Jules Bois claims to have known "the Founders" of The Theosophical Society, and, on the strength of that knowledge, gives us a spirited but somewhat flippant description of Colonel Olcott, and a wholly false portrait of Madame Blavatsky. If

the books of reference be not at fault, M. Bois was born in 1871. Madame Blavatsky went to London in the spring of 1887, when M. Bois was sixteen, and remained there, with one brief visit to France, until her death in 1891. Since M. Bois does not appear to have visited Madame Blavatsky in England, it is difficult to see how he could have had any real knowledge of her.

I knew Madame Blavatsky through a series of years, and I have no hesitation in saying that the portrait of M. Bois is wholly false. It is true that he expresses sympathy and even admiration for Madame Blavatsky as a woman of genius; but he regards her as a "symbolist", a "hyperbolist", a "catachrestic", the inventor of a new mythology. While M. Bois as a youth may have seen Madame Blavatsky in Paris, it is quite evident that he has not the slightest insight into her sterling honesty, her great humility, above all, her simplicity of heart.

Madame Blavatsky wrote half a dozen large volumes and several smaller works. M. Bois appears to know very little about them. With even a little knowledge, he would have known that, in *The Key to Theosophy*, written nearly forty years ago, Madame Blavatsky had anticipated all the points in his article and had answered them quietly, tolerantly, and convincingly.

To begin with the title of his article: "The New Religions of America", Madame Blavatsky shows at some length, quoting chapter and verse, that Theosophy is not new, but is to be found in the Upanishads, the Suttas, the Book of the Dead, as well as in the Christian Scriptures. Then the sub-title: "The Worship of Human Gods", which perhaps comes naturally from the fluent pen of the author of *Les Noces de Satan*, is in this case quite misleading. Madame Blavatsky wrote, in answer to the question, "Who are those whom you call your 'Masters'?" Some say they are 'Spirits', or some other kind of supernatural beings, while others call them 'myths':

"They are neither . . . In the first place, they are living men, born as we are born, and doomed to die like every other mortal . . . We call them 'Masters' because they are our teachers; and because from them we have derived all the Theosophical truths, however inadequately



some of us may have expressed, and others understood, them. They are men of great learning, whom we term Initiates, and still greater holiness of life. They are not ascetics in the ordinary sense, though they certainly remain apart from the turmoil and strife of your western world."

Again, replying to the suggestion that the Masters are "men of straw, Mahatmas of muslin and bladders" and that assertions of this kind would injure her reputation, Madame Blavatsky writes:

"In what way can such an accusation injure her in reality? Did she ever make money on their presumed existence, or derive benefit, or fame, therefrom? I answer that she has gained only insults, abuse, calumnies . . ." and so on, answering the very hypothesis which is the kernel of M. Bois's article, — answering it nearly forty years before it was written. M. Bois should study her books, he should inform himself regarding the history and work of The Theosophical Society; perhaps he might then write something in a very different spirit.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

New York, N. Y.

## Artful Letters

*Is any art pure? Is Picasso "deader than a door-nail?" These are questions raised by additional critics of our June debate "Is Cubism Pure Art?" While Walter Pach who wrote of "Picasso's Achievement" makes a rebuttal.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Without definitions, arguments pro and con would be futile.

If the followers of Cubism or Academicism, or any other "ism" believe it is a doctrine which can tell them how to produce objects of art, they are of course in error. Art is not the child of doctrines, principles, or rules. What is done by rule or guided by doctrine is not art, but applied science; that is, if rule or doctrine is demonstrably true. If they are not, products produced by their use are mere haphazard doings.

Is any art pure? If by pure is meant purposeless, the answer is no. The aimless whittler produces a whittled stick. The repetitious painter of hay-cocks denies that he paints them to no purpose; and if

he did not deny it he would be set down as a nit-wit.

If art is not found in objects, — that is, if beauty lies not in the form, mass, line, color, and what-not of a material thing, but in the feeling, the appreciative power, the reactions, the pleasure, or uplift, or agreeable emotion of the beholder, as the students tell us, — then how can one form of this emotion, to wit, that provoked by what the makers of the object in question call "Cubism", be purer than another?

J. C. DANA.

Newark, N. J.

Editor of THE FORUM:

When artists of the distinction of John Sloan, Eugene Speicher, Arnold Rönnebeck, Alfred C. Bossom, and Katherine S. Dreier write you that the Cubistic paintings of Picasso are "important works of art," that they, with others of their class "have created one of the greatest revolutions in the history of art," that they "are healthy evidences of a return to the great underlying and undying art urges of the race," etc., I think no further words of mine are needed to refute Professor Mather's statement that Cubism is "pure nonsense", unless the opinion of a critic of art is to be considered as more weighty than the opinion of men who are actually producing art. And it was the painters and sculptors of the last hundred years, without much help from the critics, — or rather, time and again, in the teeth of the critics, — who brought about the recognition of the new masters. The difference in point of view between the two classes of men is that the artist is concerned with the live idea of his time, while the critic, not finding it in the archives of the past (or being incapable of recognizing the idea in the form through which the past expressed it), goes on insisting that "there ain't no sich animal" or, in the more scholarly phrase of Professor Mather, calls you a "super-bore" when you point out that the creature does nevertheless exist.

Quite outside of that type of discussion is Professor Churchill's article. Indeed he considers the question with so open a mind, makes so many observations of value in the course of his argument, and finds so much merit in the work which he chal-



enges only as to its final rightness, that I am loath to call attention to our differences. There is, however, a simple point of fact that must be set right. Professor Churchill says in affirming the exhaustion of the Cubistic movement, that "the most cogent testimony is the example of Picasso himself. For if he has abandoned it, it can only be because he is aware of its insufficiency." The fact is that Picasso has not abandoned Cubism. As I stated in my article (from which Professor Churchill quotes), Picasso resumed last year the work with abstract forms which he had for a time been applying to a new realism. And even while working in that manner he was not giving testimony against pictures such as the one you published in your June number. Rivera, another of the early Cubists, who is to-day using a naturalistic formula, has put the matter into words quite definitely, saying: "If I was a Cubist then (while employing abstract forms) I am ten times as much a Cubist to-day."

To see the matter in that way is to see, too, that Cubism did not come "almost over night", as Professor Churchill says. From Cézanne of 1880 in the Impressionist manner to a Cézanne of 1900, the distance in idea is much greater than from the later Cézanne to Picasso. Redon, also, is very near, in his late works, to an art from which representation is eliminated. The reason why the younger men, — those who count, — followed Picasso's lead was that they felt that he (with Braque) had recognized the necessary conclusion to be drawn from the logic of the masters just before them. He had given the final statement that creation (not merely "organization" as Professor Churchill assumes) is the business of the artist.

Mr. McMahon, in his appreciative and generous review of my book *The Masters of Modern Art* in the same number of your magazine, protests against my idea that the giving of a new direction of art is a criterion of mastery, and says that "a painting may thus have historical or critical significance, while possessing little or no aesthetic value in the opinion of any age but our own." I wish he had offered an example of such painting, for I can think of none whatever. I believe that artists learn, not from works of merely historical

significance, but from works of art. Picasso's countryman, Goya, who exercised so great an influence on modern art, was for a long time regarded as a political caricaturist, his art, — according to Hamerton, — being on a level with that of a drunken fiddler in a country tavern. But it was precisely for his art that Manet and the rest consulted him. And were Picasso not the admirable artist that he is, the dozen or so of painters mentioned as accepting something of his ideas (and the list could be extended to include nearly every good artist of their generation) would have passed him by as a mere theorist. I believe it is their judgment, rather than that of the critics, which will prevail. It is above all by work of the type in your illustration that he has exerted this influence. That may well count as "achievement"; the "failure" imputed to him may turn out to be the failure in understanding of those who have sought the art of our time outside the limits of its essential tendencies.

WALTER PACH.

New York, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is a great pity that Mr. Pach and Professor Churchill who discussed certain phases of the art of extremists in the June number confined themselves to one artist, Picasso. Even by many of his own group, Picasso, in so far as the earlier forms of Cubism go, is supposed to be somewhat "deader than a door-nail". With Mr. Pach sticking to Picasso as a sort of forlorn hope, naturally Professor Churchill was prevented from ranging freely over the output of so many of the experimenters who, having invented a new method but to abandon it, are somewhat like little boys who make up an artificial alphabet and then ask you to read it and interpret it after they have thrown away their arbitrary key.

Professor Churchill did make very clear that the things that Mr. Pach saw in Picasso's obscurities were not seen by him, and certainly are not visible to those faced with unintelligibility or with the "universal" and the "abstract" so obscure and muddled as to represent mere chaos in design with no help from color. Moreover, Professor Churchill did not discuss a very interesting point raised by Mr.



Pach, and that is the latter's sensitiveness to having any one raise the question of ignobility or issues of possible humbug in connection with the discussion of the most extreme forms of what is called "modernism" in painting. It is natural for Mr. Pach to shy at this issue of ignobility since he, himself, is one of the most gentle and gracious and high-minded of artists, and anything ignoble must be most offensive to him. But in ruling out ignobility he indulged, unwittingly no doubt, in a quibble in saying that he was not discussing "painters who are not artists". And, again, in referring to the "real artists" and "true artists" he made no set definition or discrimination as to how or by whom the real and the true are differentiated in the matter of artists, or how "artists" are differentiated from "painters". The fact of it is that what makes Mr. Pach a little uneasy is that "ignobility" has attached itself to the kind of thing for which Picasso and all his various followers have presumably stood, and still stand even if Picasso may be the most Simon pure of all the artists and real artists and something quite above being a mere painter, who is in revolution against all the traditions of the past as well as against the normal ways of orderly society.

HARVEY M. WATTS.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## A Combined Navy

*Another idea for a "step forward" in America's preparation for peace:*

*Editor of THE FORUM:*

I believe that within the not distant future a World Court will be established in such a way that it will bring the different nations closer together and prevent the likelihood of any future war. Attached to it I think there should be an arrangement to have one combined navy for all the different nations instead of a separate navy for each. Such combined navy would naturally consist of a very much smaller number of ships than the aggregate of ships now included in the existing navies, even if a great reduction should be made. In this way one source of jealousy now existing between the different nations would be avoided, and it would have a tendency to unify the various nations, at

least to the extent of doing away with naval rivalry. The sea is free and every nation has an equal right to it. I know it will be a great problem as to how the command of such a single navy is to be arranged, but I hope that this difficulty can be solved.

I understand the difficulties and prejudices of most of the nations which now maintain navies, but the advantages of a combined navy are of such great importance that it seems well worth while to make a strong effort to bring it about.

The object of the civilized nations certainly cannot be to fight each other, — in fact, from time to time now they are conferring on how to make reductions in their navies, — but they always have to consider keeping up their proportionate size and quality. Look at the enormous saving that could be effected both in the cost of construction and in the cost of maintenance. Outside of the question of the different nations fighting each other, one navy, say of the size and quality of that of Great Britain or of the United States, would be just as safe and effective as to keep up all existing navies.

I suppose the cost of each nation could in this way be reduced to one-third or one-fourth of what it is now. Many of the nations in Europe seem to have great difficulty in procuring the large amounts now made necessary to maintain their navies. If any nation remains outside of such agreement or if any nation in years to come wants to withdraw from such combination, it would take many years before it could build a navy that would in any way rank with the then united navy, and before such a project could be accomplished it would be known that that nation was trying to build a navy to compete.

As a sort of police force to guard canals or to be ready for emergency cases such a combined navy would be at least as effective as if many nations had their own navy as is now the case. It would be in my opinion a step forward toward avoiding possible future wars.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

*New York, N. Y.*

EDITOR'S NOTE:—

Other thoughtful plans for "The Way to Peace" will be presented each month in "Our Rostrum" columns.



## Mirrored Motherhood

Editor of THE FORUM:

When the JUNE FORUM arrived to-day, I simply rushed my Saturday's work through in order to have a few minutes with it. And such a treat as I met in "Maternal". Why, it is wonderful that one *could* put it into words! And I know it so well. I, too, have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow for an unwanted baby, — that afterward became the dearest of all. I, too, have had the next littlest one coming shyly into my room. I have felt what she felt about bodies, and about sex. I, too, have made chintz curtains and covered boxes for my very ordinary little bedroom. In fact, a magazine as expensive as THE FORUM is really a luxury to me. But how can anyone expect but that I will go on taking it always when it gives us things like "Maternal".

A MOTHER.

*Matapedia,  
Quebec, Canada.*

## Mongoloid Mixture

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have been much interested in the article by Dr. Crookshank in the May FORUM on the "Three-fold Origin of Man". It has occurred to me that there is a simpler explanation of Mongolian imbecility or idiocy.

Centuries before the Christian era there was a Mongolian immigration into the British Island and into other parts of Western Europe. This probably occurred during the Bronze Age, though its date is of course impossible to fix. These Mongolians spread over the British Islands, and to this day, we are told by anthropologists, there are in various parts of Britain people who show distinct Mongolian characteristics even to the slanting Oriental eye.

Doctor Beddoe says that the "existence of traces of the Mongoloid race is to be found among the modern population of Wales and West of England." He says that their heads and cheek-bones are broad, their eye-brows are oblique, and their noses are flat and broad. In Caesar's time the Britons were largely a mixed race, but the Mongoloid migration long antedated the time of Caesar.

It would appear, then, that there is a certain amount of Mongoloid mixture in the inhabitants of the British Islands, though this is a very small per cent and has long since been concealed by later mixture with white races.

A probable explanation of Mongoloid imbecility or idiocy is that it is a reversion to an earlier type. Or, to put it differently, nature failed to add the later acquired characteristics of the white man in those rare instances in which there was Mongol blood, and the imbecile being an incomplete being appears occasionally as a Mongol type. This would seem to be a simpler explanation than to invoke the three-fold origin of man, a pretty hard strain on the theory of reversion, which though an undoubted scientific fact would rarely reach back across the uncountable centuries to our pre-human ancestors.

The evidence for the mixture of Mongolian blood with the inhabitants of the British Islands is conclusive and will be found discussed by Doctor Beddoe in *Races of Britain* and by MacNamara in *The Origin and Character of the British People*.

DR. J. H. McBRIDE.

*Pasadena, Cal.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: —

We believe that Dr. McBride has misinterpreted Dr. Crookshank's meaning. It is not our impression that the English physician "explains" Mongolian imbecility by reason of the three-fold origin of man. And certainly he is well aware that "round heads" invaded Britain in prehistoric times. Moreover there are many anthropologists who believe that the European Alpine race is really of Asiatic origin, — nothing more than a Nordicized Mongolian strain. The point which Dr. Crookshank makes is that "Mongolism" occurs only among those peoples who, at some time, have been exposed to racial Mongolian infiltration. His explanation of the phenomena is precisely the same as Dr. McBride's. But going further he traces the homologies between racial Mongols, Mongolian imbeciles, and the orangutan, as evidence of their common origin, and thus builds up his theory of the Three-fold Origin of Man, — Yellow-Orang, White-Chimpanzee, and Negro-Gorilla.



# America and Roman Catholicism

## *VI — A Symposium of Correspondence*

### AN EDITORIAL FOREWORD

The sheaf of selected correspondence published below concludes a six-months' controversy in *THE FORUM* under the broad generalization "Is the Roman Catholic Church un-American?" In the March *FORUM* in an essay on the Church of Rome as an American institution, Michael Williams, a Catholic Editor, urged those who whisper innuendoes against his church to speak out in the open "in order that a reasonable discussion may clear the air of the present dangerous stuff which leads nowhere save to anger, suspicion, disunion, and possibly to violence."

They have spoken. Mr. Williams's challenge has been answered with vigor in two indictments, the first by one of America's ablest essayists, the second by an Italian-American convert to Protestantism. For rebuttal, from hundreds of papers offered by Roman Catholics, the Editors selected the two that seemed most comprehensive, one by a former Protestant bishop converted to Roman Catholicism, the other by a diplomat whose ancestors have been Roman Catholics since they brought their faith to Maryland in the seventeenth century.

St Augustine's three-fold truth should be a guiding maxim for those who read these papers: "In things necessary — unity, in things doubtful — liberty, in all things — charity". In devotion to America, Catholics and non-Catholics must be united; in matters of faith, they should enjoy full liberty; in controversy, they ought to be charitable one to the other. Each reader must be his own judge of the debate. While certain disturbing documents and private acts of political aggression have been recorded, the Americanism of the great body of American Catholics has not been impugned. On one important point all four writers have been in agreement: in warning any religious group against yielding to the temptation

given them by the power of numbers to use that power to achieve political mastery.

Although *THE FORUM* adjourns discussion of America and Roman Catholicism for the present there are special topics relating to the general subject of American Catholicism that have not yet been sufficiently discussed and will be treated later: "Cahenslyism", mixed marriages, parochial schools, the psychology of conversion, the present-day attitude of the Vatican toward foreign temporal powers, including America. Again, both Catholics and Protestants have commented on certain disquieting rumors of religious interference in Massachusetts politics and urged *THE FORUM* to an unprejudiced investigation. Is it true that the descendants of the Lowells and the Cabots have resigned their control of the "Hub of the Universe" to a foreign hierarchy? Our Massachusetts survey has been conducted with all fairness, and its results will be published in the autumn.

In the September *FORUM*, during the recess on the Catholic Question, a national leader will discuss the problem of whether another organization, the Ku Klux Klan, is in like danger of yielding to the same temptation of which the four writers above, Catholic and Protestant alike, have warned us: of employing organized religious enthusiasm to secure political mastery.

### *Editor of THE FORUM:*

Queen Elizabeth and President Wilson were equally aware that the theoretical position of the Roman hierarchy and the actual position of many individual members of the Roman Church are two wholly different things. If Woodrow Wilson ever saw the silly cartoon depicting Joseph P. Tumulty telephoning to the Pope all the secrets of the American Government, he was either exasperated or moved to mirth. For he, the son of a Presbyterian minister,



knew that Tumulty, though a Catholic and a Knight of Columbus, was also an American patriot and his loyal friend. The shrewd Elizabeth, knowing that she would lose her crown and probably her head if the Spanish Armada, which had been blessed by the Pope, who regarded her as a bastard, a heretic, and an usurper, were successful, nevertheless placed the Catholic, Lord Howard of Effingham, in command of her fleet. For she also knew that Lord Howard was, above all, an Englishman who would never willingly permit Spaniards to defeat an English fleet.

If the timid souls who now tremble before the bugaboo of a papistical conquest of America had as much horse sense and knowledge of human nature as Elizabeth, their fears would be allayed. In Elizabeth's day there was reason for fear. Her sister Mary had roasted Protestants at the stake, and Alva had butchered thousands in the Netherlands. But this is an age with a wholly different intellectual atmosphere. No pope would to-day dare to burn a heretic, even if he desired to do so. In theory, of course, the Roman Church was founded by God, and consigns to eternal flames all beyond its pale. In theory, too, the Pope, who claims infallibility, when speaking *ex cathedra* upon questions of faith or morals, could declare that the election of a Protestant as President of the United States would endanger the true faith and be perilous to morals. But, in fact no Pope would be rash enough to do so. The days of ignorism when Popes could set up or pull down Kings and Emperors are gone forever. Popes are now keenly conscious that not only Protestants would resist open attempts to control temporal affairs, but that great numbers of Catholic laymen, and even some priests, would do the same. Catholic France has expelled the Jesuits and numerous other Catholic orders, has abolished the Concordat, has ceased to pay the salaries of priests, and has elected Doumergue, a Protestant, President of the Republic. In overwhelming Catholic Italy the Pope has been ousted from his temporal domain and poses as the "Prisoner of the Vatican". Nor does either the King of Italy or Mussolini show signs of a desire to abdicate and place the Pope on the Italian throne.

That Catholic priests would like to substitute their parochial schools for the American public schools, and would like to influence politics in many ways, — just as Methodists and Baptists have gone into politics to prohibit the drinking of beer, — is of course true. But it is also true that many Catholic laymen decline to follow their priests in such matters. Far more of them, however, will follow the priests, if angered by the rabid attacks of such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan. The way to make Catholics tolerant is for Protestants to be tolerant themselves.

R. H. DABNEY.

*University of Virginia.*

*Editor of THE FORUM:*

I have just been reading the June FORUM and would like to make the following contribution to the discussion found in the Rostrum. Before I make it let me say that I have up until now not shown the slightest interest in the so-called Catholic question except to preach a sermon on the intolerance of Protestants toward their Catholic brethren. I have not believed one word about their attempts unduly to control school boards or other rumors of a like nature. I was amazed to find the article in the newspaper written by John Jay Chapman at the time of the Harvard College appointment. I read with interest, therefore, his remarks in THE FORUM for I could not believe that John Jay Chapman would become a bigot and rail against the Catholics without some reason. I found his article unexpectedly convincing and since then have really begun to study the Catholic question with zeal. But my contribution which I speak of is the following:

Mary Dixon Thayer beseeches Mr. Chapman to "tell us just what these 'threatening intimations' are which the 'man in the street' receives." To my amazement I became the recipient of one of these "threatening intimations" just two days ago.

I have just moved into a new parish where they have three Protestant churches and one Catholic church. We have a local newspaper which is published once a week. I contributed an article to this paper giving my impressions of the lectures of Dean Inge, which were given at Yale. I said among other things that the



Dean apparently was a broad Churchman and seemed to have an Anti-Catholic complex. I did not discuss this further but simply said that I got this impression among others. The article was printed word for word, but the few words concerning the Catholics were omitted. The editor saw me about a week later and told me that he omitted those few words for my benefit. He said he knew I was a new man and did not know how easily the Catholics would be thrown against me, so he thought it best to omit the reference to the Roman Church for my sake. I said, "You don't mean to say that they would consider me Anti-Roman Catholic for writing such a statement?" He said, "My experience has been bitter, and I have learned the lesson that nothing that is not definitely good will be acceptable to the Catholics, and since they are such a power in the town it doesn't pay to have them against you."

You can imagine how I felt. I never dreamed of such a thing. I suppose I have become one of John Jay Chapman's "men in the street", but I hope it doesn't scare me or embitter me.

CARL M. SANGREE.

*Litchfield, Conn.*

#### Editor of THE FORUM:

It is of course impossible to attempt to answer adequately, in the brief scope of a letter, the charges against Roman Catholicism voiced in the June FORUM by Mr. Fama under the title "Catholicism Self-Condemed", but it may not be amiss to propound a few simple questions to Mr. Fama, over against those he himself propounded.

Evidently, Mr. Fama believes in the old adage "Assume a virtue if you have it not", — or at any rate he believes in assuming a condition if you have it not, — for on the very first page of his article Mr. Fama proceeds to combat, desperately, an assumption which no one but himself has assumed, and triumphantly to refute a proposition which no one has ever held.

"Supposing" (Mr. Fama supposes) "that the members of certain high professions, because of their intellectual and social calling, should be prevented by law from having any family of their own, would we call such people (those who advocate such a law) patriotic Americans? Would they not, by their practise, destroy

whatever verbal affirmation they might make to the contrary?" Yet the Roman Church, Mr. Fama asserts, does just this. The analogy is so strained as to be scarcely an analogy at all. Does Mr. Fama forget that the individual citizen in a (supposedly) free country possesses the right *not* to marry, as well as the right to marry? That every human being is (supposedly) free to choose to be a priest of the Roman Church, or if a woman happens to choose to be a nun, each has as much right to choose thus as to choose to marry and bring up a family? No, of course no government has the right to forbid its citizens to marry, — but neither has it the right to forbid them not to marry.

Now, priests and nuns of the Catholic Church have embraced the religious life voluntarily, and taken the vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, voluntarily. The Church has not forced them to embrace this life. Far from despising the married state as "inferior", in any sense, the Catholic Church raises marriage (side by side with the Holy Orders) to the dignity of a Sacrament, and asserts that "marriage is an honorable estate . . . instituted by God in the time of Man's innocence, etc. . . ." But the Church has found that, as a matter of discipline, it is *on the whole* best for the clergy to remain unmarried, although at various times, and even to-day in certain portions of the world, She allows the clergy to marry. It is a disciplinary measure, pure and simple; and what organization has not the right to state the "conditions" required for holding office within it? The Catholic Church maintains the right of the individual to choose his own state in life, — to marry, or not to marry, — and, incidentally, Christ Himself chose not to marry, although He gave His blessing (as the Church gives it) to those who chose otherwise, and still does. Mr. Fama's analogy would be more apt, and more convincing, could he maintain that the Catholic Church merely tolerates marriage as a necessary, but unfortunate, relationship of the sexes, — or that it "influences" its members against marriage, — but such is so far from being the case that the Church uses Christian marriage as the symbol of the mystical union between Christ and Himself.



Mr. Fama reminds us that St Paul advised the Elders of the early Church to marry and have a family, but he omits (or perhaps he has never read) the words of Christ Himself, who said: "There are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven. He that can take, let him take it." (St Matthew, Chap. 19, verse 12.)

And what are we Catholics to say when Mr. Fama informs us, so calmly, that we believe that "whosoever does not belong to our particular sect will be tormented forever and ever in Hell"? And he adds, if we don't believe it, we ought to!

It is true that the Catholic believes that his Church is the one founded by Christ Himself, that it is the only Christian body that has preserved the *whole* of Christ's teaching intact, — that it is, in fact, the only true Church in the fullest meaning of the word. (A claim made, be it noted in passing, by no other Christian body, so that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Church which even claims to possess the whole truth.)

But this does not mean that the Catholic consigns his Protestant friends to a sizzling Hell. I, for one, sincerely trust that Mr. Fama will get to Heaven before me, if indeed I ever get there at all. To believe that those who know, and rightly understand the doctrines of the Catholic Church, will be morally and intellectually constrained to accept them, since these doctrines are (so the Catholic believes) the highest and fullest expression of Christianity, is not to believe that Mr. Fama, for instance, will be "tormented forever and ever" for not accepting them, but rather that Mr. Fama does not know, or rightly understand, the teachings of the Catholic Church. The fault, in other words, is not with the Church, but with Mr. Fama, who, in setting up his own conception of the Church, and attacking this conception with zeal, is not really attacking the Catholic Church at all, but only his own notion of it. It is to be hoped that, when Mr. Fama has successfully annihilated all his misconceptions, he will be able to see the Catholic Church as it really is.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am not much in favor of theological

discussions, — or of discussions relating to ecclesiastical organizations. On such matters minds are usually fixed, and controversy seldom changes them, but usually merely tends to fix them more firmly.

The bad old times of a prevailing *odium theologicum* are in the main quite gone, at least in the civilization of western nations. There are localities here and there, to be sure, where these animosities still linger, and the belief in witchcraft and the confident expectation of the near end of the world are not yet entirely extinct. Under our laws priests no longer have the power of persecution for opinion's sake, and not many have the desire. Further, no one church-body commands the allegiance of a dominant mass of our population. On the whole perhaps from the point of view of the general welfare this is a beneficent situation. The tendency to tyranny seems inherent in most forms of ecclesiasticism. Religious liberty has an added security from the impracticability of control by any one religious organization. Priestcraft is very similar through all the ages.

The venerable Roman Catholic Church has a long record of many ages. It has shared in the good and the evil of changing times. Not all ecclesiastic administrators have been saintly; inquisitions have not been merciful. But both have reflected the spirit of the changing centuries. The great Church has been mellowed by time. In our republic, wholly aside from theological questions, — and I write as a Protestant by education and by conviction, — the Catholic Church is a power for good. It controls the conscience of many who need such control and who could be reached by no other agency. It is a bulwark of society against disruptive forces. Its best is very good, — and churches should not be judged by their worst, unless they are practically wholly evil. Such surely is not the case with this church. It is true that the central authority in the Roman Catholic Church is in a foreign country. But the activity of the papacy in international politics is practically obsolete.

There are malevolent agencies which aim at the destruction of our republic, but I do not count the Catholic Church among them, — I count it as against them.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

Chicago, Ill.



*Editor of THE FORUM:*

Mr. Williams claims that our Constitution and Declaration of Independence spring largely from the teaching of the Catholic philosophy and practise of the early Middle Ages. If he means prior to 320 A.D., well and good. For from this time can be traced the decay and decline of Christianity from its early high moral standard. Now in a moment, says Myers the historian, this was changed. Constantine had granted the Christian societies the right to receive gifts, and he gave donations of money and grants of land to the Church. And Dante laments:

*Oh, Constantine! of how much ill, was  
mother;*

*Not thy conversion, but that marriage  
dower*

*Which the first wealthy Father took from  
thee!*

To harmonize the different sects that sprung up, and to settle the controversy between the Arians of Alexandria, who denied the equality of Jesus with God the Father; and the orthodox or Catholic view of the trinity, a grand council at Nicaea was called. The world knows the infallible decision.

The three elements of resurgent action of the Catholic Church,—increase of spiritual influence, intellectual development, and its heightened consciousness of social service,—should be welcomed with great joy by the United States and by the world. But apostolic succession and infallibility should peacefully lie down with the divine right of kings. Irresponsible power as final arbiter in this world's affairs is the nemesis of the Catholic Church.

W. E. JACKSON.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Editor of THE FORUM:*

Mr. Chapman certainly has the better of the discussion on America and Roman Catholicism. Mr. Williams presented an account of the constructive accomplishments of the Church in America and asked for a statement of her destructive or subversive activities. Mr. Chapman countered with the moth-eaten stock of the "Menace",—except the "gun in the basement for every baby" yarn,—revamped in correct English. Several pages

of groundless charges, innuendoes, and hints of plots are certainly much more effective in convincing a group of Klan intelligence and in securing the decision from that type of "liberalism" fostered by certain professedly liberal magazines than a thousand facts. Let no "liberal" question the decision, or he will be immediately branded as being under the dominion of Rome.

Let us examine a few of Mr. Chapman's points. He contrasts the clearness of the Syllabus of Pius IX with the "method" that leaves room for misunderstanding, qualification, or mixing up of one proposition with another, so common in Catholic utterances." A very slight acquaintance with history would have shown him that the Syllabus of Pius IX follows the age-old form of all such documents. Perhaps Mr. Chapman knows this and also knows the ignorance and credulity of many of his readers. It is a bit strange to find him using the three expressions above when he has just denounced the Church for her insistence on authority and conformity, but one should not expect logic in such an article. It would have been much more effective, if writing for intelligent readers, to have shown that a single proposition condemns a single political, social, or educational idea that a patriotic American holds dear.

In the one paragraph he shudders at the number of Catholic colleges and seminaries in America and claims that the Church is opposed to education. His comparison of the Church's activities with the German drives would have been, at least, better timed if made a few years ago when "patriotic Americans" were racing up and down the land—on salary—shouting about the dangers of German Kultur while hundreds of thousands of Catholic young men were meeting German Kultur—and bullets—on the firing line.

As to Mr. Chapman's attempt to revive the question of the Catholic member of the Harvard Board of Fellows, Mr. Chapman should have the frankness to admit that his letter had the effect he desired and knew very well it would have. It brought forth a smile from some, a little anger mixed with disgust was aroused in others, and it resulted in a great amount of valuable advertising for Mr. Chapman,—without expense to himself.



If the last Democratic Convention was managed by the priests of Rome, as Mr. Chapman clearly implies, the country need never fear their effectiveness. An organization with such leadership would hardly have survived nineteen centuries. It would be a waste of time to show the ridiculousness of the charge, but it would be interesting to observe the surprise of Underwood, Pattangall, Erwin, and many others when they discover that they were acting under orders from Rome. The nation owes a great debt to Mr. Chapman for thus so clearly showing who is responsible for the immense vote given President Coolidge.

The "Menace" was effective, — therefore it was good. Who used to teach that the end justifies the means? Certainly it was effective in building up a fortune for its publishers, in acting as an outlet for surplus hatred and rancor, in giving wide circulation to innumerable funny and vile, but false, stories; and in fostering bigotry; but in what else? Why does Mr. Chapman make any reservation in his embrace of the Klan? Its views and practises are all based on the same principles. No one action of it is in the least any more discreditable than any other.

The European "liberals" will be horrified to learn that the Church has left Europe and moved over here. How are they to make a living now that there is nothing left for them to fight and Mr. Chapman has stolen their thunder and the Klan their "graft"? Mr. Chapman must be extremely lonely, — the only "intellectual" to see the horrible dangers besetting our country, the lone "intellectual" who fosters bigotry and ignorance, the one "intellectual" with a taste and admiration for the "Menace", grieving for its loss and hailing with delight the coming of the Klan. This aspect of the article is bound to create sympathy for the sufferings of the writer. If in the last paragraph he had substituted his name for the expression "our man in the street" it would be one of the most vivid descriptions of a nightmare ever published.

THOMAS J. SMITH.

*Sparkill, N. Y.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

In your issue of March the question as to whether or not the Roman Catholic

Church is incompatible with free institutions has been raised. In this connection, a number of questions might be propounded, the answers to which would be determinative of the general question:

Does the Pope still contend for temporal power? Does not he contend and claim that rightfully all temporal and spiritual things belong to his jurisdiction, and that all potentates and sovereignties are subject to his will?

To whom is allegiance first due, — to the United States or to the Pope?

Does the Roman Catholic Church admit of a free will in determining religious predilections by its members?

Is it tolerant of other Christian denominations? In connection with this question, I may refer to the present threat to oust the Methodist Church from Italy, and also the recent suppression of charters of the Masonic Lodges in that country.

If the Pope is infallible in his judgment, and his views and those of the United States were to differ, what would a good Roman Catholic do in such an exigency?

Suppose the Roman Church should develop another Armada, comparable to the Spanish Armada, which would start out from Europe, with the blessing of the Pope bestowed upon it at the sea's edge, with the design of conquering the United States, as that Armada was sent to conquer England, — what would then be the duty of a Roman Catholic citizen of the United States?

Suppose a Roman Catholic were married to a Protestant by a Protestant minister, — would that marriage be recognized as lawful by a good Roman Catholic? This question, of course, involves the legitimacy, or illegitimacy, of the offspring.

The article of Michael Williams, published in the March FORUM simply deals with generalities and avoids such questions as above propounded. His views on them would be very interesting, and would more nearly determine the question at issue than the merest general discussion, such as he indulged in.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WILLIAMS.

*Baltimore, Md.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with interest your article



entitled "America and Roman Catholicism", subtitled "Strike at the Source", by John Jay Chapman. He gives the Protestant reply to Michael Williams's article in your March issue, and I must say that it was amusing if it were not for the fact that Mr. Chapman seems very serious in his erroneous statements.

I shall endeavor to point out a few of his errors, but first I must agree with him upon one point. He says in part, "The struggle will go on indefinitely." I would change that and say, "The struggle will go on forever," using no other authority than Christ, Himself, when He warned the Apostles of the persecution in store for them, "Even to the consummation of the world."

In answer to Paragraph 12, Mr. Chapman endeavors to plead ignorance on the part of Catholics as to what their Church is doing. He surely has a marvelous idea as to the intelligence of American Catholics. He is absolutely wrong in every one of his statements against the Catholic Church, and he tries to "get away with it" without proving one of his statements. Where did he get his information? All we ask is proof.

Thank God, our schools are prospering, both public and parochial, but the latter seem offensive to your distinguished writer. He expects us to support our libraries, yet we must not make any literary contributions. Do Catholics object to Protestants building schools, colleges, and seminaries? But Catholics beware, you must not build, buy, or sell. John Jay Chapman objects.

With all due appreciation of Mr. Chapman's literary ability and his learning, I cannot but recall that old adage, "Most learned men are ignorant." They think they know, so they do not trouble themselves in endeavoring to ascertain an unbiased opinion.

For the benefit of Mr. Chapman, allow me to state that when an encyclical is promulgated, it is done for the guidance of Catholics; no Protestant can take offense because the Pope says no man can interpret the Scriptures according to the dictates of his conscience. Is not that the cause of all trouble in the Protestant church to-day, private interpretation of the Scriptures, each minister and layman with his own conception of its meaning?

No doubt Mr. Chapman is aware of the

fact that somewhere in his line of ancestors he was either one of two things, — a Catholic or a pagan. Whether his ancestors lost their faith with Erasmus, poor Luther, or burly Henry the Eighth, I do not know, neither does he perhaps. However, one thing is certain, that they had the gift of faith in God through his Vicar, the Pope, but through the error of his forebears he has been deprived of it, and I wonder if it is not his subconscious mind crying for the Light; or perhaps he is envious of that Great Gift enjoyed by eighteen million of his fellow countrymen and his desire to attain it. Yet he lacks the nerve for the final step. I wonder — I wonder.

I am looking forward with keen anticipation to Dr. Kinsman's article. I am sure it will be of great interest to Mr. Chapman to know why a Protestant Episcopal Bishop gave up his diocese and title to enter as a layman, "the Church steered by the Jesuits."

T. J. CONVERY.

*Stamford, Conn.*

*Editor of THE FORUM:*

I read with much interest Mr. Michael Williams's article in the March number of *THE FORUM* on the Roman Catholic Church in America. Before beginning the article I had hoped that here at last we would get a definite and authoritative answer to the charge that the Roman church in America is an alien institution. I regret to say that after I finished reading the article I was disappointed. Mr. Williams's answer, if it purported to be an answer, was not convincing.

The two illustrations accompanying the article appear to me to be eloquent evidence in the affirmative. If the Editor on his own account supplied the pictures of a corner of the Vatican courtyard and the dome of St Peter's it seems to me that he struck the nail squarely on the head. For this is, after all, the crux of the matter, — affiliation with Rome and allegiance to a foreign sovereign or potentate, in this case an Italian priest called Pope.

The Episcopal church in this country is an all-American church. So is the Presbyterian. So is the Lutheran, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregationalist, the Latter Day Saints or Mormons, the Society of Friends or Quakers, and so on. Many, if not most of these churches, owe



their growth, at least to some extent, to immigration, just as the Roman church, as Mr. Williams points out, owes its amazing expansion during the last few decades to immigration from Roman Catholic countries. The difference between the members of the churches I have mentioned and the adherents of the Roman church, and the difference is fundamental, is that they owe no allegiance, spiritual or otherwise, to any foreign prince, potentate, pope, or what not. Their life, economic, social, and religious, is all here in America. Their clergy do not have to go to Italy to be ordained or receive instructions, nor do the churchgoers have to look to a foreign land for spiritual solace or religious guidance.

Mr. Williams enumerates the number of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and clergy of his church in this country and boasts of its vast property holdings. These things are well known, but they do not prove that the Roman church is not alien in its essence and repugnant to the spirit of American institutions. Members of the Roman church (I doubt that it has members in the American sense of that term) are in the same relative position with regard to church management as the serfs in the middle ages in Europe were with reference to the political management of the state. They have nothing or practically nothing to say. They are ruled mentally and spiritually from above by a hierarchy whose headquarters are in a foreign country and whose supreme head is an Italian priest.

Suppose the impossible should happen. Suppose an American should become Pope. I fear Mussolini and his Fascists, whose motto is "Italy for the Italians," would start a terrible rumpus. Suppose further that the "American Pope" decided to retaliate by transferring his headquarters to the United States. What do you suppose the Italians would do? It would not surprise me if all of them would turn Protestant and become good Methodists.

H. SUNDBY-HANSEN.

New York, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

John Jay Chapman's interpretation of the Syllabus amused me as much as Cardinal Newman's description of the

hypothetical Russian amused George Eliot. She thought that first chapter of the present position of Catholics in England one of the finest pieces of fun in the English tongue. You remember that the comedy turns on the Russian interpreting the technical law terms of Blackstone as though they were used in their everyday meaning. The correspondence between Mr. Chapman and the hypothetical Russian is perfect on one matter. The Russian said that the axiom "The king can do no wrong" surely meant that the King and God were the same. Mr. Chapman in similar fashion says, "And the Pope is identified with God by the Roman Church."

Mr. Chapman's interpretation of the Syllabus is just as delectable and just as valuable as the Russian's interpretation of Blackstone. The reason is the same. Both try to explain a technical document without knowing the dialect in which it is written and the subject matter about which it is written. Mr. Chapman is a classical scholar, but that does not give him a mastery of Church Latin which is anything but Augustan, nor does the fact that he has written well on many subjects give him a mastery of theology. At any rate he might have consulted the *Catholic Encyclopedia* to see whether the Syllabus is the "absolute expression of the Roman creed." That book would inform him that Catholic theologians are still disputing about the precise doctrinal value of the propositions of the Syllabus.

This is what the *Catholic Encyclopedia* says about the Syllabus: "There is no agreement, however, on the question whether each thesis condemned in the Syllabus is infallibly false, merely because it is condemned in the Syllabus. Many theologians are of the opinion that to the Syllabus as such an infallible teaching authority is to be ascribed, whether due to an *ex-cathedra* decision by the Pope or to the subsequent acceptance by the Church. Others question this. So long as Rome has not decided the question everyone is free to follow the opinion he chooses." That is the value of the Syllabus according to those who know the dialect called Church Latin and the science called theology.

ALFRED G. BRICKEL.

St. Louis, Mo.



# OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

*The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 300 words in length, and those of 100 words are especially desired.*

## Joseph Conrad as Critic

On March 2, 1904, the late Joseph Conrad wrote a review of two notable English novels, under the title, "A Glance at Two Books". For one reason or another this review was never published. Now, after a lapse of more than twenty-five years, this critical essay by the man whom many considered the greatest English novelist of his day has come to light. Anything from the pen of Joseph Conrad is intrinsically worth while, and when he turns his critical acumen upon John Galsworthy and W. H. Hudson no further excuse for the publication of a manuscript a quarter of a century old is needed. But, inasmuch as the Hudson book discussed by Conrad happens to be *GREEN MANSIONS*, generally conceded to be the naturalist writer's chef d'oeuvre, —which has just been reprinted (April 1925) by Knopf, —a peculiar appropriateness is imparted to this venture in critical archeology.

The national English novelist seldom regards his work, — the exercise of his Art, — as an achievement of active life by which he will produce certain definite effects upon the emotions of his readers, but simply as an instinctive, often unreasoned,

outpouring of his own emotions. He does not go about building up his book with a precise intention and a steady mind. It never occurs to him that a book is a deed, that the writing of it is an enterprise as much as the conquest of a colony. He has no such clear conception of his craft. Writing from a full heart, he liberates his soul for the satisfaction of his own sentiment; and when he has finished the scene he is at liberty to strike his forehead and exclaim: "This is genius!"

Thackeray is reported to have done this, and there is no reason why any novelist of his type should not. He is, as a matter of fact, writing lyrically (a lyric is the expression of a mood); he is expressing his own moods: I take what the Gods give me, he says in all humility, and when the god-head inspires him with what seems good to his heart, to his imagination, to his tenderness, or to his indignation, he may say, and use the words literally, "This is genius!"

It is. And it is probably the reason why the distinctively English novelist is always at his best in denunciations of institutions, of types, or of conventionalized society.

It is comparatively easy for us when we are really moved by the clearness of our



own vision to convince an audience that Messrs A., B., & C. are callous, ferocious, or cowardly. We should have to use much more conscious art to give a permanent impression of those gentlemen as purely altruist.

Thus Mr. Osborne the hard merchant, father of Captain Osborne, is more definite and flawless than many of Thackeray's so-called good characters; and thus Mr. Pecksniff is, through scorn and dislike, rendered more memorable than the brothers Cheeryble. It is not perhaps so much that these distinguished writers were completely incapable of loving their fellow men simply as men, exposed to suffering, temptation, and affliction, as that, neglecting the one indispensable thing, neglecting to use their powers of selection and observation, they emotionally excelled in rendering the disagreeable. And that is easy. To find beauty, grace, charm, in the bitterness of truth is a graver task.

Thackeray we imagine did not love his gentle heroines. He did not love them. He was in love with the sentiments they represented. He was, in fact, in love with what does not exist,—and that is why Amelia Osborne does not exist, either in color, in shape, in grace, in goodness. Turgueniev probably did not love his Lisa, a most pathetic, pure, charming, and profound creation, for what she was in her creator's mind. He loved her disinterestedly, as it were, out of pure warmth of heart, as a human being in the tumult and hazard of life. And that is why we must feel, suffer, and live with that wonderful creation. That is why she is as real to us as her stupid mother, as the men of the story, as the sombre Varvard, and all the others that may be called the unpleasant characters in the *House of Gentlefolk*.

I have been reading two books in English, which have attracted a good deal of intelligent attention, but neither seems to have been considered as attentively as they might have been from this point of view. The one, *THE ISLAND PHARISEES* by John Galsworthy, is a very good example of the national novel; the other, *GREEN MANSIONS* by W. H. Hudson, is a proof that love, the pure love of rendering the external aspects of things, can exist side by side with the national novel in English letters.

Mr. Galsworthy's hero in *The Island*

*Pharisees*, during his pilgrimage right across the English social system, asks himself: "Why? Why is not the world better? Why are we all humbugs? Why is the social system so out of order?" And he gets no answers to his questions, for indeed in his mood no answer is possible; neither is an answer needed for the absolute value of the book. Shelton is dissatisfied with his own people, who are good people, with artists whose "at homes" he drops into, with marriage settlements and wedding services, with cosmopolitan vagabonds, with Oxford dons, with policemen, — with himself and his love.

The exposition of all the characters in the book is done with an almost unerring touch, with a touch indeed that recalls the sureness and the delicacy of Turgueniev's handling. They all live, and Mr. Galsworthy, or rather his hero, John Shelton, finds them all Pharasaic. It is as if he were championing against all these "good" people some intangible lost cause, some altruism, some higher truth that forever seems to soar out of his grasp. It is not exactly that Shelton is made to uphold the bitter morality of the cosmopolitan vagabond; for Mr. Galsworthy is too good an artist and too good a philosopher to make his Louis Ferrand impossibly attractive or even possibly cynical. Shelton does uphold, not so much the fact, as the ideal of honest revolt; he is the knight errant of a general idea. Therein he ceases to resemble the other heroes of English fiction, who are the champions of particular ideas, tilting sometimes at windmills (for the human power of self-deception is great) but with a particular foe always in their eye. Shelton distinctly does not couch his lance against a windmill. He is a knight errant, disarmed and faithful, riding forlorn to an inevitable defeat; his adversary is a giant of a thousand heads and thousand arms, a monster at once perfectly human and altogether soulless. Though nobody dies in the book, it is really the record of a long and tragic adventure whose tragedy is not so much in the event as in the very atmosphere, in the cold moral dusk in which the hero moves as if impelled by some fatal whisper without a sword, corselet, or helmet.

Amadis de Gaul would have struck a head off and counted it a doughty deed; Dickens would have flung himself upon



pen and paper and made a caricature of the monster would have flung at him an enormous joke vibrating with the stress of cheap emotions; Shelton, no legendary knight and being no humorist (but, like many simpler men, impelled by the destiny he carries within his breast), goes forth to be delivered, bound hand and foot, to the monster by his charming and limited Antonia. He is classed as an outsider by the men in the best clubs, and his prospective mother-in-law tells him not to talk about things. He comes to grief socially because in a world which everyone is interested to go on calling the best of all possible worlds he has insisted upon touching in challenge all the shields of his fiancée, of his mother-in-law, of the best men in the best clubs. He gets himself called and thought of as Unsound: and there in his social world the monster has made an end of him.

This is the end of the book; and with it there comes into the world of letters the beginning of Mr. Galsworthy as a novelist. For, paradoxically, a society that could not stand a Hamlet in the flesh at any price will read about him and welcome him on the stage to the end of its own incorrigible existence. This book, where each page lives with an interest of its own, has for its only serious artistic defect that of not being long enough, and for its greatest quality that of a sincere feeling of compassionate regard for mankind expressed nationally through a fine indignation. Of the promise of its method, of the accomplished felicity of its phrasing, I have left myself no room to speak.

The innermost heart of *Green Mansions*, which are the forests of Mr. Hudson's book, is tender, is tranquil, is steeped in that pure love of the external beauty of things that seems to breathe upon us from the pages of Turgenev's work. The charming quietness of the style soothes the hard irritation of our daily life, in the presence of a fine and sincere, of a deep and pellucid personality. If the other book's gift is lyric, *Green Mansions* come to us with the tone of the elegy. There are the voices of the birds, the shadows of the forest leaves, the Indians gliding through them armed with their blow-pipes, the monkeys peering sadly from above, the very spiders! The birds search for insects; spiders hunt their prey.

"Now as I sat looking down on the leaves and the small dancing shadow, scarcely thinking of what I was looking at, I noticed a small spider with a flat body and short legs creep cautiously out onto the upper surface of a small leaf. Its pale red color, barred with velvet black, first drew my attention to it; for it was beautiful to the eye. . . ."

"It was beautiful to the eye", so it drew the attention of Mr. Hudson's hero. In that phrase dwells the very soul of the book whose voice is soothing, like a soft voice speaking steadily amongst the vivid changes of a dream. Only you must note that the spider had come to hunt its prey having mistaken the small dancing shadow for a fly, because it is there, in the fundamental difference of vision that lies the difference between book and book. The other type of novelist might say: "It attracted my attention because it was savage and cruel and beautiful only to the eye. And I have written of it here so that it may be hated and laughed at forever. For of course, being greedy and rapacious, it was stupid also, mistaking a shadow for substance, like certain evil men we have heard of that go about crying up the excellence of the world."

JOSEPH CONRAD.

London, Eng.

## Bagdad-on-Subway

In a short career, even now amounting to only five years, Scott Fitzgerald has already found time to do a great many things. He has written the most brilliant novel of the younger generation. He has written one of the two best novels of the younger generation. He has written probably the worst play of any generation. He has scattered very close of half a hundred short stories in all the better-paying receptacles for facile fiction. He has told, — and presumably based the telling on his own experience, — how it is possible to live on \$30,000 a year. Latterly he has been responsible for *THE GREAT GATSBY* (Scribners, \$2.00), a fable in the form of a realistic novel, an Arabian Nights' tale of the environs of what O. Henry used to call Bagdad-on-Subway, a hasheesh dream for a romantic minded inhabitant of Nassau County, and incidentally his most attractive book.



The publishers assure us that Jay Gatsby would only be possible in this age and generation. We beg respectfully to inform them that he would be possible in any age and generation and impossible in all of them. We beg to inform them that there is something of Jay Gatsby in every man, woman, or child that ever existed. But also we beg to inform them that their particular Jay Gatsby of West Egg, Long Island, and Oggsford, England, is a figment of the imagination. Just as that illustrious nature myth Jurgen, — so the critics tell us, — never left his pawnshop, so Jay Gatsby is James Gatz' dream of himself after he had poured down half a dozen synthetic drinks.

Here is a fragment of the story. Seventeen years old James Gatz is wandering out on the shore of Lake Superior. Up to the shore steams the yacht of Dan Cody, gambler and financier. Inventing the name of Jay Gatsby as he rows out to it, Gatz warns Cody that it would be dangerous to leave his yacht there. Cody is struck with him, makes him his steward, secretary and often jailer. Then, having given young Gatz a taste for extravagance, dies.

While he is still poor as an Irishman on Sunday morning, Gatz, now Gatsby, meets Dorothy Fay, a belle of Louisville. Since he is a soldier and it is during the war, she entertains him. Gatz, who is not unused to women, finds that she is just as amenable as any other. But she represents the dazzling security of a "nice" girl, and he falls in love with her. When he comes back from the war hoping to marry her, he finds that she has given up waiting for him and has married Ted Buchanan, ex football star. Out of the bitterness of her marriage to Ted the great Gatsby is born.

All this, however, is merely background. The story takes place at West Egg, Long Island, where the enormously wealthy Gatsby, "big Bootlegger", so it is rumored, and friend of Meyer Wolfsheim, "the man who fixed the world series in 1919" and incidentally who was dining with the gambler Rosenthal the night he was shot, has bought an enormous mansion simply to be able to gaze at the green light that flashes from the end of Daisy Buchanan's pier. And when the story does take place it is at once a tragedy and an extraordinarily convincing love tale and an extravaganza that is better than Mi-

chael Arlen because there is more control to it. Curiously enough in this day of studies it is actually a story, so I will not disclose it. It is the story of the green light.

Scott Fitzgerald is intellectually hard. He does not carry any baggage of sentimentality. He knows a great deal. And so he is not afraid of the sentimental because he realizes that it is part of the life he is considering. Gatsby is a sentimentalist. Daisy Buchanan is a sentimentalist. Ted Buchanan is a sentimentalist. Even the cool Jordan Baker, who is as cleanly drawn a feminine character as there is in modern fiction, and Nick Carraway the teller of the story have hearts that, even if only at moments, beat erratically under the glazed ice of their suave understanding of everything. To recommend this book on the ground of technical excellence is of course superfluous. I recommend it as a study of these sentimentalists by one whose heart does not ever beat erratically. In *The Great Gatsby* Scott Fitzgerald has every bit of the brilliance that we associate with hard surfaces.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

New York, N. Y.

## A Justification of Faith

"This is Gerhardi's new novel!" shouts the yellow belt about the jacket of *THE POLYGLOTS* (Duffield Company, \$2.50). *Futility*, William Gerhardi's first novel of two years ago justifies this shout, and one turns to the new book with anticipation.

The tapestry of *The Polyglots* is wide flung, the scene of the story shifting from Japan to Manchuria, to Europe by way of Singapore, Ceylon, and Egypt. And, as in Margaret Kennedy's *Constant Nymph*, with which comparisons can logically be made, an amazing, brilliantly depicted group of characters is revealed. "We were an unusual set of people caught in an unusual set of circumstances and conditions," George, the central figure, is made to say. "I like to think that we had, by the play of accident, escaped from much that has become threadbare and stereotyped in life." Casual, these characters are, as in Miss Kennedy's story, and equally cosmopolitan. Expatriated Belgians in Japan, surrounded by English, Russian, Japanese friends. These are the Polyglots, touched



skilfully, revealed ruthlessly, magnificently etched in this novel of personalities.

There is little of the old, accepted version of plot. George, the "I" about whom the tale is woven, falls in love with Sylvia, his sixteen year old cousin. Early in the story, George, a novelist-soldier, characterizes himself in this fashion: "Let me say at once that I'm good looking. Sleek black hair brushed back from the forehead, lips,—and something about the mouth, about the eyes, something indefinable,—that appeals to women." Added to this indefinable something is a sense of caution, a stirring of an ancestor,— "grandfather turned in his grave,— which delays the actual step of marriage. The event is postponed from Christmas till after New Year's, till Easter, and on indefinitely, while the Polyglots meet and mingle; indefinitely till Aunt Teresa steps in with Gustave, "a local Belgian bank official of about thirty-five, with a small yellow moustache, a large broad chin, and small teeth." George, however, is still possessor of "that indefinable something."

An analysis of Gerhardt's artistry reveals a combination of irony and satire, a quick fling of humor, an ability to uncover the naïve, the weak, the sheer humanness of his characters, by swift thrusts beneath the skin,— thrusts which less discerning writers might pass as trivialities. These, for examples: Aunt Teresa: "There was an acute scent of *Mon Boudoir* perfume and of miscellaneous cosmetics in the room. She powdered herself thick,—you felt you wanted to scrape it off with a penknife. On the bedside table were medicine bottles, cosmetics, old photographs, books, and on the quilt a red leather *buvard*, a writing pad; behind her, soft pillows, and ensconced in all this as in a nest, was Aunt Teresa,— the incarnation of delicate health."

There is Major Beastly, who has a skin so delicate that "he doesn't shave, but — oh, makes such a smell with a hair-burning apparatus that we're obliged to open all the windows." And Aunt Molly, "followed by her offspring like a hen by her innumerable chicks — 'Chuck. . . Chuck. . . Chuck. . . They ran in front, behind, and to both sides of her. She had been married a long time, but they kept arriving each year, like a birthday present, or sometimes for Christmas or Easter."

While the children themselves in *The Polyglots* —! "Green grow the leaves on the old oak tree — " A helter skelter lot of youngsters, as vivid and intensely alive as any in fiction.

In fact each polyglottic individual could be sketched with a few brief words. Captain Negodyaev, with his relapses of persecution mania, who bids his wife and daughters dress "ready for flight at a moment's notice. They sat in the hotel drawing-room, all dressed and ready, in their fur coats and muffs and hats and warm goloshes, till he declared 'All Clear!' and sent them off to bed."

To pin each Polyglot in his place would rob the story of half its charm. For it is the utter unexpectedness, the casual way in which these people drop into character that creates the narrative. In Sylvia the author has given us as captivating and as delightfully arresting a young person as we have in Tessa of *The Constant Nymph*. The first glimpse we have of the girl, through the eyes of George, shows "an apparition of short skirts, dark-brown curls, and ruby lips, moving on seductive legs. There was a soft shining look in her eyes which had a violet glint in the sun. Her head slightly bent, she flitted past us, — with her brogues unlaced, — and disappeared round the corner." Nor will we soon forget such vivid scenes as this, well along in the story: Sylvia picking up a tooth brush not her husband's, says:

"This little brush. . . So pathetic. . . I see you use red tooth-paste."

"Yes."

"Carbolic?"

"Yes. Why?" Sylvia is always suspicious of me.

"Just so. I use white — Pepsodent."

"Yes," she said. She always says "Yes" — soft, whisperingly.

And then, after "twenty-four kisses mostly in one" —

"Ha-ha! I've been trying to screw your top onto my tooth-paste!" she laughed.

It is such episodes, fascinating in directness and detail, which make up *The Polyglots*.

If it is true, and we have no reason to doubt the report since it is "according to the author's own admission," that with his first novel, *Futility*, William Gerhardt "staggered into the lime-light leaning on the shoulders of two women, — the late



Katherine Mansfield and Edith Wharton," their faith has indeed been justified. Truly *The Polyglots*, dedicated to Edith Wharton, must constitute a Mother's Recompense.

E. C.

## "The Gypsies Are Coming!"

On a summer afternoon some thirty-five years ago, I, a lad of seven years, was playing about the dooryard of a New England farm. Came a cry: "The Gypsies are coming!" and I was personally conducted into the house by an excited grandmother lest I be "stolen". I recall the mingled emotions of fear and interest with which I watched the passing of that cavalcade of dingy, prairie-schooner type wagons, handsome horses, swarthy men, gaily dressed women, ragged children, and, — crowning wonder of all, — a bear!

"How children are not kidnapped" is one of the topics treated in *GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA*, by Irving Brown (Harper & Brothers, \$3.00). Through a pretense that he was "part Gypsy", and his ability to speak *Romanes*, the author has been permitted to follow the *patteran* on "the never-ending trail", although he declined to become a permanent member of the clan through marriage with a *Romani* girl, as he was often urged to do. He has lived with the Gypsies in their winter quarters in the city of Chicago and elsewhere. He has seen the picturesque night camps of the *Coppersmiths* illumined by their flaming forges. He has been present at Gypsy weddings, feasts, and tribunals. He has shared Gypsy fare and hospitality under all sorts of conditions. He has heard Gypsy fiddles cry and Gypsy orchestras play in city dance halls and in wind swept camps. He presents the Gypsies' topsyturvy morals as they are, both good and bad. "We don't steal," said a French Gypsy. "Our women do it for us!"

Mr. Brown has woven his personal experiences into an interesting and colorful description of Gypsy life, manners, and customs as found in America to-day.

LESLIE H. PHINNEY.

Springfield, Mass.

## Whitman Revealed

"Stuff'd with the stuff that is coarse and stuff'd with the stuff that is fine", —

thus runs Walt Whitman's estimate of himself. In his *WALT WHITMAN, A STUDY AND A SELECTION* (Lippincott, \$5.00), Gerald Bullet has critically, dispassionately, penetratingly, and withal sympathetically shown us, in a comprehensive biography of less than fifty pages, this exultant lover of life, the pagan who knew no reticences, this poet who was born, not made, the babbler who could not hold his peace, the man in all his strength and weaknesses, — the soul that protested too much and the petty seeker of self advertisement. Worthy of note is Mr. Bullet's emphasis on the point that the artist is but as a reed through which the wind blows and makes sweet music; apart from that he is as other men. He dispels the glory invested in the poet by those who have read rationalized meanings and philosophies into Whitman's work and who have built for him a Valhalla of their own; for those he rends the veil that obscures their mental vision and lays bare his flagrant faults, his lack of good taste, his puerile habit of cataloguing. And yet again, for those inhibited afraid-to-live natures who would crush Walt Whitman (if his music did not drown out their protests) by their criticism and belittling him, Mr. Bullet recreates this flamboyant figure, in love with and identified with the universe, the man of compassion to whom the useless taking of life for any reason was abhorrent, and who treated "foe" and "friend" alike in stress of the Civil War, never stooping, as he might have done, to jingoism in his work.

Because he is such a stanch standard bearer of the banner of truth, one would expect to find the intimation in this slender volume of the fact that Whitman's exaltation was more that of the individual than of the divine spark and power which actuated the individual, which was but a perversion of the New England Transcendental philosophy which he professed to follow and by which he was greatly influenced at the time. There is no mention, either, that, although a self-appointed spokesman of democracy, Whitman was keenly class conscious, and that in his creed of equality he left out of his personal paradise those who possessed the things he lacked, — the rich, the educated, and the cultured.

Time and experience mellowed the



bard's exuberance; the publication of the second edition of *Leaves of Grass* found Whitman more calm, less passionate. The author devotes much space to the criticism of Whitman's paean to the individual, which is not so much a poem as a "confession of faith", "Song of Myself", as well as to "I Sing of the Body Electric" and to "The Song of the Open Road", the stirring appeal to the eternal *Wanderlust*; these are three of the twelve representative and adequate selections included in this beautifully printed and attractively bound, but alas, exclusively limited edition.

R. C.

### Dr. Butler as a "Liberal"

There is no more interesting publicist in America than Nicholas Murray Butler. For years he has had within him the making of several presidents. He would have been a greater, and I believe a better, president than many of those who recently occupied the White House. He is one of the brainiest men in the country and one of the most human, and yet he has been so identified with the reactionary political forces of the country that when he calls his recent latest book the *FAITH OF A LIBERAL* (Scribner's, \$2.50) there will be many who will gasp.

It is quite within the realms of the possible that some day there may be a liberal party in this country that will be in accord with the ideas and definitions laid down by Dr. Butler in his book, but when he evokes the spirit of John Morley with an enthusiasm that is most appealing he lays himself open to the charge of inconsistency.

The average student of political affairs in this country will see in Dr. Butler's statement of the faith of a liberal pretty much all the tenets of the conservative wing of the Republican party. That the author recognizes that some such inconsistency will be charged is evident from his own words in his preface: "The conservative used to defend the existing order of his time regardless of the fact that it sheltered privilege and was in many respects based upon doctrines long since abandoned and upon conditions long since outgrown." The inference here is that a political revolution took place

at some indefinite and distant date, but more important still is the next paragraph which indicates that Dr. Butler knows that his declaration that he is a liberal is not going to pass unchallenged.

"The true conservative has now pretty generally passed over into the liberal camp, regardless of whether he is conscious of this or whether he has changed his name."

Here is a specific statement as to time and place. To argue with Dr. Butler as to whether the principles which he professes are conservative or liberal on any historical or any other basis would bring us nowhere. But here is a statement as direct as could be that the conservatives, of whom Dr. Butler is presumably one, have passed over into the liberal camp within a comparatively recent time and that they are now safely lodged there, how safely he does not venture to say, but judging from his trenchant, I might say truculent manner, with every intention of resisting dispossession.

There are two interesting views of this statement. It admits that the conservatives were not always liberals, whereas from other sections of the book one would almost believe that the original liberals were really conservatives. The other view is that a liberal camp did exist with principles opposed to those of the conservatives.

When, asks the student, did this emigration of the conservatives take place? Surely an event of such great political importance should not be a secret, could not be a secret long. Deeds and not words, says the author, are the way you judge a liberal, and this is such a precise statement that we ought to find the time of change without much difficulty.

Was it in 1912? The mind naturally reverts to that interesting year because of the conspicuous part that Dr. Butler took in the politics of his country and because the conservative and liberal camps were so carefully defined. It will be recalled that when Mr. Sherman died, Dr. Butler was put on the ticket with Mr. Taft, and the Republican or conservative ticket at the polls was Taft and Butler. The Progressive ticket was Roosevelt and Johnson, the Democratic (conservative and liberal) was Wilson and Marshall.



merely the secret transmigration of the conservatives into the liberal camp did not take place then. It did not occur in 1916 and 1920 when the issues were, first, our keeping out of the war, and second, keeping out of the League of Nations. Surely Dr. Butler will not assert that the conservatives went over to the liberals at the recent National election when both Messrs. Coolidge and Dawes boasted that they were conservatives.

The truth is that a great many conservatives who never, or at least as long as they have to pay income taxes, would think of being anything else but conservatives have with the passing of the eighteenth amendment taken a new political turn. It is also true that many intellectual conservatives are tired of a name that exposes them to unattractive comparisons with the past and alienates a popular support.

The liberal party, the liberal movement, has become in the minds of most historical students, with the exception of Dr. Butler, a party and a movement that has fought prerogative and its handmaiden, privilege. If I quote not exactly the words of Morley, — the same Morley that Dr. Butler admires, — it was his thought that the liberal movement was a fight against privilege and entrenched power for the benefit of those without favor or fortune, working at the same time toward a broader application of the franchise and an increase in the number of those who participate in political opportunities. There is nothing in Dr. Butler's book to indicate that he has in mind any such conception of liberal principles. In these times of confusion, even among the disciples of Abelard, it is well to recall that when the two-party idea was imbedding itself in Anglo-Saxon polity there were in its very origin well defined tendencies, stated by Hallam, of the times of Queen Anne, in language that might be written today.

"To a Tory, the constitution, inasmuch as it was the constitution, was an ultimate point beyond which he never looked and from which he thought it altogether impossible to swerve; whereas a Whig deemed all forms of government subordinate to the public good and therefore able to change when they should cease to promote that object. The Whig had a

natural tendency to political improvement, the Tory to an aversion to it." It was the biographer of Rockingham who declared that "Prerogative Kings are the makers of constitutional lawyers", and it is the constitutional lawyer of our day who is most opposed to those who call themselves liberals.

No, instead of the conservatives going over to the liberals, the country has just seen a great increase in the army of conservatives, the good old conservatives who wanted no change and who have succeeded in convincing more than a majority of their countrymen and countrywomen that their material prosperity lies in resisting those liberal, Whig, and radical elements that are the advocates of change.

G. H. P.

## Atoms and Stars

"In the far-off stellar crucibles we see the same laws being obeyed as in our laboratories. As we trace matter down to the almost infinitesimal constituents of the extremely minute atom, we find that apparently it does not exist at all as the realistic matter which we have supposed it to be. There at its very foundation it seems to consist of electric charges which probably simulate the motions of celestial bodies. Throughout this inconceivable range in magnitude from atoms to stars the same physical laws seem to reign." M. Luckiesh (*FOUNDATIONS OF THE UNIVERSE*: D. Van Nostrand Co., New York, \$3.00).

"But the peculiar behaviour of radiation, combined with Newton's Third Law, suggested that the barrier or distinction between matter and energy was showing signs of weakness, and exhibiting a tendency to break down. The Electrical Theory of Matter emphasised the lack of distinction between matter and energy, and began to suggest that after all they might be different aspects of one thing." Sir Oliver Lodge (*ATOMS AND RAYS*: George H. Doran Co., New York, \$3.00).

Going the scientists one better and thinking energy in terms of mind, Aristotle, Leibnitz, Hegel, and others, variously asserted that matter and mind are a distinction without a difference. The many systems of thought the world over can be roughly classified according to



their emphasis on one or the other aspect.

Those interested in the rapid strides of modern physics into the metaphysical, and who have been unable to keep pace with the swift scientific development, cannot do better than pack either or both of these books for seashore or mountainside. They will be evidence of a vacation well and not too strenuously spent.

SMITH TASSIN.

Washington, D. C.

## "When Israel is King"

On reaching Buda Pesth last year a friend in the British Legation told me to buy a book by the Brothers Tharaud called *Quant Israel est Roi*. He told me that I would find in it the true story of what has happened to Hungary in the last twenty years, and particularly the incidents leading up to that one hundred days nightmare when Bela Kun and his crowd of rascally Jews held Hungary in complete slavery. This book has now been translated into English with the title *WHEN ISRAEL IS KING* by McBride and Company, (\$2.00) and all those interested in Central Europe, in the psychology of the Jews, and in the Third Internationale, should read it. It is well worth while. Probably no country in Europe has suffered so greatly during the last six years as has Hungary. After supplying the Empire with its bravest soldiers and sailors it found itself at the conclusion of the armistice cut off from Austria under the leadership of the indomitable Count Tisza. But during the twenty years preceding the war the Jews had been at work subjugating the country. By means of lending money to the landowners, by occupying all the banking and financial positions, they had gradually got complete control of the country. The example of Russia and a helping hand held out from Moscow, coupled with the sudden decay of a great Empire, was a signal to the Jew that his rule of Central Europe was in sight. The murder of Tisza, the puppet ministry of Count Karolyi, were all part of a comprehensive scheme that resulted in the coming of Bela Kun and his government of plunder, murder, and brigandage.

The world knows what has happened since then, how the country was freed by

Rumania whose rule proved almost brutal as that of Bela Kun; how train loads containing everything of value Hungary were shipped to Rumania. Out of this welter of blood and disaster emerged a shorn and defeated Hungary who had a still greater humiliation to face in having over half its territory taken from it and parceled amongst its victorious enemies.

The Brothers Tharaud are Frenchmen who have lived long in Hungary and know that country as she really is. They have intense sympathy for what has passed, a sympathy shared by all who know her well. But above all they have studied as probably no other people in Europe the psychology of that extraordinary race, the Jew.

R. T.

## Genius Made Easy

The eternal problem of the creative worker in whatever field is to bring his whole mind, his every faculty, to bear on the task under his hand. To the extent that he succeeds, granted adequate equipment, he produces what we ordinarily call a work of genius. As he fails he has to rely on his talent, his craftman's skill. In *EVERYMAN'S GENIUS* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50) Mary Austin tries to show how the desired whole-mindedness may be got at will.

Genius, she premises, is the power to use the inherited racial experience stored in the deep-self. Individual experience constitutes the immediate-self, the seat of talent, which shapes the product of the deep-self. To be a genius, then, is to have the use of racial material without the trouble of acquiring it by conscious effort.

This not altogether invulnerable theory seems to be somewhat in the nature of whittling down of an immense subject to a size that a book can handle. Nevertheless Mrs. Austin has some sound things to say on the mechanics of the creative mind on auto-suggestion, auto-prayer, and meditation. These things, consciously or not, are the accustomed tools of him who tries to focus his mind in its entirety on a subject, but they are not the simple shovels for digging up hypothetical ancestral wisdom that Mrs. Austin's primitive



ysticism supposes. Although much of er evidence is trivial and logic is not in er, Mrs. Austin achieves a certain convincingness by sheer weight of humorless ncerity.

DASHIELL HAMMETT.

San Francisco, Cal.

## The Faith of Modernism

The cleavage of Protestantism into two camps, Fundamentalist and Modernist, is partly the result of a lack of understanding and appreciation; the remainder may be due to a predetermined policy. The Fundamentalist has called the Modernist "a rationalist", "an infidel", "a denier of the faith", "the creator of a new religion". To correct this mistaken attitude Dean Shailer Mathews of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago has written his greatest book *THE FAITH OF MODERNISM* (Macmillan, \$1.50). All will agree that Dean Mathews is fully capable of defining the "faith of modernism". Here there will be unanimity of opinion.

What is Modernism? "*It is the use of the methods of modern science to find, state, and use the permanent and central values of inherited orthodoxy in meeting the needs of a modern world.*" That definition is significant and sets forth the real intention and purpose of the Modernist. "It may not use the precise vocabulary of the Schoolmen or the Alexandrian fathers, but it believes in the Christ those Christians interpreted to their ages." It would rather use their terms than deny their truth, but Christianity is able to use new terms and the tried methods of scientific research.

Modernism is not a negation, neither is it an accepted statement of its faith. Dean Mathews renders a definite service to those who care to know the faith of Modernism, in the affirmations of faith listed on pages 180 and 181.

The Dean is to be congratulated upon the presentation of *The Faith of Modernism* in such a clear and concise manner. His book is written in the finest spirit. He does not agree with the Fundamentalist, but he concedes his loyalty to his Master. The bewildered pilgrim struggling on toward the Celestial City is given a friendly hand and rare encouragement by the Dean. Many who are being tossed

by the winds of doubt will find reassurance and sound faith as the result of this book.

HAL E. NORTON.

Winfield, Kansas.

## The Faith of Fundamentalism

It is being hinted that there exists a Fundamentalist plot; that such things as Prohibition, the Oregon school law, (now by a wise Supreme Court, mercifully declared unconstitutional), the various Sunday closing laws, the Tennessee anti-evolution law, and other manifestations of moral uplift legislation should not be regarded as independent phenomena, but as parts of a definite plan to create a moral Utopia, in this land once of the free and the brave. A noted scientist recently whispered into our ear that there was a fund of eleven million Fundamentalist dollars available for persuading legislators of the superior righteousness of the Fundamentalist point of view. We scoffed. But as evidence to be interpreted as one sees fit, there is a book, lately published, by a man important enough to have his name in *Who's Who*. Though Dr. Clarence True Wilson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, said to be influential in Oregon politics, may not be a Fundamentalist, his little book *THE DIVINE RIGHT OF DEMOCRACY* (The Abingdon Press \$1.00) should certainly warm the cockles of Fundamentalist hearts.

Its first chapter is devoted to the task of proving that the "Forgotten source of our Federal Constitution" is the Bible. In succeeding chapters he "proves" that the United States is the *Christian* nation, — by which he means Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists only. He argues that only persons of these three sects were whole-heartedly for the Revolution, and that only they have played a noble part in the upbuilding of the nation. Catholics and Episcopalians, he would seem to regard as pagans, — for he goes on to describe the terrible "pagan inroads" (Catholic immigration, etc.). He tells us we have "backslidden" as a nation, and then in the chapter containing the most succulent nonsense ever seriously printed he proceeds to give the fourteen points of the Fundamentalist program. Here is our evidence. I quote only the choicest morsels.



(1) "We will never consent to the nomination . . . or the election of any man as President of the United States who opposes prohibition, would be lukewarm in its enforcement, or who proposes to tinker with the people's law. . . . We should follow this policy down the line to governors, sheriffs, district attorneys, and other representatives of the people.

(2) "We should inaugurate a total abstinence pledge signing campaign in view of the help that abstainers are now getting by the removal of organized and legalized temptation from their path . . . (apropos of nothing in particular) Beer is the most brutalizing beverage known to man. It leaves brutality uncontrolled, and one needs no further proof of this truth known than Germany.

(3) "Church, state, and school should start an educational and moral suasion campaign against . . . the doped cigarette foisted upon the country in war times.

(4) ". . . the whole Bible, fountain of classic English, the book that has given us our national ideals and our moral standards, the book that taught us the equality of man and the need for his moral betterment, shall come back to the public schools of the United States as it was before certain hyphenated citizens who owe their first allegiance to a foreign potentate, crowded it out of the back door of the little red school house. . . . The Bible that Washington kissed, that Lincoln loved, that Theodore Roosevelt lived, should return as the heritage of American children, that they may have some knowledge of the book that has made our type of civilization possible.

(5) "Instead of importing the Continental Sunday, with its loose morals and low ideals, we should replace our American Sabbath on its civic foundations as it stood before it was trampled in the dust of our American cities to establish on its ruins a Continental Sunday foreign to our forms of government and inimical to the morals of our people. We need the Sabbath day . . . for the support of the family life of the republic, that the father and mother who are separated . . . of the week may have one day when the old loves and sentiments that brought them together shall reassert their potent spell over their lives and hold together the affections of home life. . . .

(6) "We should establish red-light abatement laws in every city and state and the teaching of old-fashioned American morality that stands for the clean life for two, for equal standards of decency for both sexes, for a pure American home life such as our Pilgrim Fathers and mothers brought to Plymouth Rock and planted on American soil, the fruition of which is American civilization.

(7) "We must give a strong push on the wheels of the anti-prizefighting movement.

(8) "We are going to be compelled, unless there is a great clean-up in the moving picture industry, to insist on a national censorship . . . moving picture shows should feature the beautiful, clean home life in America and not the vileness that winds up in the divorce courts.

(9) "We are in for a great anti-gambling crusade and must eventually shut out from the mails, telegraphs and interstate service the transportation and sale of race track betting odds, their ticket issues and advertisements.

(10) "The protection of the American flag and of the consular service must be withdrawn from any citizen of the United States who goes to any foreign country to engage in a traffic . . . which has been outlawed by the Constitution and statutes of their United States.

(Mr. Bryan has drafted a law which he hopes to have introduced in Congress making it a crime, punishable by loss of citizenship, for any American to drink an alcoholic beverage while abroad or on the high seas.)

(11) ". . . I would insist on the English language as the exclusive basis for American education in all our public schools up to the eighth grade, and as the medium of communication through every American published newspaper.

(12) "The divine right of democracy implies the sovereign right of the people to rule themselves, to make their own government, to write their own laws, direct the institutions and select their officers for executive, judicial and legislative branches of their own service. We shall therefore stand for the direct primary in every state . . . and its application for the choice of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, thus making unnecessary the holding of another nation



nominating convention as long as the republic endures.

(13) "Popular Government . . . demands the initiative, referendum, and recall."

Furthermore the learned doctor elsewhere in his opus proves that there is no good reason why *all* judges should not be recalled just like any other servants of the people.

(14) "This is a Christian Nation. And the Church must furnish a fulcrum of uplift for the moral betterment of mankind."

Out of this amazingly muddy and muddle-headed little book we gather that the aim of this Moral Utopian is to apply to the Federal Government the initiative, referendum, recall, and direct primary thus reducing the National Government to that junk heap of incompetence to which the same contraptions have already reduced the governments of nearly half the States and to apply to the country at large all the repressive, moral legislation with which Moral Utopians for so long have been experimenting in the municipalities and States of the Union. If this be Fundamentalism, oh — give me Modernism or give me death!

W. P.

## Timeless Art

A book should not be entitled "Undergraduate Verse". It is a symbol of weakness, an apology, a prayer that it may not be criticized severely, or upon its merits purely. There is really no such thing as "youth" or "middle age" or "old age" in art. Art has just this peculiarity: Timelessness. A poem should indicate nothing of the author's age; should mistake an octogenarian for a boy, or *vice-versa*.

Youth used to be proud and arrogant; used to await with a grin and a shrug of the shoulders the verdict of mankind. It certainly can not have changed its temper. Humility is not becoming to it.

If we must tell the truth of a book's origin, let us print it at the very end and in small letters, so that the reader may think: "It's remarkable! I should never have thought it", or if in ironic mood, and displeased, "I suspected it all along."

Besides, AMHERST UNDERGRADUATE VERSE compiled by David Morton (Marshall Jones \$1.00) need not hide under a bushel. It has some fine poetry and very

little that is not at least acceptable. There is a mad little poem with a mad title — "Abandonado."

F. Curtis Canfield, its author, is perhaps the best of the poets in the anthology. He can write "To a Disdainful Lady" of

*"Roses, and old gold*

*On a clinging purple shroud . . ."*

in a manner that ought to entice and convince any lady "*whose heart is cold.*"

Mr. Morton is too modest. He believes that he has been without influence upon his young friends. If that were true, it were a pity indeed, for he has written some splendid verse. But it is not quite true. There are several sonnets in this book, particularly by Sheridan Gibney, which if they do not show the full Moreau quality are nevertheless a fine attempt in that direction, and indicate the fountain-head.

These youths (for now that the secret has leaked out, we may speak of these authors with something of a paternal attitude) curiously enough, are rarely sad, rarely troubled with that vague longing, that "*ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*", which one believed to be characteristic of their age. Nor are they purely cynical, an inferiority complex quite common. Perhaps it's a deficiency. It is, at any rate, refreshing. They even have a sense of humor.

There is Robert Leavitt whose "Broken-Hearted Amoeba" with a complicated sex, tries in vain — "to make it love itself, but simply couldn't do it."

A beautiful little poem "El Dorado" by Russell M. Spear in the Hokku manner, shows the unusual variety both of manner and subject of these collegians.

Mr. Morton says in the Introduction: "I believe these poets would wish me to say that the poems are offered with no feeling of finality in achievement; they are songs on the way to a finer singing." I am not quite certain of that. "These poets" wish to be proud of their work. They wish to consider it final. A thing is beautiful or it is not. The bud is as perfect and complete as the full-blown rose.

And oh, if life were really a climbing upward, and art a growth! *Mais, hélas, — qui sait?*

PAUL ELDRIDGE.

New York, N. Y.



# The Evolution Trial

## Some Facts and Opinions

### EDITORIAL FOREWORD

To record events is the province of a newspaper not that of a magazine. It is not, however, because of its obvious news value that THE FORUM devotes so much space to the evolution trial, but rather because its various implications are the very stuff of which FORUM discussions are made.

It is an event of many facets, each one reflecting something of national significance; whether we regard it from the legal, educational, religious, scientific, or political aspect, or from a synthetic point of view, we apprehend something vital, something that goes trenchantly to the roots of the major problems of our civilization. THE FORUM, perhaps, more than any other magazine in America is discussing, debating, these issues in its pages.

In this age of "pitiless publicity", the public interest in any matter may be gauged from the amount of space devoted to it in the newspapers. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the evolution trial is being extensively commented upon, in editorials as well as in news items, not only in the United States, but in Europe, Asia, and South America.

Enlightened European opinion is amazed that such a trial is taking place. How is it possible for a nation to be at once so progressive and so behind the times? World leaders in applying science to making life more comfortable and efficient, the Americans seem to them half a century behind the times in applying science to the imponderables of education and thought. In Europe this issue was debated and settled years ago. Are we then half a century behind Europe?

In South America, where there exist strongly conservative clerical parties, exercising considerable ecclesiastical interference in politics, the thing is understandable; but an editorial in one of the leading Peruvian papers expresses amazement, that William Jennings Bryan, democratic leader, in politics, a liberal, progressive, not to say a radical, is in this

matter a reactionary, a "clerical" as they put it. How can that be? Has he no logic, no philosophy?

One thing amazes those who have been scientifically trained, and that is the uniformity with which those on the Fundamentalist side regard science as a body of proved facts. Such a conception of science is entirely antiquated; the modern scientist regards science as primarily a method. It seems to us that if the Fundamentalists could be brought to accept the scientists' own definition of science, the argument would immediately leave the realm of the nebulous and enter upon solid ground.

\* \* \*

For the interest of our readers and as a matter of record we print below those passages in *A Civic Biology* by George Hunter, the text book from which Scopes taught, which served as the basis of his indictment. We also are printing here the full text of the anti-evolution law, and signed statements regarding the significance of the trial by John Thomas Scopes, the defendant and by William Jennings Bryan, most prominent of the prosecuting attorneys.

### What Scopes Taught

*Extracts from "A Civic Biology", by Dr. George Hunter*

"We have now learned that animal forms may be arranged so as to begin with very simple one-celled forms and culminate with a group which contains man himself. This arrangement is called the evolutionary series.

"The great English scientist, Charles Darwin, from this and other evidence, explained the theory of evolution. This is the belief that simple forms of life on earth slowly and gradually gave rise to those more complex, and that thus ultimately the most complex forms came into existence.

"If we attempt to classify man, we see at once he must be placed with the vertebrate animals because of his possession of